

THE ADVENTURES OF
AN ILLUSTRATOR BY
JOSEPH PENNELL

ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY



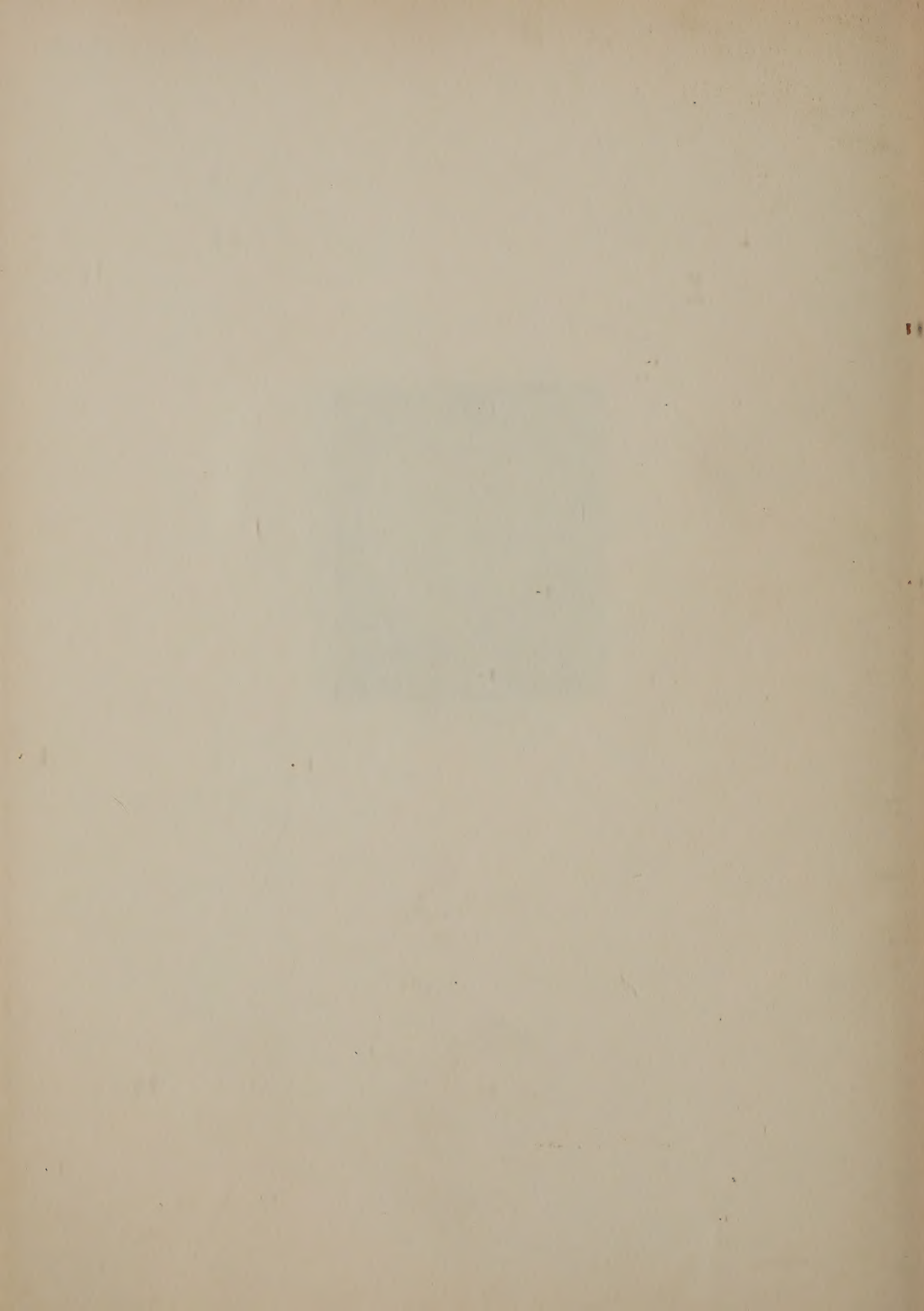
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Joseph Pennell



To Pennell inf



THE ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR

MR. PENNELL'S "Adventures" began with his earliest years, for, as he says, "I was always an illustrator," and as a child he looked at things with an artist's eye. His art work started at school, in Philadelphia, and though after graduation he went into business to make money, he found



THE ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR
MOSTLY IN FOLLOWING HIS AUTHORS
IN AMERICA & EUROPE

BY

IOSEPH PENNELL

N. A.

FELLOW OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS · MEMBER NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS · MEMBER NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN · HONORARY ASSOCIATE ROYAL BELGIAN ACADEMY · HONORARY ASSOCIATE OF ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS · HONORARY ASSOCIATE OF AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS



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I
DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO
E
ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL
WHO HAS ADVENTURED WITH
ME FOR FORTY YEARS





THE BETHLEHEM STEEL WORKS • WASH DRAWING 1881 • DRAWN FOR THE ARTICLE ON THE MORAVIANS IN THE CENTURY BUT NOT USED • FIRST IMPORTANT WONDER OF WORK DRAWING

THIS book is the outcome of a suggestion, made to me twenty-five or thirty years ago by the late Charles F. Chichester of the original Century Company, that I should do a volume for them, containing some of my drawings which had appeared in their Magazine with notes by myself. The result is far different, and I hope far better, than the first scheme, and the book is due to Mr. Alfred R. McIntyre of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, who have carried it out, and Dr. R. U. Johnson, who suggested it to them, though in the meantime chapters had been printed and a number of publishers had asked for the Volume.

SCARCE any of the artists, engravers, authors, editors and printers with whom I worked are alive in this country, and few of those with whom I was associated in Europe. But there are several persons whom I must specially thank for their aid: Mrs. A. W. Drake, Mr. John F. Braun, Mr. H. Devitt Welsh and Messrs. Frederick Keppel and Company in this country, and Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, Sir Frederick and Lady Macmillan in England. I have acknowledged the source and permission to use the drawings either in the text or List of Illustrations. But I most sincerely thank the artists, authors, editors and publishers who have helped me. Once again Mrs. Pennell has read my proofs and, more than this, she has gone over them again and again with me.

THE books Mrs. Pennell and I have written and illustrated, and our adventures in making them, are not here described, because they have already been published.

SOME of the chapters were printed in THE CENTURY, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, THE NEW YORK TIMES, THE BOOKMAN, but all have been rewritten and revised. The book is finished, but the making of it has been still another and a great Adventure.

BROOKLYN, OCTOBER 1ST, 1925.

JOSEPH PENNELL



THE ARNO NEAR EMPOLI · PEN DRAWING 1884 · FROM 'TWO PILGRIMS' PROGRESS' · LONGMANS

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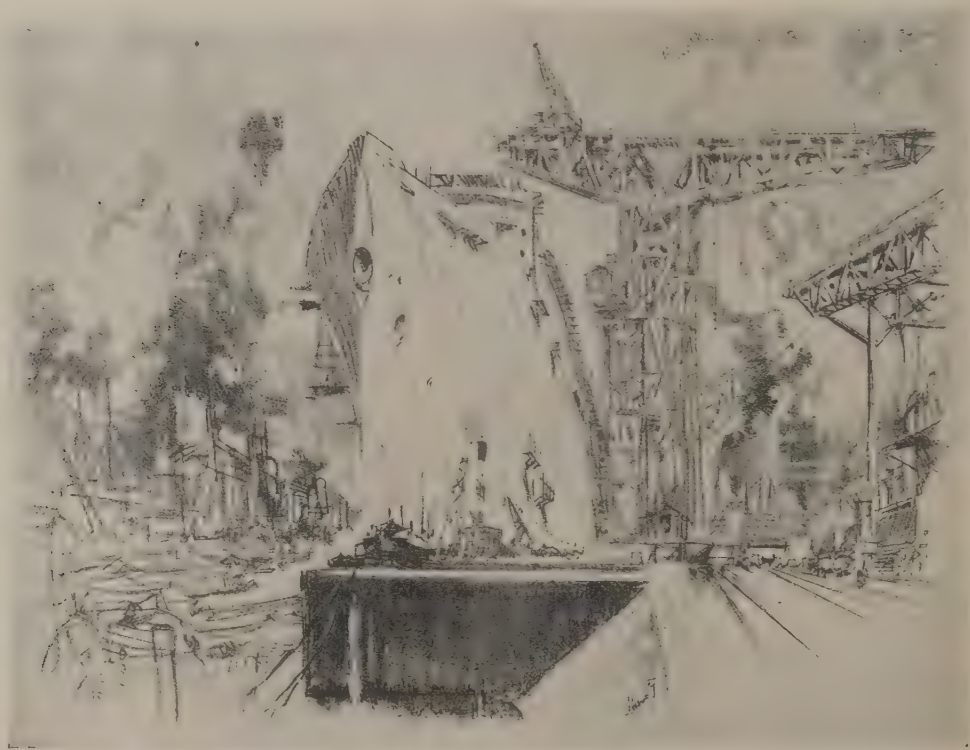
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BUILDING THE BISMARCK · HAMBURG HARBOR · JULY 1914 · LITHOGRAPH PRINTED IN BERLIN

CHAPTER ONE THE BEGINNING

JOSEPH PENNELL IS BORN · LEARNS TO READ · COMMENCES
TO DRAW · REMEMBERS THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG · THE
FALL OF RICHMOND AND SEES THE FUNERAL OF LINCOLN



JOSEPH PENNELL · AGED ABOUT THREE · FROM
A DAGUERREOTYPE TAKEN IN PHILADELPHIA

I was born in Philadelphia, I have been told, Seventh Month, which the world's people call July, and the Friends Seventh Month, Fourth. I do not know the year, for my memory does not go back, like the Provençal's, to the moment when the nurse said, "Madame, it is a boy!" And I have never tried to find out, and I do not know if there is any way of finding out. The date may have been in the books of Orange Street Friends' Meeting, to which we belonged, I a birthright member; but the Meeting House is gone; I have no idea where the records are, and the family Bible, with the date written in, went in the War. Anyway, the date does not matter, so I have always put it down as 1860. I am not sure even that

my birthday was the Fourth of July; but I like to think so, for it makes me feel I am a real American, one of the last of my race, a race that is passing away.

I know nothing of my ancestors, good or bad; but they must have been God-fearing, law-abiding people or I should have heard of them. All I know is, that my Aunt Mary, on my father's side, had a pedigree which started with a Sir Robert Pennell who, the document said, came to Philadelphia with William Penn on his second voyage, in 1685. But I never could discover the date of Penn's second visit, and I might have forgotten the 1685 if I had not illuminated a copy; but that is gone, too; went in the War. And I cannot imagine how a Sir Robert found himself



JOSEPH PENNELL · AGED ABOUT THREE · FROM
ANOTHER PORTRAIT TAKEN AT THE SAME TIME

[1860]

among Friends. There was on the document, at the top, an eagle or some other heraldic fowl, and a shield below, both of which I colored to suit myself, and at the bottom a scroll to hold the family motto, but the motto was missing, and I rather think the whole was manufactured by one of those traveling genealogists who went round the country telling likely people that titles and fortunes awaited the families to whom they were shown, in Europe, and that these titles and fortunes could easily be obtained if the heirs would only advance enough money to the genealogist to take him back and wrest from the wrongful appropriators the family fortune, name and fame, but especially the fortune.

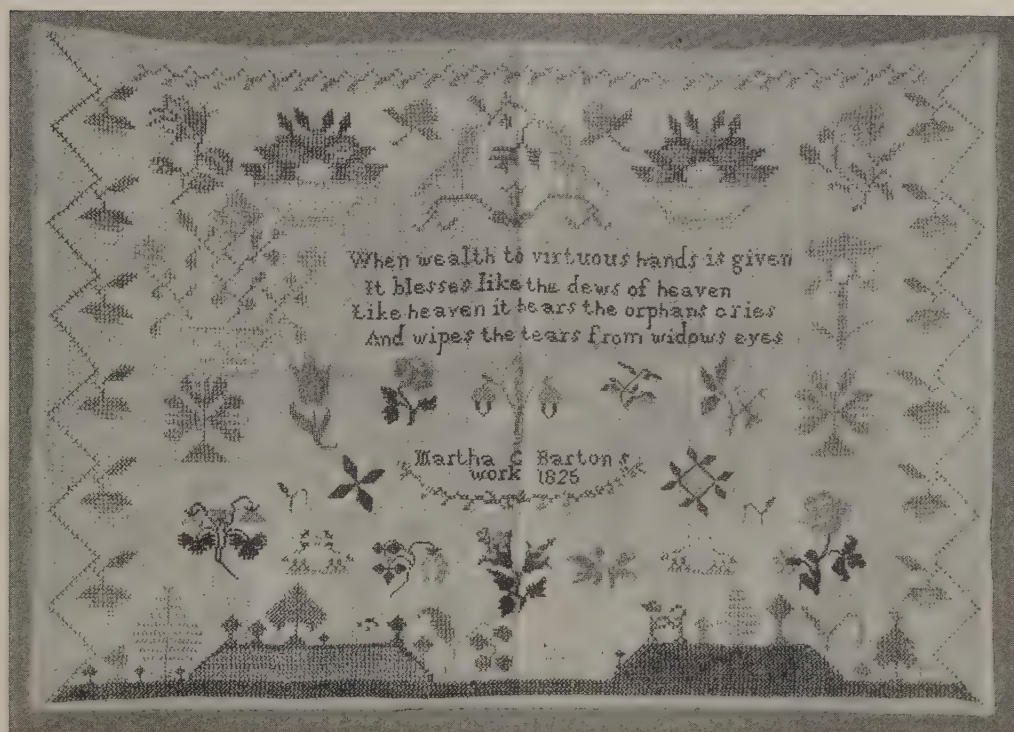
I SHOULD always believe this family coat of arms to be a myth—I could easily, during my years in London, have cleared it up by a visit to the Herald's College—if it were not that the name of Pennell, so I am told, appears in the earliest Philadelphia title deeds and surveys of the future city; that we were among the cave dwellers, the early settlers or diggers, under Front or Water Street hill; and that the deeds show the family owned a whole square of land as late as 1840—for I have seen the plan at the Philadelphia Free Library—almost all the square between Spruce and Pine and Eleventh and Twelfth, the most respectable in the city, now given over, one side to McCalls and McMurtries and Wisters—and from 1110 Spruce, owned by the Robins, I was married—and the other side and the alleys, now the prey of niggers and boarding houses. I often get letters, and once in a while visits, from people of the same name—there is none, I believe, but mine in the Philadelphia Blue Book—and they always want something. One day a man appeared in London and he said, "I knew

your father; he was a Philadelphian and worked on THE LEDGER;" and I answered, "I never had a father. I never heard of Philadelphia. What's THE LEDGER?" And I used to get invitations to family reunions with Evanses and Larkins and Pennells and Smedleys, and then requests to subscribe to family histories; but as I did not accept them, I have been dropped, or the gatherings have ceased, or the books are out of print. I might, in this way, have learned all about my people, but I did not. Only the other day a bookseller offered me some of the volumes, with the genealogy and crests of the Pennells in them. While we were in England, my father made inquiries in Lincoln, where we spent one summer, and in Cornwall, where we passed another. In the cathedral town there were many Pennells, but instead of being knights, they were grocers and florists. And I do not know what he found in Cornwall, save the legend current in that country:

"By Pol, Tre and Pen

Ye may know the Cornish men."

I do not know the names of my grandparents. My father's mother, whom I alone remember, was only "Grandma." But I had her photograph, which also went in the wicked War. How she, a real Friend, allowed it to be made, I have always wondered. I do remember her well, best that I saw her, long after she was dead, through the open door, sitting quietly in the bedroom, where she slept when she came to stay with us, and as I ran in to talk to her, she faded away. The first things I remember happened at her home, three miles from Marcus Hook, or Linwood Station, in Delaware County, Pennsylvania, where some of the Pennells emigrated, buying land and selling their Philadelphia property probably for less than pottage. There she lived with my



MY AUNT MARTHA BARTON'S SILHOUETTE AND HER SAMPLER • ARTS PATRONIZED BY FRIENDS

Uncle Nathan, her son, and his family, in a double, stone, rough-cast farmhouse, with great trees in front, near the road, and acres in every direction as far as the hills—only one farmhand's house, and further off, the Meeting House, where we went, at the crossroads, in sight, and the big wooden barn and the cool spring house, and the cold ice house near by.

I REMEMBER one day I had been put out in the shade, all alone, to play with little turtles that wandered in the grass—and it was fun to turn them on their backs or tap them on their shells and watch them draw in their heads and legs instead of running away—and as I played, from behind the hills, down the road, came boom, boom, boom; and the next thing I remember I was looking from the train we fled to Philadelphia in, at men high on the banks on each side the tracks near Gray's Ferry, piling up earthworks and digging rifle pits—I see them still, figures working, dark against the sky. The next morning some one opened our front door—and I was there—and the white marble steps were red with blood. And these are all the memories I have of rebel raiders, the blowing up of Dupont's powder mills and the battle of Gettysburg. Then there was a day when my father came home and said that he had not been drafted because he was just over age, but that, as a Friend, he would not have gone to the war, nor would any other Friend. Friends are not conscript cowards but real resisters of useless wars, and if the world's people only had their courage, there would be no wars. And I have been told of earlier things, but they are all mixed up vaguely with later ones: with meeting rebel prisoners, filthy and horrible, who frightened me, and regiments of Union soldiers marching to the South, and a white hospital downtown, and the Sanitary Fair in

Logan Square. And so my first memories were of war, and my last will be of war and the wreck of the world I loved.

I AM told I was born in a little house down Ninth Street. My father, after having been a teacher at Westtown, Friends' Boarding School—he was born on my grandfather's farm—had come back to Philadelphia and gone into Cope Brothers' office. And my mother's family, the Bartons, aunts and cousins, had moved to a house on Fourth Street near Pine, from the farm in Jersey. This, I have heard, was turned into a vineyard, and I know their cupboards held good sherry and port and brandy, a little of which they drank "for their stomachs' sake", as the Bible bid them. The other aunts and uncles and cousins—Woods and Evanses, all correct—lived on Front and Second and Union and Pine and Arch Streets. They had come in again to the city from Moorestown and Mount Holly and Haddonfield and Cooper's Point, all correct, too. But the ridiculous Philadelphia snobbishness among the world's people was already beginning, and even Friends gave in to it, and they were leaving their beautiful old Colonial houses for the suburbs. When my father was married, instead of staying downtown, where at least he could have made some money had he bought a house, he took one on South Ninth Street near Shippen, opposite to Rollinson's Cemetery, one in a row of two-story houses with attics, I learnt when I went there not long ago to look for it. But I do not know which house it was, for they do not usually put plaques on houses in Philadelphia—they pull them down, if they are beautiful and old, or let them to the mongrels who have overrun the city; or the up-to-date architects ruin them, as they have all our Philadelphia. And one day, when I was regretting all this, a

Friend, whose house was decorated with the pillars that held up Orange Street Meeting House gallery before it was destroyed, said: "Joseph, thee dont realize thee belongs to the oldest and most exclusive club in the world—Philadelphia Friends' Meeting—and that thees a birth-right member." But another day, when I was drawing Twelfth Street Meeting House, another Friend said to me, "Joseph, dont thee think it would be a good thing to pull down the Meeting House and build a store like Wanamaker's?"—which looms behind it. "Robert," said I to him, "I think thee is an awful vandal."

THERE was a neighbor, Annie Wallace, next door on Ninth Street, who used to read Grimm and Hawthorne to me, and my two aunts, Mary and Beulah Barton, lived on Tenth Street. They sat, in their white muslin caps, and handkerchiefs over their gray dresses, in the back parlor all the afternoon, knitting mittens and making caps, and later we would go downstairs to the basement dining room and, after we had kept silence, they would give me the only tea I ever liked, and muffins, and little pieces of ginger out of a blue and white jar with straw handles, and I could look up and see the big back yard with a wood fence round it, and a railing on top of which cats walked, and roses in the grass plots on each side the brick walks. In the evenings the aunts sat at the front parlor windows, one at each, to see neighbor this or neighbor that go by. And the upstairs rooms were filled with beautiful Chippendale and wonderful Sheraton, which their people had brought from England long before. What I liked most was to see the little tables opened out, one within the other, and to explore the mysteries of the great wardrobe. Sometimes they shut me up in it, and it smelled so good when I hid

among the clothes. There were secret drawers of desks I tried to find; and I never tired of lifting the brass handles of bureaus and letting them fall with a delightful ring. All told against the white walls of the rooms, though some had pictured paper. In the front parlor were horsehair chairs and sofas, and at the sale of Aunt Mary's things, when she died, my father bought them—they were, I suppose, the fashion—and the Chippendale went probably for nothing. Still, I liked to slide on the curved sofas and pick long hairs out of the seats of the chairs, which were put in our parlor.

MY LOVE for the Rollo books, which filled my head with a longing for travel and made a restless rover of me, I owe to my cousins, the Evanses, Hannah and Elizabeth. Like Aunt Mary and Aunt Beulah, they seemed to me to sit all day long with their mother against white walls and white marble mantel-pieces, knitting or sewing or reading, in plain dress, white caps, white handkerchiefs over their shoulders and crossed on their breasts, gray gowns, and sometimes black aprons: perfect compositions, never painted, all gone. Later, I tried to get Howells to write of them, Whistler to paint them. One said he could not write the plain language, the other said he would like to come home and paint them, but never did. And so, plain Friends, with other beautiful things in Philadelphia, have gone, mostly leaving no record save with those of us who knew and saw. When my Aunt Martha Barton, who had been a teacher at Westtown, spent a summer with us in London, I ought to have had Whistler paint her, for she was a perfect type of Philadelphia woman Friend, in face, figure and dress, and when she would come back from some excursion in the city, she would say, "Really, I do not

know why people look at me so!" But she wore the plain dress, plainer than English Friends' clothes.

THE Evanses' house was on Union Street and the back looked out on a garden which ran to Pine Street, and the garden looked to the spire of old St. Peter's, and through the stillness came, with the hours, morning and afternoon, the sound of bells and chimes brought from England or Holland before the Revolution, so sweet that now I can scarce bear to hear them in a Flemish town or an English village. There is a bell in Brooklyn that brings it all sweetly and sadly back. And these chimes had much to do with making me, the little Quaker, draw churches, "steeple houses", in which so much of my life, the best of my life, has been passed. I drew St. Peter's before I went to England. Somehow, I was born with a love of beauty, a love that most people know nothing of, care nothing for, especially if they can make money by destroying it, or restoring it.

MY father, as another investment—I do not know if he made anything out of selling the first—bought a house on Lombard Street near Ninth, and John Wanamaker lived next door and I used to play with Tommy and Rodman. And there was friend Levi on the other side, and out of our back building dining-room windows, over the fence between, we could see him having tea with his hat on. Of course, my father ought to have realized that Lombard Street was altogether out of, if next to, Philadelphia. I suppose he thought it would be taken in and improved; but it ran down. Still, he should not have forgotten that Philadelphia in his day was bounded by "Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce and Pine", and that Lombard was and always will be outside, though now any new Philadelphian rich enough

to buy or advertise his way in, is "one of us." It was a big, three-story house my father bought, with a side and back yard and a verandah on the second story. It looked between the Marises' and the Eisenburys' houses on Pine Street, which had side yards, over the alley, right on to the statue of William Penn in front of the Hospital on Pine Street. Every evening at six the Hospital bell rang for dinner, and, then, if we were only in the right spot, at the right moment, we would see William Penn, when he heard it, come down off his pedestal and go in to dinner with the Hospital doctors who passed the open door. I tried over and over for the right spot and the right time, and I am sure there was not one other small boy or girl who lived in that neighborhood who did not too, and we never gave up hope of seeing him come down and go in. This was a good Philadelphia tradition, believed in by good Philadelphians. And it is something to be able to say I was born in the city, if only to add it is a good place to get away from later.

THE Marises' father had a big warehouse filled with cinnamon and ginger and liquorice and John the Baptist beans, and everything that smelt good and tasted good; and once in a while we boys would go down to the store on Market Street and steal all the good-eating and sweet-smelling things we could—and how smells and tastes come back! Every once in a while I get the real American smell. You only get it among Eastern Americans and it has never been noticed; but in all old houses, in old woods in the fall, when the leaves on the ground are burnt, it fills me with a longing—a longing for that life and those times, gone forever. The American smell is as strong as the London smell, the French smell, or the smell of Italy. But the stink and the filth of the low



PHILADELPHIA WATER WORKS • MOST BEAUTIFUL ARCHITECTURAL COMPOSITION IN AMERICA
DESTROYED TO BUILD AN ART GALLERY • WHERE MY FATHER TOOK ME • LITHOGRAPH 1912



mongrels who have driven the Americans out of the country have driven out the American smell with all else American.

THERE WAS another wonderful place, the Dispensary opposite Independence Square on Fifth Street. Doctor Morris' son and I were at the Boys' Select School together, the only boy I remember there. In the Dispensary, too, were smells of drugs downstairs, and upstairs a collection of coins which we were allowed to look at and which I always wanted to steal. I once stole a counterfeit dollar out of my father's drawer and spent it on fireworks. What a lot we got with it. And there was a big yard behind the Dispensary, with dirt walks, or dirt in it, and water. There was a hydrant, and we built mud towns and dug oceans and all sorts of wonderful things. The Philadelphia hydrant was wonderful, too. You drank out of the spout, but you waited first for the mud to clear and then to see if a fish or water snake came next. And that is why Philadelphians of my generation are so healthy. If you could stand Schuylkill water, you could stand anything. I was told one day not so long ago a report on the water was to be made. The engineer stated first, that all Philadelphians drank their ancestors buried on Laurel Hill, which was drained into the Schuylkill, and that at a point farther up there was "an excellent outcrop of sewage." The last bit of Philadelphia vandalism is the destruction of the Dispensary, and I alone protested or called attention to the crime.

I MOSTLY played with girls. Boys did not amuse me, for I was not strong. I had every sort of ailment and got stunned by lightning in the back yard and could not bear thunder for years without my nerves going to pieces; and nearly hung myself on ropes run through swinging rings on the verandah, and broke my right arm—

that is why I am ambidextrous—and went half blind, and the boys called me "Skinny Pennell", and once, in winter, the girls in their Select School on Sixth Street made a slide with a bump in the middle and we boys went down there, and as I slid I fell and broke my nose; and that is why it has a hump on it till this day. And I would jump when from the alley I heard a yell "The hominy man's about today", or a statement you could hear all over the square that "prunes were good for the insides"; but the most awful of old Philadelphia cries was that of the nigger mammy sitting at night in a black corner who shrieked as we passed "Crabs!"

ALL the while I had something of my own, for I made drawings and they and my toys were real. I loved my drawing and my toys better than anything or anybody. I was a solitary little Quaker but I was not lonely. I was less lonely when alone. I was always drawing. A year or so ago I turned out from an old portfolio bound in figured paper that lace was kept in, dozens and dozens of sheets of illustrations of the lives and adventures of a soldier. There was a story connected with them which I have forgotten, and the designs, mostly in water colors and colored chalk, had not the slightest merit, save a curious composition and some character. I was not even a Cubist; so I destroyed all I could find. The story was never written—I told it to myself. I used to draw it. Only the story got mixed in my dreams with a great brazen figure that stood in our cellar, and I had to go down there at midnight alone, and then it would begin slowly to rock—further and further, back and forth—and as I knew in a minute the figure must fall on me, I would wake screaming. But I have never told any one of it until now. I was too afraid of the statue to tell and, night

after night, it tottered and tottered above me and as it fell I woke; and my mother and father always wondered what frightened me; but I was too afraid of the statue to tell them anything about it.

OTHER illustrations of those old days—for I was an illustrator from the beginning—were made in a large, yellow, oblong, blank cheque book of the Bank of Pennsylvania. There were three cheques on a page, and the paper was Chinese and the back of it was stunning for water colors, but most were in pencil. There were also water colors by my father in it—copies of beasts made from sheets of colored lithographs we had. He showed me how to grind the colors in the tiny saucers and put them on, though these copies, so far as I know, were his only works of art. But in this, as in so many other things, he was my first teacher, although I cannot say how or where he learned enough to teach me—perhaps at Westtown. Nor can I say when I had my lessons. It was most likely in the early evening before tea—that Philadelphia tea with hot soda biscuits and oysters and preserves my mother put up or my grandmother sent us. There was seldom time in the morning, for my father went to market once or twice a week, carrying his big basket, as was then the Philadelphia fashion; or we used to exercise with hanging rings on the verandah, covered with wistaria in the spring and in the fall with grapes. Sometimes he took me with him to market. We would go down to Second Street Market in the Lombard Street horse car, and there, in the dark tunnel of the market house, was my Uncle Nathan in a plain, broad-brim top hat—he was an Elder or Overseer of Meeting—and a white apron, selling over his stall butter and eggs and chickens, which he had brought into town from his farm. And Friends

Joseph and Thomas Elkington would come over to talk to him from their soap works across the street, where they made their "White Family's Soap." I was sometimes taken to play with the Elkington boys who went to Select School. And there were Evanses, who came from their paint shop up the street and gossiped with my uncle; and when my father had filled his basket and bought other baskets of peaches or kettles of oysters to be sent home, he carried his basket full of good things and I followed, to the South or Pine Street car. And this all good Philadelphians did every week and were not ashamed. And my father would take me walking on First Day afternoons to Penn Square, or on Seventh Day to Fairmount, in the horse cars to the water works, the most beautiful, the most romantic spot in America, all destroyed by villainous vandals, to make an Art Gallery by killing art, and against this abomination I only could get Agnes Repplier to protest. The up-to-date Philadelphian is not only a vulgarian but a coward, or most are.

IT WAS my father who, with my mother, taught me to read. I do not remember what I read, save that "Little Ann and her mother went walking one day", and SONGS FOR INNOCENTS AT HOME, and we had an illustrated Æsop, and the rare New England Primer. It was then I became almost blind over what I read and drew, and I had to be kept in a dark room for months; and I cannot stand strong light now. After my eyes got well enough, I was sent to Friends' Select Boys' School in Cherry Street above Eighth. Teacher Susannah House, who taught the Primary School, would come to get me in the morning—she lived somewhere near us—and take me with her and bring me back home after school was over. On Fifth Day morning, Isaac Morgan, the Princi-

pal, used to march us all down to Arch Street Meeting House, two by two, in our coats with the collars cut off behind, and the street boys yelled "Quaker, Quaker,

cousin Elizabeth Evans among the women ministers. A man I took to the Meeting House a little while ago said he had never been so near to God on earth before.



ILLUSTRATION MADE ABOUT FOUR OR FIVE FOR AN UNWRITTEN STORY · I WAS ALREADY AMBIDEXTROUS · SEE LETTERING OF SIGNS ON THE BUILDINGS READING BOTH WAYS

how are thee?" We spent an awful hour and a half on the hard wooden benches, and our legs went to sleep because our feet did not reach the floor; but if we went to sleep, Isaac Morgan, who sat on a side bench, leaned over and shook us, and the boys who sat behind stuck pins in the toes of their shoes and jabbed us. Even then I loved the big beautiful room, and the ministers, men and women, who sat on the top benches, facing the meeting, the men on one side, the women on the other—so peacefully, so quietly—my

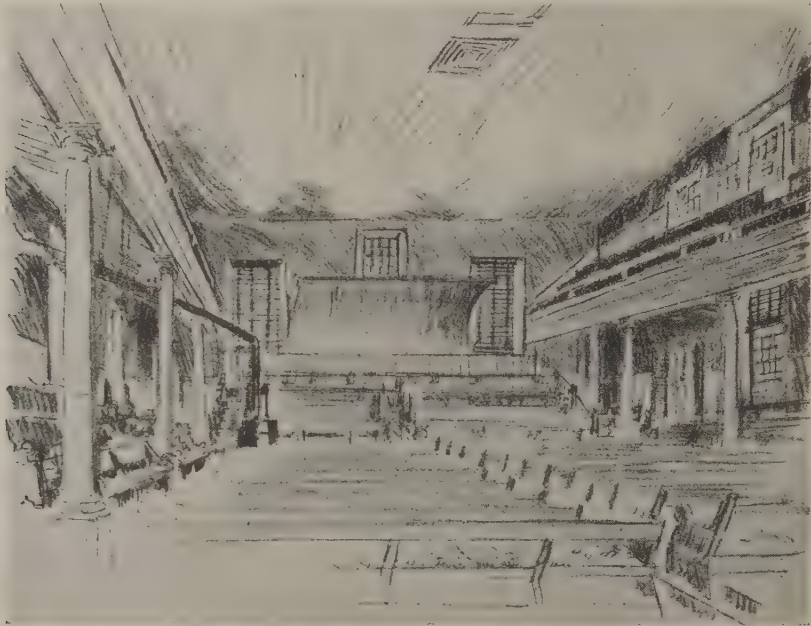
WHEN we went to school on Seventh Day, we would put our books under our coats and button them up to hide them from the boys who did not have to go and who laughed at us more than ever and shied bricks, too. At Christmas, a Committeeman would come and tell us we must be at school on the Twenty-fifth of Twelfth Month, just as we would any other day, and not to keep the world's people's holiday called Christmas at home. But very few of us did come to school on that day. We were told, too,

that we should give thanks every day and not on one day in the year only; that we were Friends and not as the world's people, who believe in times and seasons and other worldly customs.

I REMEMBER nothing of this first school so well as the day when there came something over the whole city and all the teachers and the boys left the classes, the littlest and the biggest, and ran down into the brick-paved school yard, and then all rushed through the front gate, save me, for I was grabbed by Teacher Susannah. The firemen were out with hose carriages on which were burning brooms, and the streets were filled with people yelling and running to the State House, and I wanted to run too; but I was carried off home, though I tried hard to get away. And a few days after my father

came back from market and brought with him the paper all in black; and soon after that I was taken to the house of Captain Julius, of Copes' Packets, on South Broad Street, next door to the house where the Robins lived later on, and the house had a balcony, not a verandah, on the second story front; and we sat out there; and away up and down Broad Street was a waving line of shining steel in the sunlight, and afterwards a great black hearse stopped under the trees in front of the house, and everybody cried.

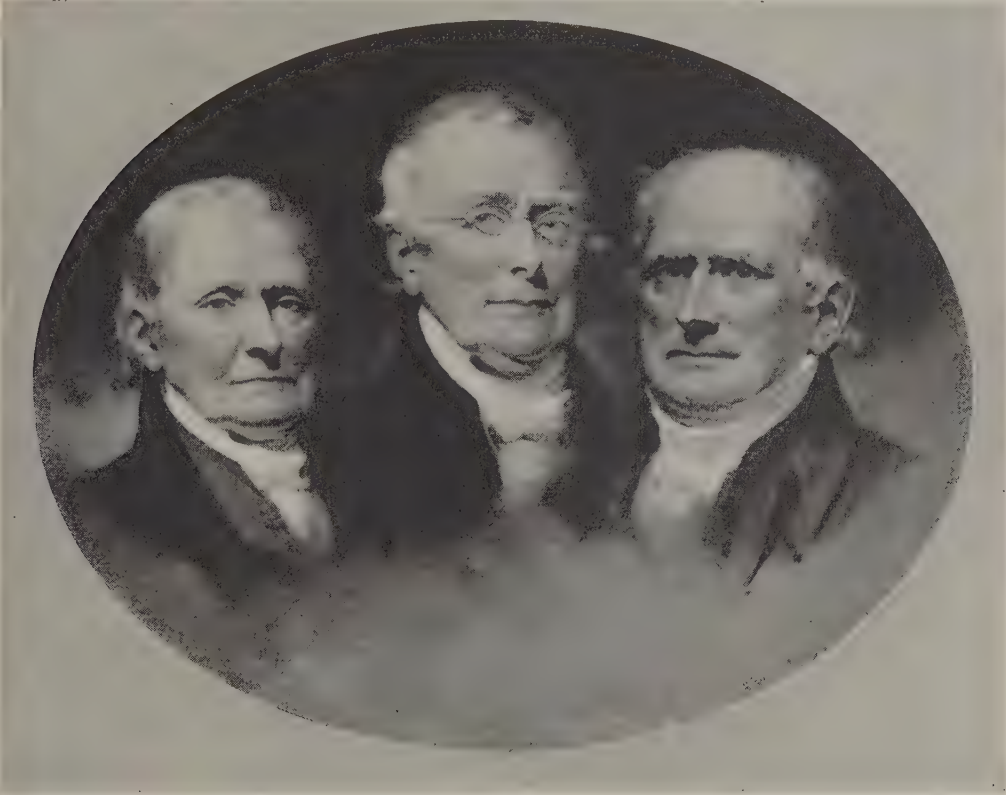
THIS is all I remember of Gettysburg, of the fall of Richmond, of the assassination of Lincoln, of the war; but nothing of it all can I forget. What I saw and heard then, I remember. I was an artist from the beginning, for I looked at and remembered things as an illustrator.



FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE FOURTH AND ARCH WHERE THE SCHOOL WENT TO FIFTH DAY MORNING MEETING • LITHOGRAPH 1908 OUR PHILADELPHIA

[1865]

CHAPTER II: AT THE COPE'S OFFICE · DRAWING AND
PLAYING IN THE OLD SHIPPING OFFICE · MEETING THE
COPE CHILDREN · THE END OF THE AMERICAN PASSENGER
AND MERCHANDISE SAILING SHIPS AND OF THE OFFICE



THE ORIGINAL COPE BROTHERS · FROM A PAINTING BY S.B.WAUGH WHICH HUNG IN THEIR
OFFICE · REPRODUCED FROM A COPY IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

AT WALNUT Street Wharf was Copes' office—the firm of Cope Brothers who owned the four great packet ships that sailed to Liverpool from Philadelphia. And here was my father, and here I was taken to play by my father. The office was in the second story. On the ground floor were ship stores, and you went through an iron door on the street, up a narrow stair with a rope banister, to the second story, where there were four rooms. In the first was

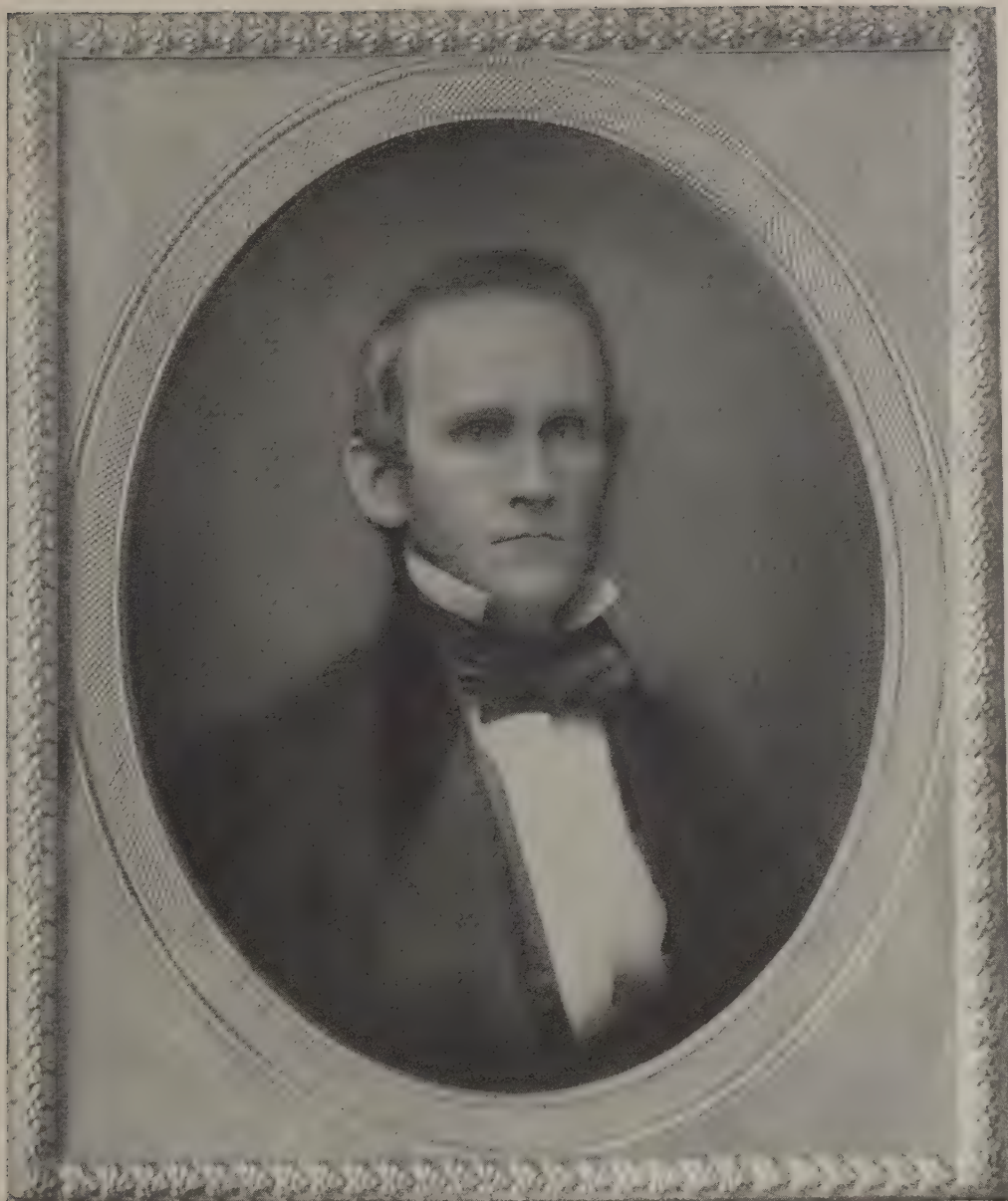
my father with clerks under him. Then there was an inner room where it seemed to me, little boy, the Copes never were. When they did come, and I was there, I was scared. Either Thomas P. in plain clothes would walk in solemnly, or Francis R. in world dress would rush in recklessly. They never came together; and they never seemed to do anything when they got there, but when they were there I was frightened; why, I do not know. There was a corner room looking down

Delaware Avenue and across the river, and both ways were wharves, and their ships were tied up to the wharf opposite Copes' Wharf. Another front room, rarely used, had in it a double high desk, with drawers instead of legs; and one drawer, like that in my father's desk, always had pretzels or crackers in it, and I used to pull it open and help myself.

At the desks were high stools which could be pushed to the windows, from the top of one I could look out on the ships and Camden Ferry and Smith's Island, and perched on the stool at the window, I drew the ships—the Tuscarora, Tonawanda, Saranac, Wyoming—and the ship Captains would come in and look at my drawings. But neither they, nor the Copes, nor any one else, did more than look; no anxious patron for my future encouraged or refreshed me with cash or with praise, or even wanted the drawings as a gift. I don't think even my father said anything, but he gave me pencils and paper. Art was not upon the town; the American collector was not invented; the West-Peale tradition was forgotten in Philadelphia, Abbey was forced from his home, and, besides, Friends did not approve of drawings. These drawings—illustrations—were made because I wanted to make them. I could not help it. And, mostly, the people who saw them did not like them, mostly did not understand them. Only my father must have cared or he would have stopped me. All these went in the War. From the window of the corner office I could look down Delaware Avenue on the Camden and Amboy Railroad Depot, and the Hotel with men always tilted back on chairs in a row in front of it; and the attempt to draw the street and the buildings and the people, as I saw them from above, gave me the mannerism, which I encourage, of looking

down on subjects I draw to-day. I did not get it from the Japanese, for I never saw a Jap print until about 1880, when I bought Hokusai's Hundred Views at Wanamaker's for a quarter, in the original edition—that went in the War—because Drake of THE CENTURY told me to get it, and found our view point the same. But my liking for elevated view points came from looking out of Copes' office windows years before. Some of the Captains, who had made trips to China and Japan, may have had prints, as they had lacquer and cabinets in their houses, but they never showed any to me, for I never saw any of these things unless they were away—going to or coming from Liverpool—though I went to Captain Baker's and Captain Dunlevey's to play with their children, for they lived in our square.

If I tired of drawing or staring out of the windows, I could do a still more wonderful thing—look into a camera lucida which was in the desk, at the life of the streets, and from this I learned a great deal—maybe too much—or from a kaleidoscope—what a treasure for the ists and the artless—or from a stereoscope at home, which had foreign views. Sometimes I was allowed, as a great favor, to go out through glass doors in the front of the office, on to a grated, iron-railed balcony. On each floor, one above the other, the balconies ran up to the gable-ended roof, a trap door in each, through which goods could be hauled to the upper lofts by a crane at the top. The gable end of the building, as in Holland, was on Delaware Avenue, and it was built, as so many Philadelphia houses were, of Dutch red and black bricks. In the big room with the desks was a great safe—another wonder—with wondrous locks, and my father had the key, and over this, on the plain white wall, was an oil painting—one of



MY FATHER LARKIN PENNELL 1819-1890 • FROM A DAGUERRETYPE BY MCCLEES AND GERMON
TAKEN WHILE HE WAS IN COPES' OFFICE AT WALNUT STREET WHARF • IT IS INTER-
ESTING TO CONTRAST THESE REAL AMERICAN TYPES WITH PORTRAITS OF AMERICANS OF THE
SAME CLASS TO-DAY • BOTH ARE CLEAN SHAVEN BUT THE MEN OF THE PAST HAD CHARACTER
WHICH SHOWED IN THEIR FACES • THOSE OF THE PRESENT DAY ARE STANDARDIZED AS CAN
BE SEEN IN THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS FROM THE PAGES OF WHICH THEY GRIN AND SMIRK

the first I ever saw—of the three original Cope Brothers. How these worthy Friends allowed themselves to be painted by Waugh and engraved by Sartain in mezzotint I do not know. Silhouettes and samplers were the only forms of art, with wax fruit and flowers and real shells, and sometimes daguerreotypes in their black cases, to be seen in Friends' houses. We had at home a painting of Fort Snelling and some water colors of ships, kept out of sight, and a lot of illustrated books—Captain Cook's Voyages and a History of the Pirates and one of the American Navy among them, in a big box in the attic. One day I tore the engravings from the books and painted them. Luckily, my father caught me and proved to me so painfully and clearly that I should leave the works of my predecessors alone, that I have mostly done so to this day, no matter what I think of them. Not so long ago, I had another attack, and it too had disastrous results. Even to-day it is hard to restrain myself from destroying the new art and the new literature—the admiration of the new Americans; but to do that would be to turn Bolshevik—as they are. Something else that comes back to me as I write is the smell of these books—not the smell of good paper and good ink, which is good, but a smell of the sea and of spices and of strange lands, for they must have belonged to one of the Captains before my father got them.

On the top of the big safe, one on each corner, stood two models of full-rigged sailing ships, and never have I been happier than when they were taken down and set on the floor, and I could lie down by them and look at them and tell stories of their voyages to myself. They were on little stands and I could sail them to distant lands behind the big

desk, through storms and calms. How I would have loved to take them home and launch them in the bathtub, with the Noah's Ark that upset when it got wet and the people and the beasts that fell out of it in the water, and their paint came off, and the tin steamboat, to run on the floor, that wound up with a key and ran down even before it went to the bottom of the tub, and the glass ships and wooden ones—a whole fleet of them, and flocks and shoals of tin ducks and glass fishes that all spread over the face of the waters, when I put them in the bath. But if it was not possible to carry off these wonderful ships, they made me draw ships, horribly difficult things to get right. This was long before people began to collect ship models or wooden Indians which stood before every cigar store; and Revolutionary cannon that were planted upright on every corner to keep drivers off the brick pavements.

SOMETIMES, but not often, the Marises and the Morrisises would come down with me to the office, and we would hunt in the dim back room and the dark lofts upstairs for English postage stamps on old letters, and find them; they must have been rare ones, for the firm was old. But we knew nothing about rarities, and though I started a stamp album, I soon tired of that. The collection of postage stamps even then bored me, for I knew there was nothing save money in it, but that is why most collectors collect. Little Cope boys and girls in crowds used to come too, but more rarely, from Awbury, their place near Germantown. There were endless brothers and sisters and cousins. But we did not chum up, though they too would pull old English stamps, some black pennies, off old letters; there must have been a fortune in these alone. Little did I



DRAWING MADE AT AGE OF SIX IN COPES' OFFICE • THE DATE OF THE DRAWING IS ON THE POST MARK • MESSRS. BROWN SHIPLEY & COMPANY WERE COPES' LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENTS AND AGENTS AND THIS DRAWING WAS MADE ON THE FOLDED SHEET IN WHICH AT THAT TIME LETTERS WERE ENCLOSED THE GENERAL USE OF ENVELOPES COMING IN LATER

think that in a few years we would all be at school together—the younger ones—and grow up together, yet apart, and that three of us would go into art though we were Friends—John, who was in my class, becoming a very good landscape architect, and Walter, a year or more younger, also an architect, turning all American colleges into a lifeless copy of a dead English model, when he had the most beautiful living tradition, our Colonial art, our Philadelphia art, about him. He built part of the new University in this fashion when he had the old University at Ninth and Chestnut—perfect Colonial, that never should have been touched—to inspire him. But that was despised by the vandals who destroyed it and who are themselves succeeded in Philadelphia by worse architectural vulgarians, full of French notions and ignorant of American art—really of all art, for to be a French-

man does not mean one necessarily must be an artist. And now these two sleep in the quiet burying ground with their family and my family, only their names and dates on the little gravestones in Friends' Graveyard at Germantown. And I want to lie there too.

IN the evenings my father and I would walk home from the office, up Walnut Street, the sun glaring in our faces till we could not see the red brick houses, by Friends' Alms Houses and the State House and Orange Street Meeting and the Hospital, along perfect streets of these houses with white marble steps and white doors and white window shutters on the first and second stories, and green above, all gone now, and the green trees too, all the beauty of Penn's sylvan city, my city—my home—that I foolishly thought to help to preserve, wrecked by vandals and uplifters, foreigners and fools.



FRIENDS' ALMS HOUSES ON WALNUT STREET BY WHICH MY FATHER AND I WOULD PASS ON OUR WAY HOME FROM THE OFFICE · PEN DRAWING MADE FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY 1882

CHAPTER III: FRIENDS SCHOOL IN GERMANTOWN
WE MOVE TO GERMANTOWN · SENT TO SCHOOL · TAUGHT
DRAWING BY LAMBDIN · WIN A PRIZE · THE CENTENNIAL
I GRADUATE · THE FIRST AND ONLY BOY TO DO SO



THE CLASS OF SEVENTY-SIX AT FRIENDS' SCHOOL · JOSEPH PENNELL IN CENTER · JOHN S. COPE
SEATED RIGHT · MARY WEST HUSTON DESCENDANT OF BENJAMIN WEST EXTREME RIGHT

WHEN I was ten years old, in 1870, we moved to Fisher's Lane, Germantown, into a new, jerry-built, jig-saw decorated house, my father having sold the place on Lombard Street for just what he paid for it. I was sent to Germantown Friends' Select School. It was a school for Friends only, then. I am glad I refused to go to Westtown Boarding School, to which it was planned to send me. Beautiful and quiet as Westtown is, or was, it would have ruined me, for boarding schools and boy scouts and all other herding make for the ruin of a child, and so the ruin of a country. At the

Germantown School I stayed for six awful years, the worst of my life, for there is caste and precedence and all other things of that sort among Friends as well as among the world's people. Because my family had not made money, and so made good as other Friends with less to start with, both socially and financially, we were scarce in it or of it. But all that is another story; it is all over and this is the story of my beginnings as an illustrator. The move to Germantown gave me new ideas. Again there was war, the French-German War, but that was far away and we boys had battles of our own with Indians in Wister's Woods which were far

more important to fight. I grew up with the boys and girls in and around the Lane, the Bails and the Henrys and the Browns and the Snowdens, all Friends, or relations of Friends, but the Henrys, —most respectable, all of them, they thought themselves. We used to see artists at work in the Wingohocking Valley behind Stenton. There was a painter man who sat on a stool, under an umbrella, in the meadow by the creek, even then a stinking sewer, oil-stained after it had passed Fisher's Cotton Mills. He painted cows in the landscape and it was fun to shy stones at the crank, for he was a fat Dutchman and he could not, we knew, run fast enough up the hill to catch us. Two of us now are artists, and a third is a collector of art. But later on, in the long summer, I grew quite interested in the painter. He was doing the same subject, again and again, as all American painters do when it pays, and I sneaked up behind him to see how he did it. But he had a good memory and, turning suddenly on the little snoopers, he gave me some good instruction in the art of bothering artists and what comes of it, of which, in my time, I have made much use more than once since.

EVEN then I wanted to study art, but there was no one to teach me, though most people who gape at artists, as I was doing, merely gape as they do at a dead horse or a panned motor. There was another artist who painted in Wister's Woods but we had great respect for him and left him alone. A third made photographs and concocted things from them. His work we never saw, we only heard of it, though he was my cousin. These two artists were Friends and went to Meeting. They were William T. Richards and George B. Wood, and I think they were the last artist members of the

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, now, as when founded, "a company of gentlemen," the charter says—gentlemen according to Philadelphia notions. But to be a gentleman does not mean that one need know anything of art, anyway in Philadelphia, where most do not.

AT Germantown School, as at the school in Philadelphia, every Fifth Day we went to Meeting, walking over—the old Meeting House was in the school grounds—two by two from the school-house, the boys and the girls apart, though we sat together in school; or if not, we boys were punished by being made to sit between two girls in the classrooms. I can add nothing to the subject of co-education because I thought nothing about it. We, boys and girls, just grew up together, and that was all. We saw much of each other out of the class, at parties in winter and on picnics in summer we were together, but there was one thing I never could understand—why sometimes, when after school we would chase the girls among the shrubbery in the old school yard they would run round and round the lilac bushes, till they were tired, but never into the school house, and then we kissed the prettiest—and they were pretty. Somehow it did not amount to much, but in all the years we were together in school or out of it, there never was the slightest breath of scandal of any sort about us, and it was because we had no chaperon, we were not spied upon—we boys were on our honor, and it was our duty to protect the girls and that was all there was to it—and so every one grew up decently because we were Friends. Even after, but one boy and girl who had been in the class together married. I made no intimate school friendships either—my chum was John Henry who lived in the Lane, the only boy friend I ever had

—and when he went to college and I went to work I lost him. And I have never had a real friend since. Do they exist? Every morning each of us had to recite verses of the Bible as school opened, and every Second Day morning the whole chapter

teacher. To the Fifth Day Meeting, William Kite and Samuel Emlen and Samuel Morris and the other men ministers and elders came, leaving their business; and the women ministers came too. And what character, what refinement the men had!



GERMANTOWN FRIENDS' MEETING • DRAWN AT THE SCHOOL UNDER LAMBDIN ABOUT 1873

we had learned the week before, and we were kept in, if we made a mistake, until we got it perfect. That is the way Whistler and I learned English—not from teachers who couldn't talk it, as they can't now, but from King James' version of the Bible. We did not always understand what we learned, and sometimes indiscreet questions would be asked. One day one of the girls inquired: "Teacher, what is a concubine?" "Thee stay in at recess, Sally Jane, and I'll tell thee," said the

How beautiful, how calm the women were—the whole like a Franz Hals! And no one, save Smedley in one attempt, painted or drew the character and the beauty. And yet Smedley, Howard Pyle, Mary Hallock Foote knew it all, for they were Friends, though Pyle was a Hicksite. And we children, for that hour and a half, tried to be good, the boys sitting on one side with the men Friends, the girls with the women. But it was long, though peaceful, that hour and a half.

[1871]

WE came on First Day mornings, too, sitting there under the gold bars of light falling down through the Venetian blinds, listening to the sounds of flies inside and horses outside stamping in the sheds in summer, or to the roar of the winds round the house in winter, and the crackle of logs in the big stoves in the old Meeting House. And once in a while there was a marriage and the world's people came to hear the groom say that "with Divine permission and Friends' approbation," he would take the bride to be his "loving wife, till death should separate" them. Sometimes it was a silent Meeting; but oftener the spirit moved some minister to speak—and they could speak, and meant what they said—before the heads of the Meeting shook hands and broke it up. Every month there was a Monthly Meeting and the caretaker would let down the wooden division shutters, like window sashes, between the men's and the women's side. Each had a separate business meeting and sat on separate sides of the partition. The business would be gone through, and how tired we were of the reports and queries; but how we waked up when some Friends Passed Meeting before they were married, and in the concerns Friends had to visit, or send epistles to other Meetings. For we of Germantown Preparative, Frankford Monthly, Abington Quarterly, and Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, regarded ourselves, down to the smallest and tiniest Friendlet, as far superior to any other Friends, and we listened to the preparation of minutes or the concern of friends to visit New York and even London Yearly Meeting, considering them to be in need of counsel from Philadelphia, where Orthodox Friends knew they were more Friendly than other Friends, whom they warned

to keep to the straight and narrow way. It was a good way, and if only I could have kept to it myself, I should have been a different person. The love of the Friends' doctrine has never left me, though I have fallen by the wayside. Still, I wish I could live up to it—the simplest and most perfect doctrine in the world, the doctrine of Christ practised by real Friends, real Christians.

I do not remember that I learned anything in Germantown School that I have not forgotten or have not had to unlearn, save the Bible, drawing and history—and the names of State Capitals that haunt me which we chanted—our nearest approach to singing. "Pennsylvania, Harrisburg on the Susquehanna River; New York, Albany on the Hudson River; Massachusetts, Boston"—we never were sure if it had a river. I might have learned the classics if the teacher had had any notions of anything but Latin and Greek grammar. Their beauty was hidden from him. I don't believe he knew anything but what he got out of books. The things I translated for myself, "When the cloud shadows chase each other over the sides of the mountains," are all I remember, and I do not owe that to the teacher, who did not understand what it meant. I could see the pictures in Virgil and Horace the others never saw, and one day I got hold of a crib, or a translation and I studied it by heart—the day's lesson—and when I was called on, I stood up and spouted it forth, and there was a sensation. Then the teacher, the awful headmaster, called on me to parse a sentence and to give the meaning of certain words. I could not, and, well, I don't believe he could have done so either. Who ever heard of a teacher of English, Latin or Art who would be teaching, if he or she could do anything in art or

literature. I teach now, but not that way. If I had—which I am thankful I have not—a child—a man child—he should never go to school and be standardized. My left hand brought me all sorts of trouble from the teachers, who tried to make me copy the abominable Spenserian standardized writing of the copy books, so full of stupid moral tritenesses, with my right hand when I could do it better with my left. If these instructors of youth had had any sense, they would have encouraged me to use both hands; but these people and their pupils use one hand, one-half their brains, and, therefore, have one-half of one sense. I may say, however, they did not succeed, and to this day my right hand, save in a few things, knows not what my left hand doeth. How the teachers made us hate them for their stupidity; for we small boys were far more intelligent than they; it was only as we grew up that we became standardized and hypnotized by their stupidity, which is what our education means and is. Now these things are ingrained in Americans who, therefore, mostly do not grow up but are mental and moral runts and feeble-minded; aged about fourteen. This is the result of gymnastics, kindergartens, boy scouts, sports—all hypnotizing and standardizing machinery for killing character. Now we only cultivate children's arms and legs; their bellies are weak and their heads are empty. It is not fashionable to read, only to play. We are become a race of cocksure imbeciles. There are exceptions. East Side Jews are encouraged, despite the fact that in all the world there has never been a great Jewish artist; I mean worker in the graphic or plastic arts. It does not pay well enough, quick enough, so they don't stick at it long enough. And all children are carted to galleries they hate, and

encouraged and boosted for a moment into a notoriety that it takes real creative artists, and how few there are, a whole lifetime to attain; but this is education, so-called, sandwiched between ball games and flag-worshipping patriotism, the refuge of cowards. Not long ago, a class was taken to the Metropolitan to see the Primitives and when they were through the teacher asked what they liked best. "I don't like any cause dey aint like Mutt and Jeff," answered a young American, standing up for the art he knew and loved. Another day I saw a citizen with his little daughter before Saint Gaudens' Lincoln. "Vots dot ugly ole man, popper?" "I dunno," said the parent. Lincoln's name was on the base—I heard that.

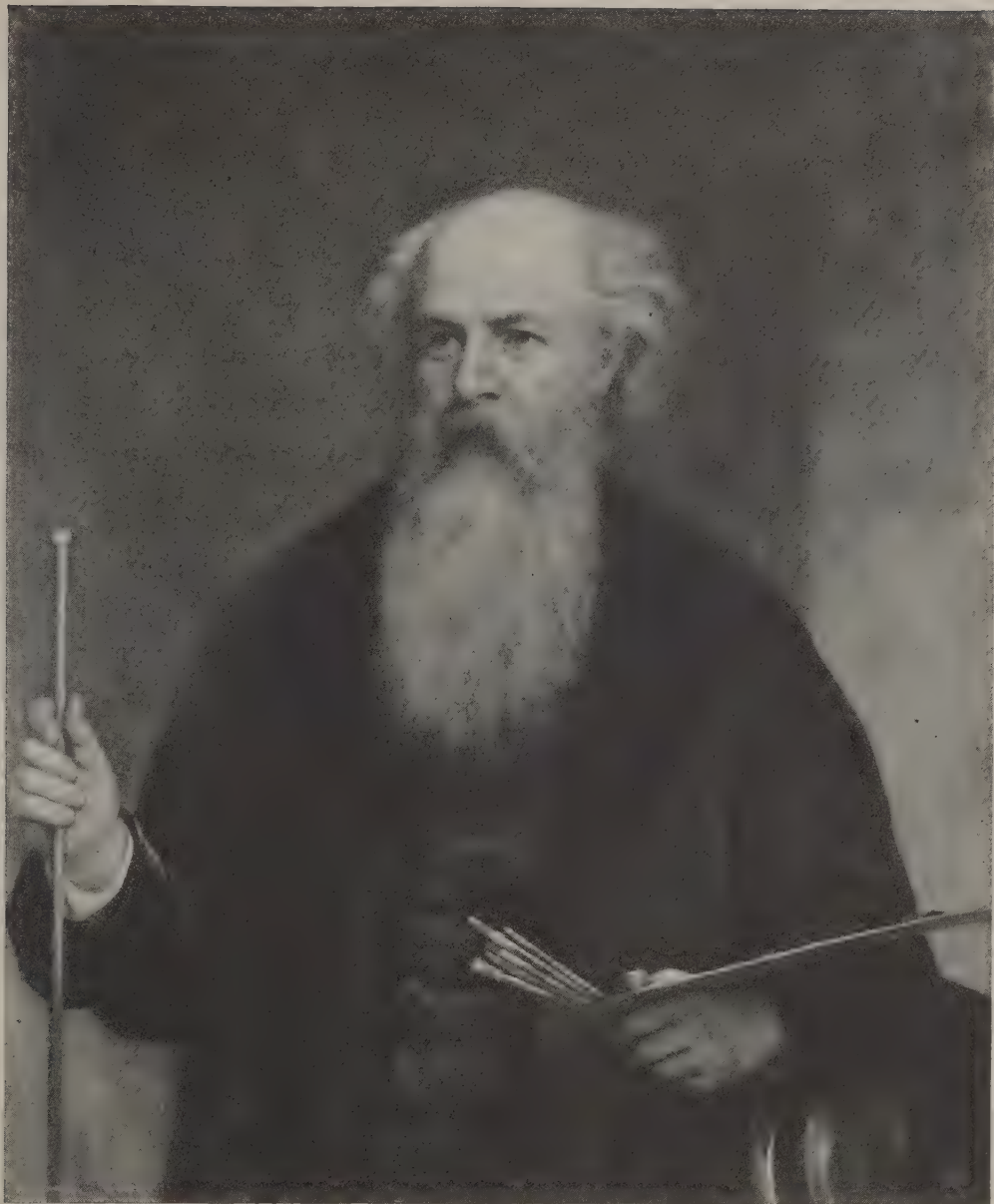
BUT sometimes we would retaliate. I remember the boy who filled a rose with pepper and left it on the teacher's desk, and I remember that she smelt it; but I don't remember if the little imp was ever found out. I knew who did it, but I did not tell. Friends can keep secrets.

I DID care for a few of the teachers—Teacher Sue, who taught me history and who, also, when I had made a drawing on my slate, would come round and either sponge it out or write under it, "Satan always finds something for idle hands to do." Naturally, at the moment, I hated her. We had terrific tussles. She meant well and so did I; but I think she liked me—I hope so. The headmaster never reasoned with me, never advised me privately. I never saw him out of school, nor was I ever asked to the homes of any of the other teachers. There was no intimacy, no companionship out of school, and in it they were only teachers—or rather, they never taught, they only heard us recite and put down marks. The life was utterly different from that of any other school boy who has ever written his adventures.

Then there was "Madame"; we little Friends called her that. The Meeting never knew that we called Madam, "Madame." She had no other name for us. I liked her too. She taught French. She succeeded a solemn person who, we were told, was the only Frenchman who escaped from Mexico after the execution of Maximilian. My father wanted me to learn French and, well, I learned it in the American fashion of those days, much more practically, I am sure, than it is learned now. And it helped me later into and out of scrapes in France. My father saw somehow into the future. It was an extra and I was at the tail of all the other classes; but he made me take French. I don't remember if there was a report of that, but there was a monthly book full of my want of marks in all other classes saved drawing. For there was a drawing master—an innovation in Friends' School—one of those magnificent Philadelphians who walked Chestnut Street, where he had his studio; splendid, six-feet, gray-bearded like Whitman and Leland—James R. Lambdin. Of course we were made from the beginning to draw, or trace from drawing copy books or on glass slates, which I could never do decently—and I can't trace decently now. We also drew maps, and mine were amazing: all illustrated—all destroyed, I hope. So were my school books:—Virgil, a complete translation of the first book, priggish, as I said, from a crib, Milton and Goldsmith. Luckily, all have gone. Once, a professor of art came, and for a dollar, to be paid in advance, guaranteed to make each of us an artist in one lesson. I alone rushed home to get the dollar, but failed, and so became an illustrator. And, although I did not then know it, all art is illustration. Later a Lecturer was introduced, learned in the history of art and artlessness, with charts and diagrams,

and I joined. And Bay Smith, the future Mrs. Berenson, was in it, too. But I was bored. The Lecturer became later a Director, and an expounder of architectural refinements or the accidents of time. Although he died the other day in the fullness of years and of honors, I yet fail to grasp whether his theories or his knowledge or his honors were worth anything. I know his photographs were good, and I also know he was always getting in my way when he was photographing and plumb-lining, and I was drawing in French cathedrals. But peace to him, which is more than he would, I fear, say of me, even though once he introduced me on a lecture platform, to his great discomfort. His name was W. H. Goodyear.

THE new master was a different sort. As I have said, he had a studio on Chestnut Street, though he lived in Germantown. I do not know if he had studied abroad; I know that he was a member of the Pennsylvania Academy; but as with all other native Philadelphia artists, I fear Philadelphia had no use for him—and so it has been from Benjamin West to myself. He taught me one thing—and he tried to teach the class, too—to use my eyes, my brains, my memory—all that American educators are ignorant of—above all, drawing from memory; that is most valuable, though even then you must have something to say for yourself. Education leads to standardized stupidity. And long, long before I heard of Whistler's practice, of the Japanese system, of De Boisbaudran's method, I tried to carry out what Lambdin told me, told the blind, dumb class—to use my mind and my memory. And I have tried to follow his teaching to this day. Lambdin's method was to make you draw some object before you; then, not looking at it, to draw what you remembered of it. This



JAMES R. LAMB DIN • PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF IN THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
JOSEPH PENNELL'S FIRST DRAWING TEACHER AT FRIENDS' SELECT SCHOOL GERMANTOWN

class alone I led. I was far below the tail in all the others, save history. Everything else Lambdin taught in the ordinary way, though he was always telling us to make drawings from nature, if we wanted to learn to draw. Two or three did, and so encouraged was he that before vacation he offered a prize for the best drawing made out of doors during the summer, to be awarded when the school reopened in the fall. I drew the house across the street, in the holidays. How I worked over it! But I tried to do it in my own way. The school opened again; the students brought the drawings they had made. I believe there were a lot, for there was the prize, and prizes are the source and curse of most American art. I saw at once that only one other drawing counted. Bob Shoemaker had made it—the Falls of the Yosemite or the Yellowstone—his rich father having taken him to that far-away land during the vacation. There it was, a most remarkable thing in pencil; we all worked in pencil. Wonderful, I thought it. I was sure I had no chance for the prize. But Lambdin looked at the two and handed the prize, a silver crayon holder in a leather case, to me. Like the entire class, I was stunned. I sat at my desk staring at it. It was just before the recess of half an hour. I sat there for fifteen minutes of the recess; then I put the case in my desk, and then I loafed out into the playground. All together, the boys were waiting for me—the girls never came in our yard—Bob Shoemaker in the midst. But we did not fight. Little Friends never fought with their fists; but they did make remarks that I, the unpopular, the outsider, with a mere drawing of a common Germantown house, should be preferred to the popular, the rich boy who had seen and done things, was not fair, and it was only in a drawing class run by some one who wasn't a

Friend and had no business in Friends' School that such a thing could have happened. Everybody in the school, from the principal down, seemed against me, and though I did not like it, it was good training, and I have found since a not unusual experience in prize winning, which is mostly productive of heartburning and jealousy, and is mostly only graft in this land of grafters, which we are to-day. It is all right when you are in the gang, for then you get the prizes when your turn comes to get them.

BUT I am glad Lambdin gave me that prize. I have never had a money prize and would not take one. I have never fought to get a prize, so I take them when they come to me, and I have a number. Still, I wonder, as Lambdin did, whether Bob Shoemaker made that drawing from nature, at the age of twelve or fourteen. If he really did, he might have been a great artist instead of a mere millionaire, as I believe he now is, if he is still alive, though I do not know what has become of him. The prize sent me for a time to nature and life. I never told Lambdin what I did, though once, I remember, I let him see some horses I was proud of and he liked them. Then my father bought some volumes of Dickens with illustrations by Cruikshank, Phiz and the rest of those British bunglers, and in one volume was a tree with skeleton branches; and there for some time I found or lost myself and came near out-Rackhaming Rackham, and the branches of my trees for a time became skeletons. It took me more time to get over that trick. In winter, the skeletons were everywhere, but in spring another boy who drew—though he did not attend Friends' School—Latimer Brown, and I would go out together sketching, and as he saw no skeletons in the trees, I forgot them and I began to try to draw what I



THE DRAWING WHICH WON THE PRIZE AT GERMANTOWN SCHOOL • A HOUSE ON FISHER'S
LANE OPPOSITE THE PENNELLS' HOME • DRAWN IN PENCIL FROM NATURE • JULY 17 1873

saw, working on brown paper with black and white chalks. Where we got the money to buy these, I do not know. When I was afraid to ask my father, I may have run up a bill at school; but I think it most likely that my father, as usual, gave me the money or the materials, for he never refused; I was only afraid to ask. I remember one drawing of trees we did. Do boys of twelve spend their holidays drawing now? After that, I found Germantown devoid of skeletons and full of interest—Wakefield Mills, Wister's Mills, Harper's Dam. It must have been that winter the dam broke, and with the thermometer down to zero, I made a pencil drawing of it—not for anybody, not for anything, but just because I had to;—I was an illustrator. And maybe it was that winter, too, as I was learning to do grapevines on the ice, Fanny Kemble came and stood on a rock which jutted into the dam and said sweetly, in a voice of thunder, "Is Owen Wister here?" She was his aunt. That was the only time I saw her, but he and I now face each other in Academic golden-labeled chairs on great official occasions.

AND then I went in for woodcutting with a boy next door, and when we had made our blocks, we tried to print them with shoeblackening on a wringing machine, but he tore his nails off in the cog wheels and blamed me for his carelessness; and that ended my wood-block printing. Of course, we did other things. We went to pigeon matches and cricket matches, all done away with now—for decayed golf, aimless bridge. The next year Lambdin left the school—I don't know why—and was succeeded by Joseph Ropes as drawing master, a very different man, "small, shy, modest," even Tuckerman says of him. Artists were not many in America forty-five years ago and the few made history. Ropes took to me, as very few do—or is it I who keep

people off? In the spring he used to let me go out with him sketching, afternoon after afternoon, and in his way taught me. But his way was not my way. Everything was to be seen not as I saw it but as he saw it, just as I had seen skeletons, but according to his system and his perspective, upon which he had written a book, and he gave me a copy. He took me to his studio on Main Street and there, in a bare top room, showed me his oil paintings and water colors and gave me one of Tivoli, where, he told me, he had found an Italian wife and lost her and never got over it. And there he tried to teach me to work in water color in his way; but again his way was not my way and he gave it up, though my father was paying him a dollar a lesson. Luckily, from the beginning, I was stubborn and did as I wanted. He tried, and so did I, and he came near conquering me, but when he proudly sent me to show my work to Peter Moran, who taught in Philadelphia, and I walked fourteen miles there and back on Seventh Day afternoon after school, Moran would not waste time over me, or even see me, sending down word—and it was the truth—that mine were "the most mannered things he ever saw from one so young." Moran was right. Ropes and I were wrong. Ropes also made etchings on glass and I tried too, drawing with a point through a glass negative which had been exposed to a white screen, and then printing it like a photograph. There were some of these around in Germantown for a long while, treasured, I believe, as my early work. Ropes liked me still, and when things began to happen, wrote me a proud letter, which I stupidly never answered, and I never heard from or of him again. It took time to get out of these mannerisms, and then I fell into others—and still do—and so have misled millions. And the

rest of my life has been spent in trying to get out of them and finding myself. I also went to William T. Richards, who, in another way, was as mannered in his maturity as I in my youth, and he told me to take my sketches away and burn them, and then draw something, if I could. So I drew a geranium plant, and really it wasn't bad, as I saw it before the War. And when he saw it Richards said I might learn to draw, though, from my other sketches, he never would have thought it possible. He did not waste time encouraging me, but he started me working seriously, which is not the fashion nowadays.

MY drawing went on, in and out of school, till the spring of 1876. I never played much at football, cricket or baseball, though, being left-handed, I liked to upset the whole cricket field when I did bowl; and I did some fearful smashing of wickets with left-hand grounders. As I did not have to, I rarely played; but I could skate better than any one in the school, and also managed to ride the bone-shaker bicycle owned by one of the boys—that I adored. All the while I was trying to learn drawing for myself, but did not know good from bad, and Ropes had gone and there was no one to tell me or show me. In Friends' Library there were hardly any illustrated magazines—there were none that had any novels in them—only HARPER's and SCRIBNER's, anyway, were published—and to see them and GOOD WORDS and THE ART JOURNAL and THE GRAPHIC and HARPER's WEEKLY and FRANK LESLIE's, I had to walk seven miles down Germantown Avenue to Broad Street and down Broad to Chestnut, and down Chestnut to Tenth, to the Mercantile Library. Twelve cents could be better spent than on horse-car fare, but six cents were spent coming back, if I was too tired to walk. So I learned to tramp; but how long those

tramps were sometimes. I vowed I would go, and I knew I should get back somehow, and that determination, Quaker grit, and nothing else, has carried me through many a long tramp, many a worse mess. So far, I have always got back somehow. Sometimes, when I had seen what I wanted and had ten cents, I would buy a railroad ticket from Ninth and Green to Wayne Station and not get off; then Kite, the conductor, who knew us all, would stop the train between there and Fisher's Lane, by the Young America cricket ground, and I, and possibly other boys, would be thrown off; and Kite would share in the glory, and we would finish the afternoon playing cricket, for all of us could play cricket; all Germantown did. It was correct. Other people had fun with the cars. There was Miss X's mother who took the horse cars—they lived in Doctor Y's house—because they were four cents cheaper than the steam cars, and she could also give tracts to people; and one morning some one had handed the conductor a bad five-cent piece, and he swore when he found it; and she said, "John Jones, is thee saved?" And he answered, "Missus X, it's none of your damn business!" After that, and other happenings, they left Germantown and America for England, and the father lived in a tree, and did more quaint weird things as long as he was on earth.

MY father, really for my sake, I am sure, bought old volumes of THE GRAPHIC and THE ART JOURNAL, L'ART, and THE PORTFOLIO, far better than any illustrated journals we have to-day, and subscribed for SCRIBNER's, which then every one saw; and I began to copy things in them, and I got from the library Ruskin's ELEMENTS OF DRAWING and Penley's WATER COLOR PAINTING, and mixed them all up with Harding's trees and George Reid's landscapes, so it is not very wonderful if

my ideas and my style got mixed too. I had not the brains to discriminate. I wonder if any one left alone has in the beginning; and there was no one to ask. Besides, I was getting known as a sort of prodigy, and that is fatal to progress, for I have had to unlearn everything I picked up at that time. Had I been properly taught my craft, I would have been able to do far more and far better, for I have more brains than most people, but I had to unlearn everything and try to learn again in the right way later. I had told Ropes, though no one else, that I was going to be an illustrator, and the School bought a number of casts, mostly hands and feet, and some angels' heads I had never seen before and never have since, and I drew them with stump, which he showed me how to work. I hated it then as I do now. Well can I remember the principal coming into the "Museum"—a room with cases—where I was at work, sent to draw by myself, and where there was an anatomical man and shells and a microscope and books and a skeleton in a glass case. The principal, when he saw me, sneered, "So thee's got to drawing the human form divine, has thee?" And then he grinned at me. I could have killed him, Friend though I was. Little do talkative teachers know what their silent pupils think of them. I often wonder what my pupils think of me, but I hope I don't talk that way to them.

I HAD determined to get into the school of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which was to open in the new building on Broad Street in the fall of 1876. The Academy exhibition in the spring of that year was notable, for then it was that Chase, Shirlaw, Duveneck, Dielman, Twachtman, Muhrman, Courier, Carl Marr, McLure Hamilton, had returned from Munich or Antwerp, and all sent to the Academy. Had they only

been as clever commercially as they were artistically equal to the boys of Glasgow, an American School would have burst that year upon the world. The exhibition dazzled me so much that I went again and again, once taking with me one of the girl students. I was arrayed in a new Wanamaker imitation tweed suit to my own satisfaction, only marred by running into some other members of the class who had come to town too, and they laughed at me. I never had to struggle for want of money. I lived at home, and never at any time paid for anything; and, in a fit of business ability, I bought, as a bargain, a dozen Cochin China eggs for fifty cents. These all hatched—we kept chickens in the back yard—and I found myself possessed of twelve naked monsters, male and female after their kind, which finally clothed themselves with golden feathers and became the admiration of Germantown. They took to laying and as the eggs—in fact, any eggs I had—now brought a dollar a dozen, I felt myself a financier. I could not tell Cochin eggs from other eggs, for we had other chickens. I regret to say that sometimes these eggs hatched Bantams instead of Cochin Chinas, and sometimes common fowls. Such things will happen when one has mixed chickens. So I was a flourishing enough little prig, soon able to ride to town, to go to picture shows, and to buy books—Ruskin's *MODERN PAINTERS* and Hamerton's *INTELLECTUAL LIFE*, and never finished either, and Gilchrist's *BLAKE*, if you please—and to subscribe to magazines; or rather to get others to subscribe and to have a free copy myself by acting as agent for them. This state of things went on for months, till the grass in our front and back yards was all torn up by the beasts of Cochin China, and till they began to be stolen. And they would fly up on my



MAIN STREET GERMANTOWN FROM A LITHOGRAPH MADE 1908 FOR OUR PHILADELPHIA
IN THE SEVENTIES THE GERMANTOWN ROAD WAS LINED FOR MILES WITH BEAUTIFUL
COLONIAL HOMES BEGINNING WITH THE LOGAN MANSION • AMONG OTHERS WERE THE
JOHNSON HOUSES AND THIS ONE UPSALA FACED THE CHEWS' THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL

Aunt Martha's shoulders and scare the life out of her, as well as nearly knocking her down. Then I sold them for a fabulous sum to one of the Copes, and lived for months in a riot of shows I rode to, at Earle's and Haseltine's, and of books I purchased and picked up in second-hand shops; and so began my collecting. I also thought to make a fortune out of peanuts and bought a pint of unroasted ones and planted them in the spring and they came up and blossomed and bloomed—all the chickens did not eat—but no nuts. And the summer and fall passed and the leaves fell and winter came; then one day I grabbed those barren stalks and pulled and pulled; the whole earth came up—not earth but peanuts. But I did not go into the business:

BEFORE the school closed in 1876, I was to graduate with three girls—the first boy to do so; I had been through a course of natural history or geology or something of the sort. I forget it all, save that in the Museum were some trilobites and that I drew them and a ship at sea in pen and ink, a subject I had imagined, for I had never made any sketches on my brief trips to Boston or down the bay in Copes' ships or to Atlantic City. My father used to take me on the outgoing ships, and we would stay on board till the pilot left at the Capes. And I remember the sailors singing, "We're off to Philadelphia in the morning," though they, blind drunk, had been carried aboard the night before. My sketches were framed, I don't know why, and hung in the big schoolroom. I wonder what became of them or my seascape invention; all lost, I suppose, like the plain language which has fled from the school. Only Walter Cope, of my contemporaries, is remembered. Though one of my Liberty Loan War posters hangs in it now.

BUT before I graduated, several things happened. John Cope, who did not graduate, and I really distinguished ourselves. The new Meeting House in the School yard was being painted outside, and one day, during the long recess, we climbed on to the top of the porch, watched by all the pupils, including the to-be Mrs. Berenson, and in broad daylight, took the painters' pots and brushes and executed, in real fresco, a full-length portrait of an eminent Friend, in "broad brim and shad-belly", a symphony in brown, the only paint the painters had—an overseer of the Meeting and member of the School Committee whom we hated. We also wrote up the names of the streets on which the Meeting House faced on the walls of the building. Now this Friend, without our noticing it, happened to be taking the air in his back garden across Coulter Street and seeing what was being done, came over, and we found him waiting for us at the foot of the ladder when the bell rang for us to go back to work, and we were greeted by him as well as by the assembled pupils and teachers and painters when we climbed down. Suffice it to say that, after an emergency meeting of the School Committee and the Overseers of the Meeting, it was decided that as John Cope and I would be leaving in a few weeks, and as John Cope—son of a Committeeman and the son of an Elder and a Cope—was hopelessly involved, it would not do to expel him, and they could not therefore expel me. So, save for a lecture before the whole school and a bill for removing the work of art, it was thought best to ignore my first and last attempt at mural painting and Church or Meeting House decoration. But for years the ghost of a portrait still remained on the walls and was pointed out, I understand, as my work; and that is all I left

almost as tradition, in the school. I had one other experience with a committeeman. We were playing foot ball our way, just kicking it about, in the big school grounds one day after Meeting—for we played everywhere save in the graveyards. He joined in, "broad brim and shad-belly," and I gave the ball a fearsome kick, I usually missed it, and it took him square in his face, which was covered by it—it even went behind his ears as his hat flew off. He just looked at me as he emerged from the ball; he said nothing, but I wonder what he thought—and what he thought when one day I saw him again in his back yard smoking a big cigar, for cigars and plain clothes dont seem to belong together. I never saw another plain Friend smoke.

A GRADUATION essay had to be prepared and I suggested that I should write mine on the paintings at the Centennial—my first incursion into art criticism. This necessitated a number of visits to the Exhibition, beginning with the opening ceremonies. I was delighted, for I saw Abbey and Reinhart and I do not know how many other illustrators, over a big doorway, sketching President Grant. There were no snap-shotters then, and I turned my back on the President to watch the illustrators sketch. Then, too, I made the acquaintance of the Englishman who was running the London GRAPHIC show, in which were a number of original sketches and drawings, and they interested me far more than the telephone and the Emperor of Brazil, both novelties. And I also had my first fall off a tall bicycle, which I saw for the first time and tried. Still, despite these attractions, the essay was written, it is lost, but I remember it was about three pictures—Wagner's Chariot Race in the Circus Maximus; one of a martyr having his feet roasted by inquisitors; and the

subject of the third I have forgotten, as well as what I said of all of them, and the names of the two other painters. I do, however, remember Holman Hunt's portrait of himself, now in the Uffizi, and a Slinger, by Leighton, and that is all, although I believe there were things by Whistler, of whom I had never heard. Soon the "Mother" was to hang in the Pennsylvania Academy, and though the directors could have had it for five hundred dollars, they had not the brains to get it, or anything else by him, and they bought a ridiculous Greaves "portrait" instead. While one of the directors, Johnson, had a fake Whistler, and his real one, "The Lange Leizen," has been ruined, and of Widener's, another director's, "River Scene," I have my doubts too. On the other hand, there are two superb Whistlers in Philadelphia almost unknown, "The Yellow Buskin" and "Mrs. Cassatt." Mr. John Braun has a third, a "White Girl." The lost portrait of "Lady Archibald Campbell as Orlando," turned up one rainy night in the city and I was able to identify it, but it has disappeared again. And there was a set of the "Thames Etchings" given by Whistler to Dr. James Darrah with whom Dr. Whistler studied medicine in Philadelphia, but they were destroyed, while Mr. Claghorn's Whistlers were sold and scattered, instead of going to the Print Collection of the Academy of Fine Arts. But many strange things happen in the Quaker City.

THE essay was read in the Committee Room, or Preparative Meeting Room of the Meeting House, the first time such a thing happened, and I was complimented and presented with a diploma, and a bouquet by the girls who did not graduate, and covered with confusion. And so ended my school life, the unhappiest six years of all my life.

OUT of a little of the proceeds of the sale of the chicken to Alfred Cope—for every one was sick of the brutes—I bought some casts of hands and feet and had a big sum left, and during the Centennial summer, boiling hot days in the little upstairs back sitting room, I pegged away at what I was sure were masterpieces, to be submitted for my admission to the Academy School, which was to open in the fall in the new building on Broad Street. Or I would wander with the boys, also loafing,

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ally pursued by the other gang's parents who threatened our parents. On Halloween we scared people stiff by setting up spooks in the graveyard or tying doorbells together, or going around with Jack-o'-lanterns when we did not bob for apples in a tub at home.

THE old Logan house, Stenton, then vacant, was a favorite haunt. It was owned by the head of the family, a sort of Borgia it was said, who used to tramp round with a gun and threaten to shoot us. It was near the Browns' big house and we would break in through the cellar windows and go upstairs and try to pry the Dutch tiles out of the chimney pieces, crawl behind the paneling of the walls, and hunt in the cellars for the entrance to the secret tunnel that led under the great avenue of trees beyond the box-hedged garden, to the graveyard. There was an open vault by the graves which we knew was the entrance to the tunnel, but we never dared go in and we never could find the exit in the house. But that tunnel was real to us—real as the persimmons in the garden. As I grew older I would wander by myself as far as the Wissahickon by the McGargie and Rittenhouse paper mills, where we had shied stones and mud in the pulp troughs by the roadside. Maybe that is why some of the paper is so bad when I try to print my etchings on it. Once I went away up Germantown Avenue to Cresheim Creek, winding then through open fields till it came to the glen and then the gorge which carries it to the Wissahickon. It was so beautiful that I sat down, all alone, and cried for the beauty of it. And then I tried to draw it. That beauty is gone and my drawing is gone, in the War, and now there are great sham Italian palaces, big pictorial French châteaux and ladies' swell studios, and winding

paths, and school picnics and newspapers and the filth the new American breeds wherever he goes. And the difficulty of getting there is all that remains, if you have not got a car, and I have not.

I SENT my drawings in to the Academy Schools and after months of waiting I was told I had not been admitted and asked to remove them. So sure was I of admission still, that I produced a number more imaginative marines in pen and ink, the result of our annual trip to Atlantic City; my father had them framed, and I sent them in to the first exhibition in the new building of the Academy. I got them back, too. This should have finished me as an illustrator, but it only convinced me that I was right and the Academy was wrong, and that some day I would be an illustrator and prove it, and then they would receive me—and—well—not so long ago, they gave us, Mrs. Pennell and myself, a reception, with all Philadelphia on "the receiving line"—and that was worse than being rejected, but even now they refuse to hang my portrait, by John McLure Hamilton, though I am the only student in the last quarter of a century who has made a reputation. Some of the past students are more notorious locally and win more prizes annually, but that is their business. At that time the Academy entrance examination was stiff and the tuition was free. And I believe, now that I have taught in both Europe and America, that such a system is better than the present one in most art schools where the entrance examination is a farce for those who can pay the school fees and then loaf their days away.

I DO not believe in the modern art school. If any one will study art, let him go to a master who can teach, and work with him, and learn the trade and the craft.

If the student comes through, he becomes an artist. All other art schools should be abolished and art-school masters be allowed to starve or made to work, instead of fooling fools for the fees they get, if they make their classes pay. A master may run a school, but it should be a shop where the pupils from the beginning learn to do something. It is the only way to learn, the way of the past, when there were many trained craftsmen, and because of their training a few became artists. I know, for I have proved it—in my own classes. But to-day the average student only wants to learn enough to teach and to preach what he cannot practise, and so make a living and be called an artist. Most of the men only want to flirt with the girls in the lunch rooms and work enough to win the easily won prizes that have to be awarded, and the girls do the same—only they try to marry the men. They squander about ten thousand dollars a year now on prizes in the Pennsylvania Academy. Then not a cent was wasted that way. John Alexander told me that a woman once came to him and asked to be taken as a pupil. He said, "Madam, I do not take pupils." "Oh, Mr. Alexander, I would only come one hour one day each week." "Madam," said he, "I have been working every hour every day every year of my life and I don't know enough yet." "Oh," said she, "I don't want to do that: I only want to learn enough to teach."

MY chicken profits had not even been used up by a visit to Downingtown, where some of the family lived. On that trip I made endless drawings in the manner of Ropes—I could not get out of it—in pencil and white chalk on gray paper. And I made my first sale, one dollar paid me by Friend Jane E. Mason, the mother

of some of the pupils at Germantown School, for a drawing of rocks on a hillside near Downingtown. I also remember I did a cider mill, an early Wonder of Work. I went on copying casts and drawings in the house, and making sketches out of doors—and my father kept me and my mother never said anything. I even tried to make comics for *HARPER'S WEEKLY* and to force my way on to *THE DAILY GRAPHIC* of New York—the first American daily illustrated newspaper and still the only American daily in which large original drawings have been used to any extent—as a special correspondent capable of running to fires in Philadelphia. Once I went to some celebration at Valley Forge, and got up with the "special artists" in their box—there were no "photo artists", none of the tribe of "commercial artists", then—and I worked giddily until I was asked by some inquisitive fool what I was working for—then I was nearly thrown out and quite disgraced as an impostor by the real artists, who pointed to Frank H. Taylor, the official correspondent of *THE GRAPHIC*. But he was decent to me then and afterwards, for he knew that I wanted to be an illustrator.

EVENTUALLY most of my chicken money was spent and I was ashamed of loafing, and it was suggested that I should go into a furniture factory, whose owner, luckily, did not see why; then that I work in an architect's office for nothing; but the architect wanted a premium as well and my father did not see the reason for that. In this case, however, America lost, for architects now are glad to welcome me as an Honorary Associate here and in Europe. Then Mr. J. B., the original Lippincott, thought I might come and stick stamps on his letters. This I refused—and now they

want my books. And then I tried to make designs for Dobson's carpet mills. All I had to do was, I was told, to draw flowers, and if I could have done that, I could have done more than most designers. But when I showed them the geranium, my flower that Richards liked, and some dock leaves and golden rod and dogwood and skunk cabbages I drew because I liked them, they refused absolutely to have me. Finally, when I was quite convinced there was before me nothing but making drawings no one wanted, I was offered a post in the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company's office in Germantown, at a salary of seven dollars a week, to sell coal. I had, I admit, even then a contempt for business, but more for the American business man, who is always shoving his way into art by doing good to it and advertising himself. I commenced to prove my belief, otherwise I should have been a railroad president, which more than one of my contemporaries, without half my brains, have become. It killed them, or else they have had to retire. As to retiring, I remember once, John Sargent, who was properly taught and had the brains to take advantage of it, is said to have told Miss Mary Cassatt, "I think I shall retire." "Retire!" said Miss Cassatt, "I have heard of house painters retiring, but I never heard of an artist who wanted to."

ABOUT the same time that I started in business, the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art announced its opening in a ramshackle building on Broad Street near Race. I sent in my rejected pen drawings and unappreciated flower sketches and neglected angel feet, and was accepted at once as a free scholar. Then my life began. I had to be at the coal office at seven in the morning and calm Irish carters and coax expatriated British cotton or woolen spinners

to buy coal, and steal their custom from our rivals. It was so easy for any but business men. And I had to stay in and around the office till six in the evening. At seven-thirty, I had to be at the school on North Broad Street, and I stayed there till it shut up at ten, and then I had to loaf in the streets or at the Ninth and Green Street Depot till the eleven forty-five train took me back to Germantown. Under these conditions, I had not much energy to devote to coal and its distribution. But it seems that I increased the profits of the Company at our office. And when, after a year, my chief, Mr. Alkins, became ill, I ran the yard. But the final burst of glory came when, single-handed, I went through the railroad strike of 1877. During this strike there was in the Germantown Depot of the Reading Railroad a telegraph operator we all knew as Billy Van Horne. Was he the picture collector, amateur painter, railroad magnate, and expatriated American I afterwards used to hear of? If so, I am responsible for his interest in art. But he too is dead of too much business.

AT the end of the strike I was promoted to an office of my own at Chestnut Hill. As before my promotion, I had already all the responsibility for the larger office and about as much as I wanted to do, I considered it a promotion downward, and in six days, despite the entreaties of the Company and the staff, I resigned and left. There was consternation in the main office, contemptuous surprise outside of it, and regret in the family. My father never said one word against it, never charged me one cent for my expenses, though I lived at home; but my aunts were horrified. So great was the commotion that the matter was discussed in Germantown Friends' Meeting, I was told. I was also told that as Benjamin West, a Friend, had started in a log hut in

Chester County and ended as President of the Royal Academy and by being buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London—though for this I do not know if he was not turned out of Meeting—if I really believed I ought to devote myself to illustration,

Bryn Mawr College, caught me in the train and warned me that no one who had neither strength nor courage could ever do anything, even in art. He never knew how near I came to telling him what I thought of him and the people like him,



THE BRIDGE NEAR DOWNINGTOWN • MY FIRST LITHOGRAPH TO BE DRAWN ON ZINC WITH PEN AND LITHOGRAPHIC INK • PRINTED ON A PRESS IN GERMANTOWN AUGUST 21 1877

the Meeting would not put any objections in my way. I scarcely see how they could, for, before this, Howard Pyle, Mary Hallock Foote and W. T. Smedley, all Friends, the last a member of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, had made their reputations as illustrators and were making a living too. So why should I not try and see what I could do? This was the Meeting's decision; but I shall never forget the afternoon that Doctor James Rhoads, afterwards President of the Trustees of

and of his running a college, even though he was an Overseer of Meeting. How little do such men, armed with health, strength, money, place and above all, ignorance and conceit, understand those who have made up their minds, their real minds, to get something and get somewhere, despite their physical and social drawbacks! That poor man, far as he was from imagining it, only increased my determination to succeed; and I have had to fight that sort of person all my life. But

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even as he talked to me, I remembered Poe and Stevenson and Homer and Milton, and all the rest of the diseased who had courage if they had not the strength, though this is nothing to-day, when we only cultivate our arms and legs and starve our brains, and keep our bellies going on predigested food out of cold storage and soft drinks.

WHILE I was in business, many things happened. There were adventures in the office which never got outside of it. We had a wonderful yard foreman, an Irishman, the twin of Lincoln in face and figure. Carncross and Dixie brought out a turn with Lincoln in it, and our foreman was found and tried. The first night he was so scared that he made his exit through the scenery when the curtain went up; but after that he was a success, so much so that one day a most elegant gentleman appeared at the box office and bought the whole front row, saying, "I hope there will be nothing offensive to-night, for this row is engaged, for the Gardners of Boston." "Oh, no, sir," said the box-office man. And when the curtain went up, there the Gardners were. All went well till Mr. Bones said to Mr. Jones, "I done hear such a funny story to-day." "Did yer, Mr. Bones?" "Yes, Mr. Jones. Well, it was like this, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha!" "Hol' on," Mr. Bones said to Mr. Jones, "am dat story all right?" "Why, Mr. Jones, yer done ast me such a thing?" "Why, Mr. Bones, dont yer, dont yer know de Gardners of Boston is here?" The Gardners' exit was superb.

BUT the best of all was my break. I was always being complimented by the management, and one day as I was tiredly hearing the compliments of the manager, the postman shied a big package from the head office on the desk. The manager tore it open. "Hum, caught thee at last!" And

after looking it over, he said, "Thee has, I see, left a date out of thy report and so they have sent the papers back"—those big, senseless, business sheets that any real business man would dispense with. "What's thee got to say to that?" "Well," said I, "I've got to say that if the fool on Fourth Street had had the sense to add the date himself and initial it, when all the others were properly filled out, he would not have stopped making up the accounts for two days and cost the company six cents for postage." "Hum," said the manager again. I learned afterward that "the smart Aleck", as the manager called him, was Harrison S. Morris, later novelist, millionaire, poet; but we did not know at that time how we should develop, or I should. They promoted me; I do not know if they turned him out. I did not know him then, a clerk too.

OTHER adventures had nothing to do with work, for even in a railroad office, as in all offices, hours come when there is nothing to do; at any rate, they came to my office. I used them for drawing. I bought a paint box and tubes of ivory black and flake white, and everything about the place was put down on brown paper in black and white. At night, when I stayed home, I practised on the family. I made one drawing of my Aunt Beulah, in Friends' dress, her character in it, and it proved very interesting. It disappeared, destroyed in the senseless War. Then I would get days off. And my etching began, or it had begun before that. When Ropes showed me a plate he had made on glass at Tivoli, I went to Hinkle's, the photographer on Main Street, and had one prepared, and on it I drew and Hinkle printed a view of Stenton, as I have told. This, I believe, is my first etching, certainly the first exhibited, for it was put in Hinkle's window. So far as I know,



COAL BREAKER AT WILKES-BARRE PENNSYLVANIA • LITHOGRAPH MADE FOR THE UNITED STATES FUEL DEPARTMENT DURING THE WAR 1917 • THE ORIGINAL IS IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON • SHOWING DEVELOPMENT OF THE WONDER OF WORK

not a copy was sold, though the photographer published it, and I really believe he was an honest publisher. But it did have one good result. It introduced me, through its exhibition, to Colin Campbell Cooper, who became a painter. He and his brother Sam, who became a prig, were issuing a paper devoted to Germantown affairs—*THE GERMANTOWN SOCIAL*. He gave me a commission, for the pure glory of seeing myself in print, to make a drawing with lithographic ink on a zinc plate. If it came out in the magazine, this was my first published appearance. The lithographer had a place in a back yard on Queen Street, Germantown, almost opposite to where Alexander and Birge and Butler Harrison lived, though I did not know them then. Still, I had not much time for work and experiment except in the evenings at the School of Industrial Art, where there was a great deal too much mechanical and too little industrial art for my taste, and there were considerable differences of opinion between the mathematical professor and myself.

THERE was one professor, Charles M. Burns, who taught everything save decoration and geometry. He taught us how to use our eyes and how to use our tools, and he made us do work outside and criticized not only our work but the way we did it. Most of the students could not stand his criticisms, and he could not stand them, and so the class dwindled. A few of the students were not discouraged when they brought in a drawing which they thought fine, and said, "I did that standing up," and "Oh, well," said the professor, "there is nothing wonderful in that! Why didnt you do it standing on your head?" Or when one had elaborately blocked in a whole figure and was very proud of it, he was told, "I know a man who dont block in anything—just be-

gins with the head and goes right down to the feet, and draws miles better than you." A few of us did like, or submitted to, his criticisms and spent all the time we could in his class. I even managed to get days off from the office, though I wonder now that I was not sacked for it. And we would go to Burns' office on Walnut Street. He was an architect, the only real modern architect Philadelphia has had, utterly unknown to the city, but his *Convent at Cornwallis* lives. He would show us things about etching. Once he drew a design on a grounded brass plaque, filled it with acid and went home. In the morning not only was the plaque etched through, but the floor and the ceiling of the room beneath.

WE formed a little group within the class and sketched all over the town, from the Museum of Industrial Art to Cramp's Shipyard and the coal wharves in Kensington, and etchings were made of them; mine were all destroyed in the War. Long before this, my father, who really had an interest in the *Wonder of Work*, had been out to the oil regions of Pennsylvania and had taken me to the coal regions up around Tamaqua and Mahanoy City, and Mauch Chunk, and I had made drawings of breakers and mines, all gone in the War.

SO the love of drawing work, for work's sake, was born in me, not "borne in upon me", as Friends say. And in my first article, "In the Mash", in *THE CENTURY*, there is an oil refinery, and in the *Bethlehem* article, the second, are the steel works. Schwab and I must have debuted about the same time. Once I showed him an etching of the *Edgar Thompson Works* at Bessemer, and he said, "One day I looked down on those works, from the same point, and I determined to get in—I started as a water boy but in five—was it?—years I was general manager." But

he never thanked me for the proof of the etching I sent him, and as for his picture gallery! In fact, Schwab is just lucky. He is never tired of telling you so—"Happy," he calls it. But he simply hung on to Carnegie as that canny man hung on to anything handy, and they could not help getting rich, their only aim, the aim of all great Americans of their sort. Schwab has a few good stories which he tells over and over. I don't know how often he got them off during the War. There was one of the time he and Carnegie were going to the Pennsylvania State College to get degrees—there was a reason—and he came into their sleeping car to dress as the train got near, and he found their valet wedged under a bureau. "What's the matter, John?" said Schwab. The valet wriggled out. "I am leaving," said he. "Why?" said Schwab. "Because I aint going to slave for two millionaires what's only got one collar button between 'em, and they lost that!" The coal mines then were run by English and Welsh miners and they would tell me in the coal office, that if I was sent up there, to go to the house of the English boss, for he would feed me on chicken and champagne in a clean parlor, and not to the American hotel, where I should have bacon rinds and whisky in a dirty dining room. Now the mines are mismanaged by golfing presidents and run by striking mongrels from "mittel Europa", and when I was there the other day I saw minarets and domes and spires of all the religious sects—save the Jews, who don't work with their hands—all over the landscape, and I found signs in three languages, none of which I could read, and when I asked a real American if he knew German, French, Italian—"Nope, none of them jaw rattles; but I do know Polack, Slovak, Roosac—they goes here." He had almost forgotten his American.

ON our sketching expeditions from the school, a fellow student, G. D. Gideon, who was in a publisher's office, usually went, and he drew much better than I. Harry McCarter was in the class, but he never prowled about, even then his feeling for decoration and his compositions were the admiration and amazement of us all. So was his modesty; but he quickly forgot that and now is looked up to by the elect of Philadelphia, instead of down on, as he then was by the select. Every time there was a fire, after the school closed, Gideon and I, forgetting offices to-morrow, ran to it and made sketches. Why only fires appealed to us as subjects for illustration, I do not know. When the sketches were made, they were posted at once to editors. So far as I remember, not one was ever printed; but in those days editors did more editing and not infrequently a note of encouragement accompanied the returned drawing. One night, as we came out of school, we saw a splendid blaze downtown and we ran down Arch Street to find it opposite Friends' Meeting House. Here was a chance. I was a Friend, the hose was going in the big gate, and we could go too and work from the wall. "John Jones," said I to the caretaker who was keeping the gate, "Thee knows me. Please let me in. Thee knows I am a Friend!" And he answered, "No, I don't and I won't, and I don't care a damn if thee is." Gideon laughed. No sketch was made from the Meeting House Yard that night.

DURING the first year of my evening class at the Art School, two things happened. I bought a bicycle, which in many ways helped me, and, in more, hindered me. And I made my first etching on copper. How I found the money or the time to do either, I do not know. But the head of the office was most kind, perhaps because he knew that little Friends of that



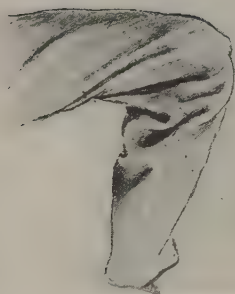
CHARLES M. BURNS ARCHITECT • PROFESSOR OF DRAWING AND DESIGN AT THE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ART UNDER WHOM I STUDIED 1877-1879 • BY WAYMAN ADAMS PAINTING MADE ABOUT 1917 • IN THE MEANTIME BURNS DID MUCH GOOD ARCHITECTURAL WORK IN AND AROUND PHILADELPHIA • A NOTABLE EXAMPLE IS THE CONVENT AT CORNWALLS

period were without vice, on the surface. I never smoked, drank, or saw the inside of a theater till I was twenty. Of course, I had smoked corn husks and reeds—and drunk hard cider. There is no priggishness or virtue in this; it is merely a fact. Whether Gerome Ferris or Fred Waugh went to the Industrial Art School, I do not remember. I think Ferris did, for during the year he took me to his father's studio on Chestnut Street and I came into another new world. Ferris, his son, and his two nephews, the Morans, Percy and Leon, were soaked in modern Spanish art. Ferris, the father, owned Fortuny's etchings and photogravures after Rico; he had copied Fabres and Casanova; he talked of the Fortunys and Ricos in the Gibson and Johnson collections, and we went to see them, and I think he knew Madame Fortuny. Not only had the illustrators and engravers of Europe acknowledged this group of Spaniards as masters, but through the help of Ferris, who was always ready to show his things, Blum, Brennan and Lungren, the most brilliant, the most skilled craftsmen and illustrators America has produced, were enabled to form their style. They studied for a while in Philadelphia. They came from Cincinnati—and stopped in Philadelphia to work with Eakins—why Blum and Lungren left the Middle-West I do not know, but I heard that Brennan, who was on a paper, was sent down the Ohio to draw a steamboat explosion, but he stopped on the way and when he got there only the smokestack was sticking out above the water—he did that, but he left the paper and came East.

STEPHEN FERRIS had more to do with the founding of the best period of American illustration and engraving and printing than he himself had any idea of. Besides showing me all this Spanish work, an inspiration for what I was soon to do

—I somehow had the brains to take advantage of it—he showed me the technique of etching, and little in etching that he taught me have I since had to unlearn. I never saw him etch but once or twice, and then he did a whole plate before me and explained, by practice, everything. I started to make a plate. My first subject on copper was an old mill near Wister's Dam, and on my big flat desk in the office, amid reports, schedules and forms of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, the plate was bitten. The desk was burned, my clothes were ruined—and I was not sacked but got a day off and rushed down to the printers in Dock Street and stood by while a proof was pulled. One day I dropped some acid on my stocking and never knew it until I found a hole in my foot and my shoe full of blood.

SUMMER came and I went to Dingman's Ferry and encountered a relic of the Hudson River School at work there, and under his influence made, I am certain, the worst water color ever seen. I also made, away from his influence, an etching or two. They are destroyed and, luckily, so is the water color. But I found myself the hero of a story. One morning I was sketching a frame house beyond a field, a woman came out of the house and looked over the fence, and a man joined her. Then, picking up a pitchfork and keeping the fence between us, and following round the field until he got behind me, he looked at the drawing and remarked, so it could be heard all over the ten-acre lot, "Nope, M'riar, he aint mad; he's only makin' maps!" As it was important that I should finish my water color, I stayed about a week over my vacation time—and yet was not sacked; stayed while the trees turned, and at last came back in the early morning stage, thick frost on the trees and ground, to the



STUDIES AT THE INDUSTRIAL ART SCHOOL

Water Gap, stopping for a breakfast of buckwheat cakes and coffee in the dawn. How it warmed me; how good it was. Now one could not get breakfast, or would shiver on cereals and force—"predigested food" Maxfield Parrish called it—the best thing he ever said or did. All the while I was sadly thinking of the pretty girls I had left behind me at the Ferry; though I was deadly afraid of girls when I grew up, they were always nice to look at and to think about.

THE Art School opened again in the fall and we all turned up, the little set who worked with Professor Burns, and they, before long, under my leadership, refused to have anything to do with the mechanical master, or as little as possible. We were undoubtedly working to get the most we could out of the school, accord-

ing to our lights, but we were undoubtedly in open mutiny. The first thing I knew I was called up one night by Professor Burns and told either that I must leave the place or that the mechanical end of the school must, and he thought it easier to get rid of me; but if I liked, he had arranged it, having shown my work, I could enter the Antique Class at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts the next evening. I had escaped; peace was with honor; I still had the Professor as a friend, and had till he died. I had triumphed over the Academy and the Professor of Mechanical Drawing. I always trample on such people. I do not suppose a more conceited prig could be found, even in Philadelphia, than I was.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM AND SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ART,
MEMORIAL HALL, FAIRMOUNT PARK,

Philadelphia, Nov'r. 27. 1879

Mrs. Joseph Pennell,
Dear Sir:-

As Mr. Peck
informs me that you have
not responded to my note
of the 13th inst., by offering
any excuse for your non-
attendance at his classes,
I have to inform you
that your name has been
stricken from the roll of
scholars in this Institution
Yours Respectfully
Dulcy Dorr
Secretary.

NOTICE OF MY EXPULSION FROM THE SCHOOL
OF INDUSTRIAL ART • NOVEMBER 27 1879

BUT the results were disastrous for the Industrial Art School. Nearly all the best pupils left for the Academy. How they got in, I do not know; but before long there we all were, and for another

year the little group held together. Now my name appears in the Industrial Art School catalogue as an alumnus of that antiquated state supported institution. Then they expelled me, I am glad to say.



JOHN THE FOREMAN OF THE COAL YARD WHO TOOK THE PART OF LINCOLN AT CARNCROSS AND DIXIE'S WHEN THE GARDNERS CAME TO THE SHOW DRAWN DURING BUSINESS HOURS AT THE COAL YARD OFFICE IN 1878

CHAPTER V: IN THE ACADEMY SCHOOL · STUDYING
WITH EAKINS · HIS TEACHING AND LECTURING · MY EXPE-
RIENCES IN SCHOOL · MY FIRST COMMISSION · I WORK FOR
THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY · MAKE DRAWINGS FOR HARPERS



OLD MILL AT GERMANTOWN · ONE OF MY FIRST ETCHINGS 1880 · PRINTED IN THE PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S JOURNAL · ANOTHER EARLY WONDER OF WORK IN PHILADELPHIA

THERE were some weeks between my leaving the Industrial Art School for the Academy Schools and my resigning from the coal office; besides, at the Industrial School, I broke down but went on working—different from my students nowadays! We did not know what “nervous breakdowns” were. At first in the Academy I worked only at night. I suppose I had to sign papers before Corliss, the Secretary, and Whipple, the Curator, introduced me. And I am also sure Henry, the colored janitor, did something else. But there was no hazing. I just sat down beside a man named Wimbush, an Englishman; he was the swell draughtsman. Years later he

had a studio under Whistler's in Fitzroy Street, London, and there I met him again, and that is all I know of him. Wimbush was drawing from the cast, and I went at one, too. I could not say whose head then, nor can I now, but it was one of those old Romans who look exactly like the average American, just as brutal and puffy and stupid and shaven. Howells pointed this out to me in the Uffizi when I was working with him in Italy. And there is a whole row of Roman senators or American toughs in a corridor of the British Museum; under them Rome fell and we are going the same way. After a night or so, the Professor was brought into the classroom by his daughter or

Whipple. Whipple, the Curator, was little and black and hairy and lame. The Professor was little and white and bald, made like that, the students said, by eating the ends of tubes of white lead as a steady diet. What Whipple had done I do not know, or what had been done to him. By the time the Professor had ceased complimenting Wimbush and been helped to his feet, I was thoroughly scared. He just glanced at my work. Of course, it was vile, the first head I had ever attempted from the antique at night. He said, "Vy you dry do improve on der gast!" and was helped on. That criticism, which I have no doubt the old man had got off hundreds of times before, would have done most students good; it did me harm. Had he taken the same trouble to tell me where my work was bad, even if all over, as he did to praise the self-evident, slick, superficial correctness of the prize student, it might have been of some use to both of us, certainly to Wimbush. However, the Professor and Wimbush have disappeared; I still rest. I knew the Professor's name, but not his work. After that I had no respect for him personally, no admiration for his pictures when I saw them later, though they were better than those of some of his better known contemporaries. His criticism was not criticism, for I was trying, though all wrongly. What was he there for? What did he do? He offended me, he did not teach me, and after that Wimbush patronized me. But before the Professor had tottered to the next easel, I had made up my mind that I would never be treated like that by him again, and he never got the chance. I went out when he came in to criticize. So far as I can remember, I never saw the Professor again. At that time there could not have been twenty-five students in the night Antique, and if we had enough abil-

ity, or, as in my case, pull, if you choose, to gain admission, it was his duty to encourage, or discourage, not to insult us. I have never forgotten the shame of that night, for the school snickered. That old man did me a wrong. Criticism may be brutal, but it should never be insolent. I try not to insult my students, though they tell me sometimes they expect I will. One of them whom I fired told me I had.

SOON I joined the day Antique where there was another and different sort of Professor—Thomas Eakins. On his advice to paint, I sailed in, in black and white oils on the *Illysus*. Somehow that went better, and something in the painting or drawing, for I was merely drawing in monochrome with paint blindly, appealed to the Professor and he sent me to the Life Class, which he also directed. The others, Fred Stokes, Gerome Ferris and Fred Waugh, were left alone to learn to draw. I, in those days, was far too clever to have to do this. Poor me.

THERE WAS NO initiation to the Life Class, either. One just went in at the beginning of the pose, drew a number, sat down and began to work. Everybody painted, but I started in with pen and ink. The class stared. In it at that time was Philip Hahs, whom every one thought a genius and continued to think so until he died, very soon after; how many geniuses go that way; A. B. Frost, an old student; T. Anshutz, who became Eakins' successor; Charles Fromuth; J. J. Boyle; and half a hundred, probably more, some of whose names I never knew, and of few, I fear, even the small world of Philadelphia ever heard. Everything was free once the examination was passed—Life, Antique, Modeling, Composition Classes, and Lectures. There were no prizes, no paid or free scholarships, no traveling purses. If a student got hard up, and lots did, he



THOMAS EAKINS PROFESSOR AT THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS PHILADELPHIA
DIPLOMA PORTRAIT BY HIMSELF IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN NEW YORK CITY

disappeared or he posed to us; we thought nothing of that. Quaint things happened, but they concern nobody save those who lived and learned in the school. There were Doctor Keen's anatomy lectures, when a skeleton, a stiff and a model, and the darky Henry, all jerked and jumped together when a battery was turned on. Henry yelled. Eakins gave comparative lectures at which all the Trustees turned up. They would have been thought lurid in Paris schools, but not by us in Philadelphia. I once a few years ago talked to the students of the Academy, but I was not asked again by the Directors. I often am asked by the Fellowship. It is a queer feeling to talk in the old lecture room where I heard Seymour Haden and Keen.

I got it soon. Never had a big pen drawing been set before the astonished eyes of the Professor, back from the Beaux Arts, G r me, and the Hospitals. He did go for it, and there was reason. But so mad was I, that ever after, during the year or so I was supposed to belong to the class, when he came in the room or just before, I went out. This was weak and silly on my part, but I am not one of those who can work in a crowd of students or study in a crowd, or be criticized in a crowd, or criticize a crowd of my students. Naturally, Eakins, as he had done everything to shove me forward, resented my conduct. I wonder he did not expel me. But when, a little later, an article was prepared for SCRIBNER's, on the school, illustrated by the students, I, the predestined illustrator, was kept carefully out of it, as I am often kept out of things now by his little nagging successors in other places. The Professor did not forgive me until almost the end, when, a few years ago, we met after I had helped to get him a first-class medal for his wonderful Gross portrait at an International

Exhibition; and he knew it. He was old and broken, scarce able to talk, but he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I made a mistake." "No, I did," said I; and he smiled, and it was over, and that was the last time I saw him; but we were friends till he died. The Academy has a set of my Panama Pictures, hidden away somewhere, but the Institution did not make this fortunate investment; it was some friends of mine who presented the lithographs. Our only expenses at the school were lunch and dinner and our materials to work with, and, for me, railroad tickets. When we did not bring something to eat from home, we just ran across the street to the "pie foundry" and bought, for five cents, the pie of the day that had the name we preferred, for they all tasted alike. Another meal, and a most substantial one, for the same price, consisted of three cents' worth of bananas and two cents' worth of crackers. Once a restaurant started close by where we could get clam chowder for five cents, but it soon failed; it was too popular. The older men tackled the free lunch at the "beer foundry", but we younger students did not dare to. When we were hungry and had no money, we didn't eat till we got home. It is easy enough not to; if you have a strong will, the strong stomach comes; but I am afraid the process tries it. As our London charwoman used to say, "Vy, ve 'as to git used not to h'eatin'." Sometimes when we were not hard up, or not hungry, we gave hunks—not slices—of pie to those who were, and when we were all very flush, we shied the stuff all over the place. I was not in the school by any means long enough to use up my money my father had saved for me while I was in the office. He and I found that one can buy railroad season tickets and bicycles and artists' materials and work

eighteen hours a day, and save money, even when one is paid only one dollar a day for staying eleven hours in an office. I have no idea how I did it, or how he did, but he saved my money. There was enough to live on at home, attend the art school and ride my bicycle, and I soon began to make a little more.

IF there was no hazing at the Academy, there was plenty of noise. We sang, they smoked, we had processions, all made a fearful row when the weekly pose was changed and pushed over rows of canvasses "butter side" down, and the many did all those things they ought not to have done and the few tried to do just what they should have done, when they were left alone. Songs, composed by no one knew who, relating to everyone in the school, were sung in and out of tune by a chorus of everybody, and a new verse frequently caused a riot between the subject and the singers. As there was no monitor, this was easily quelled by the rest of the class, who always sided against the subject and beat him with mahlsticks. If this did not settle him, he was strait-jacketed in his own canvas. I remember only one verse of one song:

"Now there is George Thomson Hobbs,
He used to be one of the nobbs,
But since he's got married
No longer he's tarried,
That poor George Thomson Hobbs."

For some unknown reason it always drove Hobbs to fury, so we sang it only when we wanted a real good row. And we got the row always.

BUT the great excitement, apart from the wrath of Whipple, the Curator, the fainting of the female models, which happened every day, owing to masks and heat and smoke—some one, however, always grabbed the lady as she fell—the

descent of the Secretary with threats of expulsion, the dissections of the stiff that was kept in a little room on the stairs and smelt horribly of chemicals, and the endless inventions in his lectures of the Professor, was the advent of The Nigger. There was every kind of man and boy, from sixty to twenty, in that class, except black men, and one day the Chairman of the School Committee appeared after a solemn announcement that he was coming. His usual way was to drop in without warning, often so quietly that we did not know he was in the room until some one would trample on him in the dark behind the screen. It usually happened when there was a female model. But this time the Chairman came in state, accompanied by the Secretary, other members of the Committee, and the Professor. And he said something like this. A drawing has been sent in and passed. The person who made it has been notified that he is admitted to the school. He has come and the Secretary has seen him. He is a colored man. Now there is no rule in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts excluding people of color from the schools. But, knowing the feeling on the subject, I have placed the matter before the Antique Class; and I wish the Life Class to meet and decide whether he should be admitted. We met, and we decided that we had no objection. I do not remember a dissenting voice. He came, he was young, an octoroon, very well dressed, far better than most of us. His wool, if he had any, was cropped so short you could not see it, and he had a nice mustache. He worked at night in the Antique, and, last of all, he drew very well. I do not think he stopped long in the Antique—the faintest glimmer of any artistic sense in a student, and he was run right into the Life. He was quiet and modest, and he

"painted too," it seemed, "among his other accomplishments." We were interested at first, but he soon passed almost unnoticed, though the room was hot. Little by little, however, we were conscious of a change. I can hardly explain, but he seemed to want things; we seemed in the way, and the feeling grew. One night we were walking down Broad Street, he with us, when from a crowd of people of his color who were walking up the street, came a greeting, "Hullo, George Washington, howse yer gettin' on wid yer white fren's?" Then he began to assert himself and, to cut a long story short, one night his easel was carried out into the middle of Broad Street and, though not painfully crucified, he was firmly tied to it and left there. And this is my only experience of my colored brothers in a white school; but it was enough. Curiously, there never has been a great Negro or a great Jew artist in the history of the world. The only "black man"—and he called himself a Moor—was Del Mazo. Rembrandt and Turner were accused of being Jews but they never admitted it during their lives, if both apparently did some funny tricks in their dealings and created dealers.

I HAD not been out of the office a week, nor was I yet in the Life Class, when I got my first commission, given me by Charles Wister of Germantown, Owen Wister's uncle. It was for two pen drawings at ten dollars each. One was made in his garden; the other was of the front of his house, which I have often drawn since. I never knew how, in the seclusion of his beautiful home on Main Street, he ever heard of me. The important thing was that he liked the drawings, though, from contemporary examples I have unearthed, I should say they were vile. I have since seen them in his

house, and they were vile; but his name, not mine, was signed on each. The rest of Germantown was amazed, as I intended it should be, on learning that in my first week of illustrating existence, I had made in two days as much as I could in two weeks at the office. This is not a financial record of my profits and losses, or of the income to be gained by illustration, facts useful only to tax collectors and commercial artists, though endlessly quoted in the lives and doings of the prosperous and preposterous as incentives for correspondence school incompetents, and newspaper paragraphs. I went into illustration because I wanted to; that my work was wanted from the beginning was a curse to me. But there was, evidently, no escape. I did not try for commissions, but they came to me, and they still come, I am glad and proud to say.

F. D. STONE, the Librarian of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, moved out to Fisher's Lane, our street, to live and through his son, even before I was in the office, I got to know him. He had what seemed to me an enormous collection of prints in scrapbooks, and he showed them to me. His son and Mantle Fielding, who became an architect and cared for the Colonial—I believe he found it too difficult and fell to criticism—would come in night after night, and we would go over them together. I later brought my drawings and etchings to Stone, and he introduced me to a historian named Townsend, the successor of Watson the annalist, who was preparing a series of articles on Germantown Road for the Historical Society's Journal, and through Stone I was commissioned by the Society to make drawings and etchings to illustrate them. These began to appear in the Journal and with their appearance I began my



THE PLOW INN YARD SECOND STREET PHILADELPHIA • ONE OF MANY OLD INNS LIKE THOSE
IN ENGLAND WHICH EXISTED TILL THE COUNTRY WENT DRY AND LIFE BECAME DREARY
ETCHING MADE IN 1881 AND PUBLISHED LATER IN THE MAGAZINE AMERICAN ETCHINGS

career as an illustrator. They ran for several months, and in the middle of it all I was invited to an anniversary dinner of the Society at the Academy of Music and I assisted at my first banquet. Now I am not asked to their functions and my drawings are not wanted in the Historical Society Collection; and when I offered them some from OUR PHILADELPHIA, the answer was, "Did I think they had nothing better to spend their money on?" I wonder if they kept the early ones I made for them.

IN my drawings it can be seen how much, even then, I had studied and tried to imitate the technique of Rico and Fortuny. Vierge's work, curiously, I did not know till long after—and to think that I should edit and arrange his PABLO DE SEGOVIA. But I thank Heaven I had such good and sound technical masters of the art of pen drawing for reproduction. The pen drawings by these men and Casanova, Fabres and Vierge, reproduced by Gillot in Paris and his partner, or assistant, Chefdeville, from 1870 to 1880, have never been surpassed and are not approached now. The reasons are simple. The draughtsmen, engravers, printers of this group were brilliant artists who loved their work, taking a pride in it; they worked together, the draughtsmen with the engravers and printers at the press; and they were not plagued by ignorant cheap shopkeepers—I mean art editors and ad. men, and publishers from whom are recruited most of the officers of the companies and syndicates which run publications to-day—who know just what the public wants and dump the cheapest and nastiest that can be had on a long-suffering world. Still, I must be just. I believe many editors and art editors are as honest as they are ignorant. More, however, are sweat-

ers and ruled by their lust for advertisements. A few, a very few, try to get good work. But to-day American illustration is the most contemptible and artless in the world, and most American engraving and printing a joke; the graphic arts, like the country, are dry, flat, degenerate. and the overlord is the trade union, all bow to that. Little of my time, during the day, was after this spent in the schools. I still went at night and endured the envy of the less fortunate. Illustrating, despised by the Professor, held in contempt by painters, looked down upon by the students, was not then the favorite path along which the incompetent could struggle or promenade, yet the painters were only making colored illustrations, mostly rotten. But when I began to get going, I found that the painters were willing enough to come to me, to whom they had scarce spoken before, for tips about work. I believed, as I do now, that illustration is a most serious, a most important form of art—a form of art in which we Americans have made a greater international reputation than in any other. Really, though, all art is illustration and always has been from the beginning of time until now, when it has become the prey of incompetent commercial artists, cubists, expressionists who have nothing to express or illustrate and so fall back on cheap tricks and cheap blither and cheap critics to sell their worthless wares—and call them new art, knowing nothing of art.

AT this time Abbey and Reinhart, intelligent Americans in Europe, and Howard Pyle, a struggling, self-made, misguided mediævalist in America—but his Colonial drawings are fine—had won international reputations for themselves and done work they never surpassed. Brennan, the finest technician of America,

Blum and Lungren were carrying on the Spanish tradition, and now that I have looked her up again, I find that Mary Hallock Foote was one of our best illustrators. Frost was combining humor with drawing, the comics not having yet set the degraded fashion the American loves. Jungling, Wolf, Cole, Kingsley and Whitney were proving that wood engraving in the hands of artists is an art. La Farge, the only decorator then in the United States, was illustrating, and St. Gaudens was not above carving illustrations, nor Stanford White above lettering and layouts. It was the painters who could not paint and the business man who could not understand—and never can—who held illustration in contempt, probably never having heard of Mantegna, Botticelli, Dürer, Rembrandt, Blake, Menzel, the Men of the Sixties; or, if they had a faint glimmer of an idea that there had been such artists, knowing nothing of them as great illustrators, illustration then, as now, including all forms of engraving. But it was certainly more ambitious, more intelligent, more vital, not merely financial. And, as I have said, all art is illustration, only the methods and mediums change; only most painting is not art to-day and most people who know everything do not know this elementary fact, overlooked in their rush and hustle to do good to art—and advertise themselves.

THERE were only two illustrated monthlies in those days, SCRIBNER's and HARPER's, and two weeklies, LESLIE's and HARPER's. The one daily was THE DAILY GRAPHIC, the first illustrated daily, illustrated with large photo-engravings and lithographs, that ran for any time, in this or any other country. But there is not one illustrated monthly, weekly or daily to compare with them to-day. The

weeklies and the daily I bombarded with sketches of all sorts, from catastrophes to comics, and the curious will find the results in the numbers of HARPER's WEEKLY, sometimes on the funny page. I was even asked to join LIFE by its founder, J. A. Mitchell. Had I done so, where would Gibson have come in? But at that time Americans looked for art in SCRIBNER's and HARPER's as they think they have found it to-day in the movies and the comics. Literature and music they imbibe from the radio.

So far as I remember, it was in April, 1881, that I received my first commission from HARPER's to attend the Annual Meet of the League of American Wheelmen in Boston, and sketch it. I had helped to found the League at Newport the year before and I sent in some drawings of that. The year after I went to Boston for HARPER's, and I took a header off my tall bicycle painted white, and called "The Baby Hearse," the pedal broke, before the Governor of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston reviewing the parade, and I cannot forget the withering scorn of Kirk Monroe, the magnificent Marshal, editor of HARPER's YOUNG PEOPLE and President of the League, and his cutting comment, "I thought you could ride!" I could and I did, for I rode round the rest of the route with one foot, arrayed in a polo cap and skin-tight knee breeches and a jacket much too short, as Captain at the head of the Germantown Bicycle Club. I must have been amazing. But what sketches I made I have forgotten, though I remember I missed the official dinner because I was at work on the drawings. I seem dimly to recall that something went wrong and the drawings were never printed. If they were, they can be found in HARPER's WEEKLY, April or May, 1881. I also

[1881]

rode to Dedham and made a drawing of a colonial house for SCRIBNER'S that was printed in the magazine.

THIS was at the beginning of bicycling, and in it I was a much greater person than in art. It was to cycling too, about this year or earlier, that I owe my first appearance as an author. Three of us Germantowners made a trip on tall wheels from Philadelphia to Albany; none of us got back on them; and we were met and interviewed and paragraphed as cranks, and I described the first two days' ride in a tourists' paper printed at the Delaware Water Gap, where we arrived after struggles. But I received neither my promised honorarium from the editor nor even a copy of the paper. The article

may have been rejected. On this trip I also met the Bentleys on high wheels—the backers of the Bell telephone—and had I invested in their shares, I should, like them, never have been heard of, even as a millionaire, as I have been told they became soon after.

THERE was also printed in THE BICYCLING WORLD an account of a ride I took at Atlantic City in winter, on the hard beach, which contains as many lies to the line—I remember some of them—as I could work in. But when one cycles, or motors or fishes, or flies, one always lies; otherwise, one would not be watched and judged and checked before being believed even by a gullible world. In those days the world that I lived in was gay.



JOSEPH PENNELL CAPTAIN OF THE GERMANTOWN BICYCLE CLUB AT THE MEET OF THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN HELD AT BOSTON IN 1881 FROM A SKETCH IN A LETTER WRITTEN MY FATHER

[1881]

CHAPTER VI: THE FIRST COMMISSION FOR THE
CENTURY · A DAY IN THE MASH · STUDIO TAKEN · STUDIO
EXPERIENCES · NIGHTS AT THE PHILADELPHIA SKETCH CLUB



AN OIL REFINERY FROM "A DAY IN THE MASH" · MY FIRST ARTICLE IN SCRIBNER'S · 1881
WASH DRAWING ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY J. F. JUNGLENG A GREAT AMERICAN ENGRAVER

IN the summer of 1880 I went to Richfield Springs to stay with T. R. Manly, a student with me at the Academy, whose drawings and etchings ought to be much better known than they are. On the way I stopped at Cooperstown, for I had a scheme to illustrate the scenes of Cooper's novels with etchings; but it never came off. Nor did another, for an edition of Poe that Major Putnam was to "bring into print." I did one plate and that was enough for him. But this

summer was of immense importance to me. An article had appeared in SCRIBNER'S on Shanty Town in New York, illustrated by Blum, Muhrman and the rest of the group, and it was this article that set me to work for myself.

VAGUELY I had heard of a place near League Island, Philadelphia, where people shot reed birds and the natives raised truck. So I went down there and I found, hidden away, a mass of old canal boats, huts, causeways, barns and oil

[1880]

works that made me mad to draw them—a better subject than the men of New York had found, and my own. There was system in the way I set about things. I made two or three drawings. I looked up my cousin, George B. Wood, the painter, for I knew he could give me a letter to A. W. Drake, the Art Editor of SCRIBNER'S, and he did. I already had the intelligence of the illustrator in me. I did not take over to New York the hodge-podge of sketches with which the would-be illustrator usually bores the art editor without proving to him that he has any ability to illustrate anything. I took only the drawings I had made for "A Day in the Mash." But these were the drawings I wanted Drake to see, and that was the title I wanted for the article to go with them. I had chosen an author. Everything was all arranged beforehand. The trip to New York was an adventure. I always went over on the Reading, getting on at Wayne Junction. How fast the train was forty years ago—how we dreaded the curve at Bound Brook; as a matter of fact, it is no faster to-day. This shows our progress. I always take the best and the fastest, even though it costs a little more, though I did not know the Florentine merchant's advice to his son, "Never stint thyself in thy work." From the front of the ferry boat from Jersey City to New York there is the most wonderful view in the world. No one now scarcely looks at it—or they come under the river by the Pennsylvania and don't see it, we hate beauty and loathe grandeur, unless some foreigner tells us to admire it—then we call it cute. In those days the highest building in lower New York was Babbitt's Soap Works. I made a drawing of that. It is gone. Now you look down to find it, or did till it was pulled down. But

New York to me then was, and still is, the Unbelievable City, as I wrote of it. "The City that has been built since I grew up; the City Beautiful, built by men I know, for people I know; the City that inspires me, that I love." Once over in New York, I went to Scribner's store, 743 Broadway. I was told, when I asked for the office of the magazine, that it was upstairs. There was no elevator, and I climbed first to the Editorial Rooms, and then was directed up another flight and through a swinging door. Why do I remember that? In a room beyond, I saw the back of a domed bald head bent over a drawing. I think I was shown in right away, and the man with the bald head had a pleasant smile and he was so interested in my work that I forgot entirely to give him the letter of introduction in my pocket. He was A. W. Drake, the Art Editor of SCRIBNER'S, later of THE CENTURY, which SCRIBNER'S soon became, a man who invented more illustrators and engravers than any one in the world. Not only did Drake enthuse over the sketches, but he took me downstairs with him and introduced me to Mr. R. U. Johnson, then the Associate Editor, and in five minutes it was arranged that I should complete the set of drawings in the Mash, that I should get an author—I had done so—and that if everything went all right, the article would appear. It is extraordinary how much sense I had; but then I was born an illustrator. And I think R. U. Johnson might, in his REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS, have said as much of me. Upstairs Drake took me again and to prove his belief in me, gave me a commission to draw Henry Calhoun's office, from some one else's sketch, for the magazine. It was my first drawing, reproduced by process, page 893, April 1, 1881. Then he carried me off to lunch.

It was always lunch time, or some sort of time, with Drake in those days. We went to Dorlan's on Broadway and had fried scallops, the first I ever tasted—you never got them in Philadelphia. Nor could you get Finelli's fried oysters in New York; or scarcely anything decent to eat in America to-day, save in a few real homes of real Americans. Then the wildly elated boy started back to Germantown. All these trips and my work at the Academy, and my bicycles came out of the year and a half on seven dollars, rising to ten, a week at the coal-office and the chickens, and the commissions I received later. I never spent any thing save on work, books, bicycles, and clothes. And my father always looked after my money, and invested it, and the few hundred dollars were not used up, but increased and multiplied.

THE next day I went to work on the sketch Drake gave me and finished it, and the day after I got my author and we went down to the Mash. I do not remember much about my work there, only talks with fishermen in the boats where they lived, misty mornings, and an oil refinery that I drew. My first subjects are still my subjects—the Wonder of Work. I did them all from nature. Really, in a way, the drawings were good, I think, now that I have looked them up again, or the engravings from them. I took my time, and the author took his, so much so that a letter came from the Art Department of THE CENTURY, asking what had become of the article and of me. But at last it was ready, and one morning, with the drawings under my arm and the article in my pocket, I went again to New York, and this time there was a little round man in the outer office, and he scared the life out of me, by patronizing my work, and

I learned that he was W. Lewis Fraser, the Assistant Art Editor, whom I got to know before long, without being afraid of him; and I quickly made friends too with Miss Gleason, the Secretary. When Drake came in that morning, he praised the drawings, and they were submitted to the Editors downstairs and accepted, and the end of it was that I was presented with a voucher and received a fabulous sum of money which made a tight wad in my pocket. The lunch on this occasion was in the Vienna Café or at the Hotel St. Denis by Grace Church, and afterwards we went across the street and Drake introduced me to J. F. Murphy in his studio, and I showed him the drawings which had not been taken—of course among the best—and he asked for them to exhibit in the Salmagundi Club. I never saw Murphy again, nor have I exhibited in the Salmagundi since. Broadway could hardly contain me. I got home somehow and I shall never forget ending my mother's anxiety by pulling out note after note from my pocket and throwing it on her bed. I was accepted, and my drawings were to be printed, and I was paid before publication. The author did not fare so well. He was rejected or, rather, his article was rewritten by a journalist of Philadelphia who became an Ambassador, and it was published. I am sure that through this chance I made him an Ambassador, though he thought he made me an illustrator—and always told me so. Now we are both Academicians and his name was Maurice Egan, and he was always very nice to me ever after, even saying we—E. and I—had invented a new style. I never met Egan till he was Ambassador to Denmark when he used to come to London and Fisher Unwin brought us together. And we stayed together till the end of his



THE EDITORS OF THE CENTURY • FROM THE PAINTING BY ORLANDO ROULAND IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST • AT THE RIGHT R. W. GILDER THEN C. C. BUEL • A. W. DRAKE R. U. JOHNSON • THEY MADE THE CENTURY OUR BEST ARTISTIC AND LITERARY MAGAZINE THE BACKGROUND IN THIS PAINTING SHOWS THE EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE CENTURY AT THIRTY-THREE EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET NEW YORK—THE NORTH SIDE OF UNION SQUARE THEY WERE ON THE TOP FLOOR AND THE VIEW FROM THEM WAS AS FINE AS THE INTERIOR

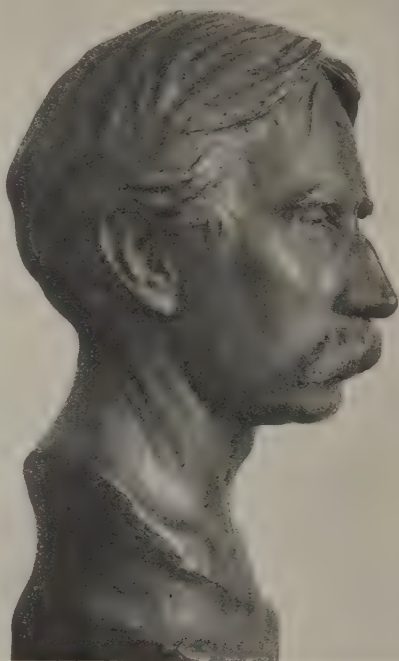
life. My authors are nearly all gone now.

MEANWHILE, Calhoun's Office appeared in SCRIBNER's. There the curious may find it, signed with a moon and six stars, imitating Brennan. I signed in this fashion every drawing I copied, for some reason I have completely forgotten. As yet, I knew nothing about methods of drawing for engraving and printing. But, save Drake and Brennan, no one had experimented. Soon it became an age of experiment, and we learned as we went on. Every one worth anything began to experiment, not imitate, as they do today. All this was due to Drake. There was no standard, no system; the illustrator worked as he wished, the photographer copied his drawing on the block, and the wood-engraver reproduced it, and the photographic engraver, just beginning, experimented too. I made some of the first drawings for the Ives Screen process—known commercially as the Levy Screen, and for Ben Day. Now the artist and the engraver join a union and again do not experiment. The "process men" strike if you want to experiment. The artist does not either, but does as little as he can, as badly as he can, and gets as much out of the Art Editor as he possibly can; and the proprietor, company or publisher does

not know enough to stop him—or dare to. The printer of SCRIBNER's, De Vinne, endeavored to print what the illustrator and the engraver gave him. Each tried to do his best; often it was bad, but all

were striving together to do something better than had been done. William Morris and the British, with their rattling of dead bones, had not been heard of in illustration and printing. The illustrations made all over the world between 1860 and 1890 are living, vital works of art. Morris applied socialism to art and every one worked down to the printer, and the office boy was as good as the artist, and one, to prove it, married Morris' daughter. Here, the printer tried to work with, or up to, the engraver, but the draughtsman was the inspiration of all.

As usual, English middle-class pretentious cheapness triumphed and book illustration was standardized. But during those years, illustration in Europe and here far surpassed anything that has ever been done; now, for the moment, it is ignored, forgotten, unknown. Owing to the vile paper the books and magazines were printed on, much of it has disappeared. Drake, before his death, feared all his work would be lost—it and he will live. Now the illustrations are vile or photo-



R. W. GILDER · EDITOR OF THE CENTURY
FROM THE BUST BY THE COMTE DE ROSALES
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

graphs, but that is what the people want.

THE result of my first article, into which Eakins was glad enough to get, with some others, was that I rented a studio with H. R. Poore, also an Academy stu-

dent, in the Presbyterian Board of Publication on Chestnut Street, near Broad. Poore's father was connected with the Publication Society, and Poore himself, though determined to be a painter, had a sneaking liking for illustration and for a University degree. Curiously, we chummed up. Our joint studio was anything but a success and ended after two years, and long before the end one of us was sure to stay away when he knew the other wanted to work there. During these two years much happened. Hardly were we settled in the building when Stephen Parrish and his son Maxfield, who then was making etchings of fish and birds, full of character—far better than the work he does now—came in. Soon Miss Beaux, back from Paris, came too. Then soon a commission came from THE CENTURY to illustrate an article on the Dunker settlement at Ephrata. I lugged Poore in to do the figures. He did some things in the Mash article also. Even then Drake standardized us to certain subjects. Had

I not submitted as I did, it would have been better for them and for me, as it was for Abbey, who cut loose. But I was always to draw buildings. We started off to the place near Reading. I had

the manuscript. The author—no matter about his name—was a funny Philadelphia newspaper man who got off cheap jokes about Dunkers and Drunkards, though better than the junk the "columnists" grind out now. They would not have been allowed then, the best of them, to write for THE DANBURY NEWS or THE DETROIT FREE PRESS—the birthplaces of those bores, the American funny men. With this author I began the colossal blunders which I have made, more or less, all my life. I exposed him to the editors, but not until Poore and I had finished the drawings.

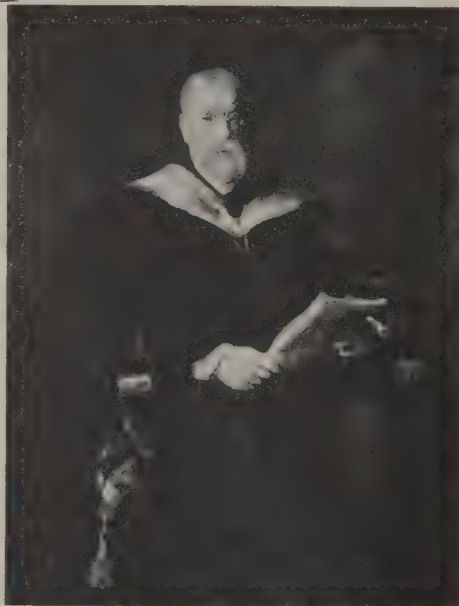
The manuscript was rejected and of course the author never forgave me. I suppose it was none of my business, but I then took, as I continue to take, illustration seriously, and even authors seriously, and I hated to see not only the subject, but the editors made ridiculous. But the whole country is run by such funny men nowadays, which is one of the reasons why we are the joke of the world. On the hill at Ephrata stood, and still stand—though one is gone, fall-



A.W. DRAKE BY JOHN C. JOHANSON • GREATEST OF ART EDITORS AND A DEAR FRIEND
PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST

en down through neglect and decay—the monastic houses, copies of South German buildings with huge high roofs; and within are the cells of the brothers and sisters, the Meeting House and the work-rooms. We went at the drawings with fury, but, to our horror, we found that Howard Pyle had been there, for he had left behind an unfinished drawing which was preserved in the hotel. We said nothing, but worked harder and faster, fearing that any month Pyle's article might appear in HARPER's and ours never be printed. I am not sure how long we stayed, and my only memories are of the hotel full of drummers, and the garrets of the monasteries full of noise, the noise of children playing. One day we went upstairs and broke into a pitched battle, and the battle was being fought with books. I looked at them and had enough sense, after my work for the Historical Society, to see that they were early American publications. Somehow, we got the children out of the room, and, thinking that we could make better use of the books, filled our pockets and shirt fronts with as many as had not been torn up in the skirmish, and this is why a certain collection in Philadelphia is so rich in Sauer's imprints. Only the other day I chanced upon one, among some other things, and wisely deciding to add it to the others, I got a gorgeous note of

thanks for it from the Directors of the same Institution. There are times when stealing is the greatest virtue, the best policy. We bought a number of spinning wheels and other things of the kind, and



R. U. JOHNSON BY WILLIAM M. CHASE
THE PAINTING IS OWNED BY DR. JOHNSON

I tried ever after to get rid of them, for a consideration, but they went in the War. My work was finished on the spot, all done from nature. This is the right way to illustrate. I have always worked this way when possible and not copied sketches. To copy photographs is death to an artist, though the chain anchor of incompetents and commercials. My impressions were put down as they struck me, and it is the personal note in illustration which tells.

On the other hand, Poore, save for some very good studies of details, manufactured his drawings, his compositions; and to my disgust the studio was littered for weeks with costumes, models and agricultural implements. Pyle's drawings only appeared years after, and, though we trembled every month when HARPER's was announced, we came out in THE CENTURY years before he did in HARPER's.

NOW we were launched, for if there were only two illustrated magazines, there were not enough illustrators to work for them, so commissions came fast. I was sent to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to do the Moravians with R. B. Birch, long before he made his reputa-



HIS EXCELLENCY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN • BY ERNEST L. IPSEN • IN THE POSSESSION OF THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK AND REPRODUCED BY THEIR PERMISSION • MR. EGAN WROTE THE FIRST ARTICLE IN SCRIBNER'S "A DAY IN THE MASH" WHICH WAS ILLUSTRATED BY ME IN 1880

tion with *LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY*, and Poore was asked to illustrate an article on some western subject—he had been out west—by Thomas A. Janvier. Janvier was not my author, but, save for the historical Townsend, he was the first live writer I had met, and both Poore and I were fearfully impressed when he climbed to the top of the building and appeared in the studio. He told Poore, who never asked me to do a thing, just what he wanted illustrated, and just how it was to be done. Now, sometimes this is delightful, and sometimes—usually always—it is the reverse, for the author in his own estimation is the artist, especially if he decorates the illustrator's art with a few lines of text written to order to fill up space. But Janvier had an "artist's wife", and he knew, and though—or perhaps because—I only did one article with him, we were good friends till the end. How delightful and picturesque he was making a salad—or running things at the Century Club, and when I did, years after, the article with him on Eleanor's Crosses, he never bothered me at all. It was printed in *HARPER'S*. As I was not asked by Poore or by the Editors to work on Janvier's article, I made a drawing of Decoration Day and carried it to Charles Parsons at Harper's office for the Weekly, not for the Magazine. I felt myself a most important factor in the success of *THE CENTURY*, which *SCRIBNER'S* had now become, and under no circumstances would I have worked for the rival, nor would any other of *THE CENTURY* artists. But *HARPER'S WEEKLY* was not a rival, and I took my drawing to New York and at Franklin Square climbed the winding iron stairway to the little dens and pens of the editors and artists right against the elevated, with only the window glass between, a contrast to the luxury of *THE*

CENTURY, which had moved to Union Square. I found Mr. Parsons, the Art Editor, in his particular cell. He looked at my drawing and at me, and his words were, "Well, have you got anything else to live on? If you haven't, you'd better saw wood." I never hit, at the moment, upon the proper answer to such people, and, perhaps luckily, I forget what the answer was to have been to Parsons when I found it. I was mad and would have finished him, if I had not been a Friend. Providence sometimes is very good to fool editors, and they escape because I cannot get off the proper thing at the right moment. Only many years later did I hear from Abbey in London that this was Parsons' stereotyped way of greeting the young artist. He could not have discouraged me, nor did I discourage him altogether, for soon after I went to another Bicycle Meet somewhere down East, by the Fall River Line, which charged but one dollar. The boat was jammed and I made a drawing of the people sleeping all over the place while I sat up, and sent it to *HARPER'S WEEKLY*. I had to wait some time before it was returned with the printed notice I was beginning to know that expressed "Messrs. Harpers' regret that they were unable to use the offered contribution." But I have never been able to understand how a drawing containing some of the figures in my sketch appeared almost simultaneously in the Weekly! No doubt it was the beginning of that "transference" which is the sincerest form of flattery and in my case continues to this day. I think the bicycle drawing came out in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. Anyway, this was my first personal encounter with Parsons.

It was not all work in the studio by any means. It was fun too. There were real artists—oil painters—in the build-

ing: "Old Williams", with whom Abbey had studied, and Herbert Welsh, and Liberty Tadd, in addition to the Parrishes and Cecilia Beaux, and a lot of Germans. Poore and I were only illustrators, though Poore soon was painting in oil and was elected an Associate of the National Academy for one of his dog pictures. There was wild excitement over that. We hated all the rest, that is, before we ceased to be on terms with each other, but we hated more Cecilia Beaux, and most some arty females who had come in, following her. She was soon to do her most interesting work. We thought women had no business there, so we went in for revenge. One night, when we had swept up the studio and put in order the chairs with no cane seats in them, through which not-thinking people used to sit, if there wasn't a fresh palette or an acid bath on them—and sometimes they sat there anyway, till they were pulled off, we took a tramp model's property pants and a coat, and stuffed them with papers, and a mask from somewhere, and a hat, and gum shoes, and tied them all together; and as it grew dark, there were no lights on the upper flights of stairs, we carried out the gent and laid him, spread abroad, head down, at the bottom, and then we went home. And no one ever did find out, whether the man was murdered, or why Cecilia Beaux had a faint, or Maxfield Parrish took to making billboards, or who committed the crime, because, as I have said, Poore's father had something to do with the Association which owned the building, and it would not do for his son to be mixed up in such affairs. Frost was next door to us, and the Sketch Club near by, and it used to give functions every Thursday night. I was, as a coming man and Academy Student, made a member. One

day the British Fleet sailed up the Delaware for the second time and some of the officers were asked to the Club, and the Fish House Punch was on the fire, and a giddy young lieutenant saw the innocent apples bobbing about in the boiling kettle and asked for one, and they gave it to him, and he ate it all, and then they took him and tied him in an armchair and lifted him in it, on the big table and gave him a churchwarden and told him he might have another apple if he could put the pipe in his mouth; and Arthur Frost, who waited by him till morning, vowed he never did. But Frost always was good and kind beside adding gaiety to what was a gay age. An uplifter came one night to the Club with a scheme for deserving somebodies. And he was offered at once a hundred dollars—we had millionaire members then—the punch was made and was sold for the unfortunates, and one artist member presented ten dollars, and another gave five, and still another one dollar. And finally Frost arose and towered, and his red head shone amid the smoke of peace. And he felt in one pocket, and then another, and then in all his pockets, and at last he said, "I was only looking for my latchkey", and he sat down, and "the meeting then adjourned to sketching", as the Secretary's report used to read, and the deserving were forgotten. It was like that in the dear dead days before there were arty women, and she-men. But almost all the distinguished American artists came from or through Philadelphia in those days, and were made members of the Club. And I have been chosen President of the Philadelphia Sketch Club since.

THE Sketch Club, which has been in existence for half a century, is now one of the sights of Philadelphia. It stands in "the Little Street of Clubs," Camac

Street, which also holds the Franklin Inn, a literary club where the Philobiblon too has its meetings, the Plastic and the Coin D'Or, to mention a few. It is a street mainly of little two-story houses, real red-brick, white-shuttered Philadelphia houses, on one side almost perfect, the other ruined, a big tree at one end, a skyscraper at the other, but the Sketch Club untouched, unspoiled. Once you have passed the easily opened door and crossed the hall, you are in the library and few art clubs in the country have a better one. The books, and many are valuable, were mostly given by a pious member. Above the cases is a gallery of portraits of members, the work of two others—a historical collection of por-

traits of Philadelphia artists for the last half century. Long windows reach from floor to ceiling showing a back yard, the old Philadelphia back yard, with flowers and trees, brick-paved walk and high brick wall, quiet and peaceful still. The basement is a huge dining room with a great fire place, and the, alas, mostly unused punch bowl, or when used profaned with soft drinks but oftener covered with dust and tears, are in it. Here, too, the walls are hung with sketches by and of Philadelphia artists. There are other rooms, other pictures, other properties, and upstairs a picture gallery over all. The Club, like many other institutions in Philadelphia, is different from any in the country.



THE BROTHERS' AND SISTERS' HOUSES • FROM "A COLONIAL MONASTERY" • SCRIBNER'S 1881
WOOD ENGRAVING UNSIGNED • FROM A PENCIL AND WASH DRAWING ON TINTED PAPER

[1881]

CHAPTER VII: IN AND OUT OF THE PHILADELPHIA
STUDIO · MEETING LELAND · SEEING WHITMAN · HADEN
LECTURES · THE ETCHING CLUB · THE GREAT PICTURE BOOK
MURALS AT HARRISBURG · REUNION AT LURAY OF NORTH
AND SOUTH · DEATH OF GARFIELD · WORK IN WASHINGTON



A SPRING DAY FROM "VISITING THE GYPSIES" · PEN DRAWING PUBLISHED IN THE CENTURY

AND then there came a commission to illustrate for THE CENTURY an article by Charles G. Leland on the Art School and Art Club he had started in Philadelphia to develop the Manual Arts, at which all the young lady amateurs, school teachers and infant prodigies were proving how impossible were his practices, though his principles were right: that every one can learn to draw, but when they have—and they can just as they can learn to write—what good is it unless they have something to say by drawing? But these principles have never yet been carried out or even understood in America, where the arts and crafts are all in the hands of amateurs and uplifters, millionaires and piffers. I used often to see Leland with George Boker and Walt Whitman walking down Chestnut or up

Walnut Street, clearing the pavement as they advanced, side by side, the only things that could interfere with their triumphal progress being ailanthus trees, measuring worms and squirting bricks, Philadelphia products now gone with other good and bad Philadelphia character. And I used, if I went down Broad Street, where the artless Art Club now looms, to see the top of Leland's head at a front window, when writing, or his great flowing beard if he looked up, for he wrote at a first-floor window of the house on the street where he lived, and he did this wherever he was, up to the last in Florence. The article was printed, but I made no drawings for it; maybe the pupils did. And one of them, or rather one of the managers, was Elizabeth Robins, and I was introduced to her; Leland brought her

up to the studio to see me. But that is another story, or rather the beginning of many other stories, some of which she has told. And then he began to notice me, and I, having in Philadelphia been recognized as the coming genius—a young “prince among illustrators” was a mild term—was taken by him, or was it by Kirk, the editor of LIPPINCOTT’S MAGAZINE, to the Triplets, and we drew lots for seats, as was the custom, and I found myself, at my first dinner, between Whitman and Furness. And how disgusted they were; and if it had not been that Doctor Brinton, or Max Adeler’s brother, was nice to me, or, more important, that my father was suddenly taken ill, and I had to leave, I would not still, I am sure, be a member, though I am, I think, the only member of that epoch left, and about the only one who would have been allowed to be a member among all the members to-day, though I think I have been dropped, or the Club is dead. It still, I find, goes on—but I have left Philadelphia. Then Leland put me into the Penn Club—the Triplets were the inner circle of the Club—and I remember that Furness hated me, for the Lippincotts had asked me to illuminate THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN, to be made into a gift book; and I did this, in my way, from a copy of the First Folio, and Furness’ comments on my illuminations were excruciating. Only, luckily for me, Lippincotts had paid for my decorations and illuminations in advance—a hundred dollars or so—and they every once in a while remind me I owe them that sum in work, and also for a drawing of a pig to go in a school-book, which the editor spurned, though they paid for it, too.

AND then somehow—probably I suggested it—I got Leland to do an article—“Visiting the Gypsies”—for THE

CENTURY, and everything changed. Instead of going to Meeting with my father on First Day mornings—we were living all this while in a boarding house in Germantown, the Coulter House—I would go down to South Broad Street, and there would be Miss Robins and Leland, and then we would go sometimes to Camden and maybe call on Whitman, and go on to see Romanies, but most often it was up Broad Street, usually taking the horse cars to Oakdale Park, and there they would be. And we would have beer the Rye, for all Gypsies all over the world knew him by that name, would pay for, out of silver mugs, and each would have a different crest or initial on it. But all this is written. Or to West Philadelphia where, in a wood, there were Lovells, and with them too—or the Rye did—we chummed up. But that is all written in E.’s TO GYPSYLAND, though no one scarce knows the book. Leland’s article came out, and then he suggested others for OUR CONTINENT which E. wrote and I illustrated, and they used to come to the studio where I was working on my first series of Philadelphia etchings—and one day I spilled a whole mess of nitric acid on the pants of my blue suit and they turned to gold in spots; and I painted the spots with Prussian blue and started for Atlantic City; but the dust and sand settled on the result, and I had to go to bed while a kind friend carried the pants about till he found some of near the same size. Till his death, Leland was mixed up in many ways and places with my life or with E.’s life or ours. The other day the centenary of his birth occurred and the only attention that was paid to it in Philadelphia was a paper read at the Philobiblon Club by his nephew, Edward Robins, yet Leland was the greatest Philadelphian of his time. But no Philadelphian knows



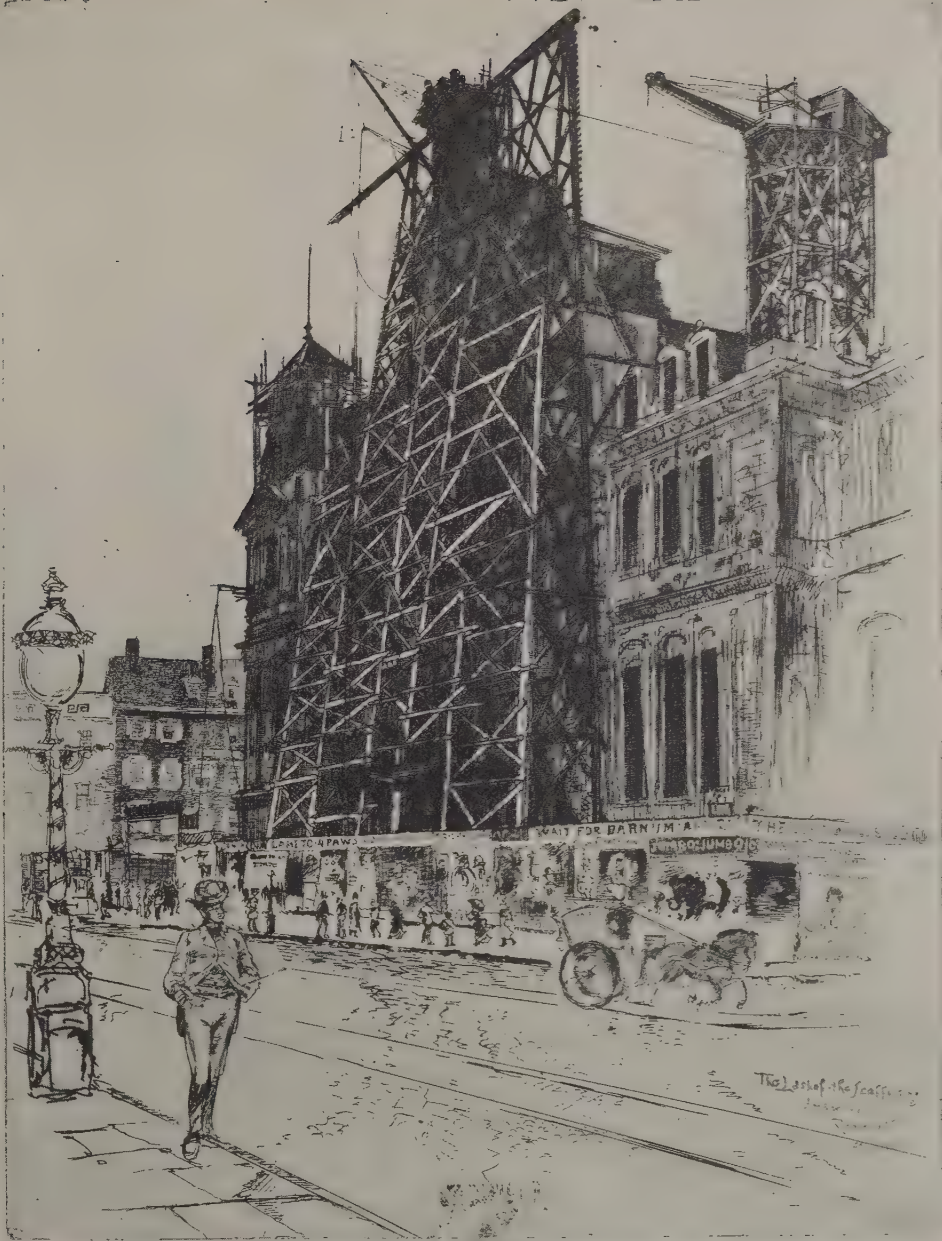
CHARLES GODFREY LELAND "HANS BREITMANN" GYPSY SCHOLAR AND
FOUNDER OF THE MANUAL ARTS MOVEMENT • UNCLE OF MRS. PENNELL
FROM AN ETCHING MADE IN LONDON • BY NO MEANS A GOOD PORTRAIT
BUT THE ONLY ONE IN EXISTENCE • BY MONSIEUR FELIX BRACQUEMOND

this—or anything else. Whitman, though I often saw him sitting on the fruitman's high chair at Market Street Wharf or riding on the front platform of the horse cars, I had little to do with, though, as I say, I used to meet him; and though I remember him perfectly, I have no recollection of anything he ever said. He even used to come to Germantown, all the way out in the horse cars, and stay with Francis Howard Williams, a collector of celebrities, and there I remember once meeting him with Cable—this was between 1882 and 1883 when Cable was lecturing—whom Williams had also gathered in for an evening. Somewhere about this time I did a book with a Dr. Buck about Whitman and went to his Long Island birthplace and drew that, and I think other subjects, but all are gone, I don't think that I ever saw the volume and I forget the title.

THE year 1881 was full of work. Early in the spring I, as I have said, commenced my etchings of Philadelphia, for from the beginning it was my aim to show that that is best which nearest lieth, soaked as I was—though I could scarcely draw—with English tradition, which I had absorbed not only at the Historical Society, but by looking round me and going over the prints at Claghorn's (James L. Claghorn, President of the Pennsylvania Academy), where, in the corner of his upstairs print room, Sunday after Sunday afternoon was spent studying Whistler and Haden, while evenings were put in reading Hamerton and Ruskin. I liked Hamerton's *A PAINTER'S CAMP IN THE HIGHLANDS* and *THE UNKNOWN RIVER*. Ruskin's descriptions woke me up and made me see things, but I never got completely through anything but the *ELEMENTS OF DRAWING*. The third great man whom I got hold of—Shakespeare—bored me to death. There is more for me in one line of Virgil, as it was

hammered into me at school—"So long as the cloud shadows chase each other over the sides of the mountains"—more pleasure than I have ever found in all the Shakespeare I have ever attempted; and what little of Shakespeare on the stage I have seen I failed to appreciate, as most people fail, but do not dare to say so. But it was from Horace, I fancy, and in Friends' School, I got my love of wine and of Italy.

AND then Seymour Haden came to the United States in charge of Frederick Keppel, at the time of the Philadelphia Etching Club International Exhibition. We had started an Etching Club and I was made Secretary, and made friends and enemies who exist to this day. I heard Haden talk at the Academy of the Fine Arts where the show was held, and afterwards I think Parrish, Peter Moran, Ferris and I were invited by Claghorn to the Union League and had a real Philadelphia supper of snapper, reed birds and champagne, the first I ever drank; but I did not like it and do not like it yet. But there are things I do like, and if the cranks who have overrun and ruined this land had only had one good dinner and one good drink in their lives, they would lynch any one who would try to prevent their having more. Every town then, as now, had an Etching Club, but ours and the New York one were real clubs. We met once a month at some one's studio, but in the meantime we each etched a plate and pulled enough proofs to exchange with the other members over beer and pretzels, or champagne and chicken salad, at the members' houses. We exchanged views and prints, and then, with the help of the Academy, we got up an International Exhibition, and somehow I was made Secretary of that. Now the parent clubs are dead, but each Main Street, Middle-West town has one, with one object—to do good to



THE LAST OF THE SCAFFOLDING · ERECTION OF THE CITY HALL PHILADELPHIA · ETCHING MADE 1881 · THE PLATE WON ME · ELECTION TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER ETCHERS LONDON

etching by making money for its members, especially if very young and very incompetent. There are more etching clubs than etchers in the land to-day; and more teachers than etchers—I even am one, but I do try to teach the craft practically. That I know is the way to teach.

THERE were English houses and English streets in Philadelphia, with English names—Chancery Lane and Water Street Stairs, and Plow Inn Yard and Christ Church—and I know now, as I believed then, that these houses and streets and churches were more English and more beautiful and had more character than anything in any one town in England; and one reason why England interests me is that it is so like Philadelphia as it then was. All my etchings of these subjects were attempted under the influence of Whistler and Haden. I even copied the wall in Haden's "Whistler's House," which shows how ignorant I was, for it is one of his cheapest hack machines. Then, too, Abbey had done his HERRICK, and soon was to bring out his OLD SONGS, and every one waited every month for his English drawings in HARTER's, as they look for fashions and photographs now. I tried to learn my trade in every way. Once Thomas Nast lectured at the Academy of Music; he was the best cartoonist we ever had, but not the only artist. He set up a big sketch block on the stage on an easel and he asked the audience what they would like him to draw. After they had stopped demanding local celebrities of whom he had never heard, there came requests for the usual lot—Washington, Tweed, Lincoln—and he tried various sheets of paper and then dashed off Tweed's portrait, pulled it from the easel, and it flew out of his hands and sailed across the floor right to my feet at the edge of the stage. I was

there to learn how to do it. I picked the drawing up to hand it back to him, and saw, as I held it up, the whole portrait carefully pricked out with pin-holes. He only had to draw over them as fast as he could to get a perfect Nast. But as Phil May used to say, when he did similar stunts, though without pin-holes, "Far be it from me" to rival this great man. But I did learn a lot that night, and it's a pity some of Nast's successors haven't learned his tricks; they could never learn his mastery of his art.

THE great event of this spring was the publication of Blank & Blank's great work, written by Blank on, I have to this day no idea what, or rather what the title was. But I do know that one day we—Poore and I—heard that Peter Moran and Stephen Ferris and the Smillies were making etchings and drawings of pictures and getting paid a dollar an hour for it too. We had no respect for tradition, or professional etiquette, but a wild desire to get some of the dollars, as we heard there were endless drawings to be made; and we did get some of the work to do and some of the dollars for doing it. I think the ever thoughtful and overworked Ferris got both for us. What we were asked to do was to make pen-and-ink sketches from photographs of well-known pictures by European artists. This we did, and so well that we were given lots more—or I was—and as we virtually could select our own artists, we tried to do our best. I remember I was given two Ricos, a Fortuny and a Casanova to begin with. We were furnished with photographs, but how these were turned into brilliant pen drawings is one of the lost arts of illustration, though illustration is a lost art now. The success in my case was so terrific that THE CENTURY asked me to do an article on the pictures in the Corcoran Art Gal-

lery at Washington. The publisher's success, we heard, was equally great. The drawings were reproduced by line photo-engraving which was just coming in, though the best work ever done was done in

and six stars too. When he found out I had copied it, he admitted it was so good that he said it ought to be his own. And on this work we prospered. All the while I was working at my Philadelphia etchings and



VENICE FROM THE PUBLIC GARDEN · COPY BY ME IN PEN AND INK OF THE PAINTING IN THE GIBSON COLLECTION BY D. MARTIN RICO · DRAWN IN 1881 · PUBLISHED IN THE CENTURY

those early years. When the photoengravings were made of the pictures to be reproduced, a proof of each print was sent to each painter whose pictures we had copied, with a request that he would say what he thought of the reproduction. In some few cases he was flattered; in others he was furious, and I am told—mind, I was told this story—that in every case when the artist answered, praising or blaming the sketch made from his painting without his permission, it was a simple matter—mind, I am told this—to cut off the painter's signature from his letter, reproduce that, and print it under the reproduction of the painting, so that some people might imagine that all these illustrations were original signed drawings by the greatest living European artists. There was not even an attempt at international artistic copyright in those days. All I do know is that Rico, twenty years after, in Venice one afternoon, wondered when he had made a certain pen drawing of his painting from the Public Garden, and signed it, not only with his name, but with a moon

they were sent to the Academy and were hung; and great was my conceit when a few lines about one of them appeared in *THE LEDGER*. And I cut the puff out and framed it, and that—my first notice—is gone too, though I saw it just before the War. But I shall never find it again.

THIS year was jammed so full of things for me that it is hard to keep count of them. *THE CENTURY* people asked me to go, with Drake, to Luray, to make drawings in the newly discovered cavern. I journeyed down alone and stopped over at Harrisburg; no mural paintings there, no new capitol even, but the most wonderful old wooden bridge over the beautiful river, the Susquehanna. This I etched on a plate so large that it took two sheets of paper to print it on later, in the old printing office high up in Jayne's building on Dock Street to which I went to print, because it was there Moran and Ferris printed their etchings.

ONE day, years later, I thought it my duty to stop at Harrisburg—I was coming back from the West—and see the

new Capitol and the murals. There could be no danger—Abbey was dead and the architect under a cloud—so I stopped. There was one of those dear old American-plan hotels on the main street, with a

I was, I could not have told which Capitol of any one of twenty other States I was looking at, save that this one had a gray ice-cream mould of a stalagmite melting on each side of the entrance stairs



THE GREAT OLD WOODEN BRIDGE OVER THE SUSQUEHANNA AT HARRISBURG · FROM AN ETCHING MADE 1881 · THE BRIDGE IS NOW DESTROYED AS ALL AMERICA IS BEING DESTROYED

row of gents sitting on the back legs of their chairs downstairs, spitting, and a row of colored waiters, drilled better than white soldiers, upstairs waiting, and after dinner I went to look for the old bridge; but that had been the first thing to go; it had American character and was built by American hands. And the proofs of the etching done when I went to Luray Cave are gone too. The old Colonial houses still stood; probably they are gone now, I havent been there since, and the whole place, I understand, is turned over to an up-to-date New York architect. It is just as well, possibly, for now that Burns is dead there are scarce any native architects left in the State. Since then, a Governor has told me that if I would come up he would show me wooden bridges still standing and give me good liquor still lying in the cellar of the gubernatorial mansion. Needless to say his ancestors were Friends. I wonder what the present incumbent has done with both. Next morning I approached the Capitol and if I had not remembered where

into yawning cracks and crevasses, in the pavement, which I had to be careful not to tumble into. I approached and entered the seat of the lawgivers of my native State. As I gazed transfixed, aloft, I nearly broke my leg over one of Harry Mercer's tiles, about an inch higher than the adjoining one. Knowing Mr. Mercer's taste for hanging Conestoga wagons in the air, and arranging invisible doors with Rembrandt's etchings on them, which open and hit you in the face while you look, and dungeons for dining rooms, and stairs that end nowhere, and sofas that turn into bathtubs if you sit on them, in his palatial home, I was not, and am not, sure whether this arrangement was a joke or art. And minding my steps, I advanced and gazed around, and seeing cuspidors twenty feet high illuminated with jewels and lights, I asked an attendant how they were used. "Them aint spittoons, Cap; them's stands for flags uv conker'd enemies!" I looked beyond and straight before me sprang from the waving floor the grand staircase of the Paris Opera House—

or maybe that is somewhere else, in some other Capitol of the same kind, the creation of some other original American architect from photographs. High above were lunettes, and sailing out of one right opposite me were the topmasts of Abbey's decoration—all the rest of the design cut off by the moulding below. "Religious Liberty being brought to America." I knew this, for I had seen the whole painting in London. And under it, in glittering letters of solid gold on the surface, the legend, "My God. What an Example"—the words of William Penn—the end and beginning of two sentences jammed together, running completely around the dome and joining upright before the decoration. I left despite the appeals of the spieler that I should accompany him to "see the real hand-painted ile paintings done by a real young lady of Philadelphia." I have since seen Miss Oakley's work in her charming studio and on the walls of her interesting exhibitions. I had seen enough. But in about thirty other State Capitols and in the interiors at Washington, you can see and hear the same thing. Go to the nearest and come away ashamed and delighted at the absence of humor and the absence of art, which is typical of most American murals today. But American art is rather confusing to foreigners. I remember the adventures of Fritz Thaulow and Sir Alfred East, not in Harrisburg, but in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, when, but separately, they served on the Carnegie jury. Thaulow arrived in the first city and as the train stopped and he got out, right in front of his car was a brazen band which burst into "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Thaulow was much impressed and took off his hat, only to find himself violently shoved from behind by the captain of the victorious local ball team, with the re-

mark, "Hustle yer big shader!" Then he began to take notice, and the next morning when he came down to breakfast at the Shenley, and the waiter said, "American or European?" he replied, "None uv yer tam pizness!" And in Philadelphia some one gave East a dinner at the Art Club and he was telling how he had just been made a Royal Academician, and what an event that was in London—how city dignitaries were proud to acknowledge it. "Ah, it's different here," said the host; "the Mayor never even heard of art, to say nothing of the Royal Academy!" So sad was the scene that two of the guests went out on the front gallery of the club to console themselves, but in a second they rushed in, yelling, "Boys, the Mayor's done it! Come!" And there, on the front of the City Hall, traced in letters of fire, was the legend "Welcome R. A." And it was not till East proposed to hire a carriage next morning and go in person to thank the Mayor, that they told him the Royal Arcanums, or some such things, were having a convention in the city and that was why the sign was in the sky. Poor old East, he was such a delight to his enemies and to his friends.

At Luray, I found Drake in a real Southern hotel; and what care we had to take not to tumble through the holes in the floor as we went from the porch to the dining room, when the gong sounded, to get our chicken and pone. The drawings were done, but I had experiences alone in the cave with a candle that sometimes went out, when there was a darkness that could be felt, and with guides and with two engineers who were fitting up the electric light. With these engineers I had lots of fun, and fright too. Tied to a rope, we would crawl through holes or drop into chasms, to see what was on the other side or at the bottom. One of the engineers was

as fat as I was thin, and I shall never forget how, after wandering around in a new hall we had found by crawling through a hole way up at the top, as we started back, a stone fell on him and wedged him fast ahead of me. I illustrated the article with monotypes which, to the disgust of the printers, I made in the office, squirting ink and paint over everything. This must have been in July, 1881, just after Garfield was shot. Poore and Parrish and I, working away in the Philadelphia studio on the 2d of July, knew somehow that something terrible had happened—and it was the same with everybody all over the country. The country felt the shock and shuddered, just as when Lincoln was killed. We have changed, or Presidents have, since then. Just before I left Luray the first Reunion of the men of the North and the men of the South was held there, and I heard real stories of fighting and how it was done and why it was done, by the men who did it. We cried and laughed and sang, "Dont you see de black cloud risin' over yander," "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie", the whole livelong hot day, in the streets of the town and in the courthouse. Among the Southern men was an old unreconstructed rebel chaplain who got talking to me of slavery. "If you had a mule worth one hundred dollars," he said, "would you lick it to death? Well, if you wouldnt do that, would you lick to death a slave worth fifteen hundred?" Afterwards, seeing me sketching in the street, he came up and said, "Suh, I have to tell yuh that yuh will go far, suh!" He was a prophet, in some ways. So strongly did the war fever take hold of me that on the way back to Washington, where Garfield was dying, I stopped at Antietam and went over the battlefield and near twenty years after

the fight I dug bullets out of fence rails. I had to stay that night, and after supper I was told there was a man in the hotel I ought to see and hear, and I was presented to Colonel Alexander Boteler. Then and there he told me the story of John Brown's Raid, and his part in it after the fight as judge, for he tried John Brown. I was held by the magnificent old man and by one fact in his story: John Brown barricading himself in the engine house and commencing to fire on the crowd outside, when the first person killed or wounded was a ducky, and at once the news went round that the Yankees had come down to kill the Niggers; and the Colonel said, "That ended slavery round here, for, suh, every nigger tuck to the woods!" Part was told and part, later in the night, read from his manuscript.

AND then my genius as an illustrator revealed itself, for, after an hour or two of talk, I proved to him that, even if THE CENTURY had not the courage—it was in the era of the bloody shirt—to print his manuscript, it was his duty to send the Editor this valuable historical document. It was sent, and it appeared in THE CENTURY, and was I believe the first article on the war, though not the beginning of THE CENTURY's War Series: the first article about the war written by a man who took part in it. I, adventurous illustrator, was responsible, but Mr. R. U. Johnson, in REMEMBERED YESTERDAYS, does not mention the article or even the fact that I got it for THE CENTURY; but I did. On my way to Washington I also stopped at Harper's Ferry and made a drawing of the engine house in which Brown was besieged that I think was printed with Colonel Boteler's article. I went also, on my own, to Richmond and drew Libby Prison, and that was published too. I have always done the things that should be done, and in-

vented authors, and some day, this will be recognized, though I have been forced to call the attention of a stupid world to it. There were drawings too, made at Yorktown. Drake and I went down to Old Point and stayed at the big hotel and there were drills and guard mounting, and my future sister-in-law, though I did not know her, beautiful in an ivory gown and a big Gainsborough hat, surrounded by the most gorgeous officers in uniform. After the war one never saw officers in uniform, save on duty and at hops in the evening. Drake fell ill, and I worked up the Luray sketches. I could not make drawings in the cave. And one day we went up the York River on a steamboat and heard the cry of the man, "Now, then, all yous what aint got tickets jest walk up to the cappen's office and settle." And then we drove to the Nelson mansion, which I drew, and the family—I think they were all Nelson Page's sisters or cousins or aunts—and all charming—told us how the place, in every war from the time of the settlement, was always run over by both sides in turn, till there was scarce anything left in the house or on the land. By the time I reached Washington, Garfield had been sent North, and I started my drawings of the White House, the Capitol and the Corcoran Gallery for *THE CENTURY*. I also made an etching of the Capitol seen over a wooden shack, one proof of which, I learn, is still in existence. I have no idea who were the authors of the articles I was illustrating. Merely a list of subjects, to which I never paid the slightest attention, if possible, was given me by Drake. The White House was delightful; it was before there was any sort of restoration about it. Owing to the national grief for Garfield's misfortune, there were few visitors, though Vice-President Ar-

thur was in residence. I presented a letter to the President's young Secretary. He told me he would show me round, if I came before seven the next morning. I was there. We did the downstairs rooms, then we went upstairs, and "This," said he, "is the President's anteroom; this the President's dressing room; this the President's bedroom," and throwing open the door, a white-gowned figure, with a yell, sprang out of the far side of the bed. "And that is the President." Afterwards I got on more familiar but less intimate terms with President Arthur. When I come to think of it, this must have been later, after Garfield's death. My evenings were spent usually with Professor W. H. Holmes and a number of other artists, when I was not with a crowd of cyclers at the rooms of the Capitol Bicycle Club. Professor Holmes was then in Major Powell's department of the Ethnological Bureau, and so was Thomas Moran, who ought to have been a great artist—he is bigger than the present-day duffers, anyway—and Holmes had assisted at the discovery not only of the Yellowstone Geysers but of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He gave wonderful descriptions of the way Powell's party traveled across the desert, knowing nothing of the Canyon; and how for some days they crossed the level plain, at last sighting trees on the far-away horizon with nothing but clouds beyond, strange in that country, astonishing these scientists as they slowly approached; of their keeping on until the mules refused to go further; of their own terror as they came to the trees and that awful screen of clouds; and how, when they did reach the edge, there was nothing; and Major Powell, in his ghastly fright, whispered, "My God, boys, its true, weve struck the end of

the world!" In the Yellowstone they sat down for supper one evening by a quiet boiling spring and put things in it to cook, but, suddenly, it went off and spouted a hundred feet in the air; "and," said Holmes, "some of the crowd didn't stop running till they got to Washington."

STORIES like these and the offer of a post if I could make satisfactory drawings — satisfactory, that is, from a government critical standpoint — induced me, for the first and last time, to compete for a post. I was given a sort of profile map which Holmes had made in pencil and told to copy it in ink. Holmes said he had made it with the thermometer away below zero, thawing the lead pencil, or himself, over a fire between his legs as he drew. I felt like telling him, as I used to be told, "there was no merit in that." The only other thing about it I can remember is that there was a Mount Pennell on the drawing, but where that Mount is or was, I do not know or care. I believe there is an Elizabeth River discovered by Landor in South America, but then both he and Teddy said the other never was there. I took the map and improved it, and I did not get on the Survey. But how Holmes, who could make the most stunning direct water-

of drudgery was beyond me mentally as well as artistically. There were other Washington artists, and the first American prize student, and Doctor Burnett, who was, I believe, the first person in

Washington to collect etchings, whom I used to go to see. They are all, save Professor Holmes, rather vague in my rather dim memory of forty years ago.

BUT vivid is my memory of running one afternoon, on Pennsylvania Avenue, into Farney, Metcalf, Cushing, and some Zuñi Indians, followed by an admiring crowd, and of my joining myself to the party. Metcalf and Farney had come down to illustrate articles on the Zuñis — who had journeyed to Washington from the West by way of Plymouth Rock,



FROM A LETTER TO A. W. DRAKE 1881

where they went to get the sacred water of the Atlantic, with Cushing, who had lived among them and studied them and was now writing about them for *THE CENTURY*. As we were all working for the magazine, we chummed up. If they had been working for *HARPER's*, we would not have spoken. There were happenings that day. The Indians passed the afternoon, first in the back yard of an oyster saloon, cutting the pearls out of oyster shells, for that was money, though the people of Washington did not know it. Then they were taken to a music hall and intro-

duced to the ladies of the company, and I understood that some arrangement was made for them to appear with it. They were to have seen the Great Father, but as he was dying when they arrived in Washington and the coming Great Father was not yet showing himself, they were led instead to the East portico of the Capitol, where they said their prayers and spread their offerings before the statue of a sailor holding up a ball in his hand, and asking Columbus, umpire at the game, the chief figure, how is it? And they were given Mat Morgan's caricatures and Barnum's posters for their embroideries and pots. It was pretty quaint and I often wondered if a story in *THE CENTURY* called "Three That Go and Two That Come" gave the Indian idea of the whole affair. For those solemn Indians were no fools; it is only we thieving Americans who have stolen everything from them, who are fools, saying the only way to improve an Indian is to kill him and steal his home, his land. But the Indians, I am told, do strange things to the Friends, who feed, clothe and educate them at Carlisle, and when they go back, they burn their clothes and forget their education. I have seen one plowing in a top hat and blanket at Gallup, and a squaw, who could not talk English, speaking over the 'phone. And now the uplifters want to stop their dances and festivals—but adore jazz and the tango and the League of Nations, and want to wipe out our real Americans, as the Spaniards wiped out the Aztecs. We are only imitators. I had also drawings to make in some of the new houses in Washington. Here I followed Brennan, who had shocked the superior owners, people with many "things on the mantel shelves that gave the whole show away." One newly-moved-in and moved-up lady told me

that Brennan had spattered ink all over her rugs, and that when she objected he told her it was all they were good for. That was the age when the Longworths and Hays and Adamses invaded Washington, and Richardson built their houses. It was the fashion to live in gloomy, iron-barred, rough-hewn castles even if you had to pull down lovely Colonial houses to do so. But no American architect trained in France ever does preserve American buildings; it is so much easier to destroy than carry on or create. I did other drawings in Washington that hot summer, but the most important were of the Corcoran Gallery. I had an invitation to attend the hanging of Guiteau, but declined; that, too, was later. Farney accepted and, I believe, fainted. Horrors, from war to trapeze artists and prize fighters, I always avoid; uplifting soulful Americans love them. In the fall I made many illustrations for Judge Tourgee's *OUR CONTINENT* in Philadelphia.

AND then came my first big commission, and I have had big commissions ever since, not only all over America, but all over Europe, where I am, I am told, better known than here, though only the other day Violet Hunt wrote me there is a tribe arising which, like the Jews here, know not Joseph; but here they do know, though they pretend not to, and hate me too, and so do those "profits" of culture who have ruined art and literature in America as the same class has in England. But I shall stay in my native land—or what was my country—even though it is a dry, dreary desert. And this reminds me how in a fury in London in the Whitefriars Club or some other awful resort of High Street, middle-class Britons, some typical ones, to whom I had been giving some good advice about England, turned on me and said, "Well, if you dont like us,

why dont you go home?" "Because I make you so mad by staying," I replied. I thought then that I should always stay more or less abroad; but the War settled that, and settled me here; ended Europe; ended the world; and for a time ended me. I had taken thought for the morrow, for the future; but it is over, my future is in the past. But it is good to remember and record the things that I know. The big Commission was to go to New Orleans with Cable.

I MUST say a few words about the way in which my early drawings and etchings were engraved. When I began, most illustrations were drawn in reverse on box wood blocks in pen and ink or wash, mostly the latter. The lines of the artist's drawings were made into relief by the engraver cutting away with a knife all the undrawn parts of the block, leaving the lines of the drawing standing like type—and these blocks could then be printed with type—this is the original method of wood cutting, the method used from the beginning of illustration, as soon as the scribe's writing could be multiplied by printing, the method of to-day—only to-day the wood cut has vanished almost before the mechanical engraving as all

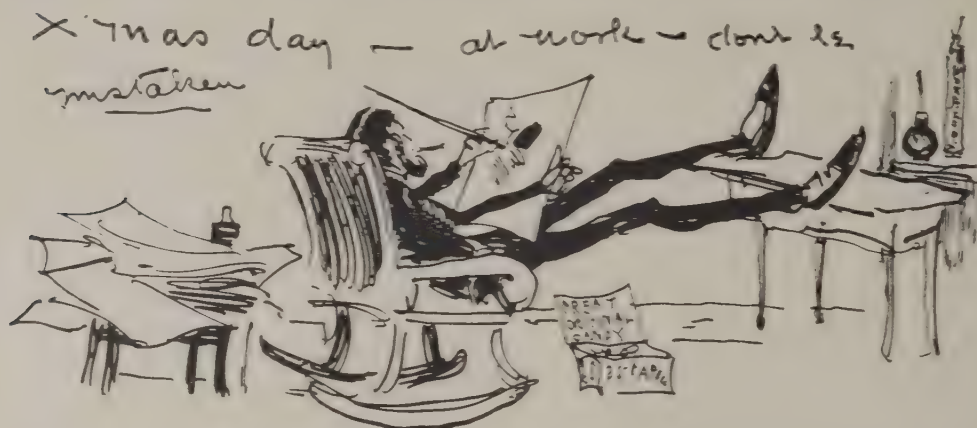
hand work is vanishing. The wood engraver, employing the tools of the steel engraver, learned also to translate washes into line, in the same way, and most of these early drawings and etchings of mine photographed on to the wood block were engraved in relief in this manner—but I was one of the last to draw on wood—or rather the earliest to escape the drudgery of it. Wonderful work was done by these engravers—but till the advent of photography, by means of which the artist's drawing was preserved by being photographed, all the originals were destroyed in the engraving and the engraver was the supreme critic and final authority—for nothing remained but the engraved block. Never shall I forget one experience. I was asked to make a drawing of a daisy field seen through a worm fence—to illustrate a nature poem. I drew it on the prepared block with pencil and wash, and when I got a proof the field of flowers I had so carefully drawn from nature to illustrate my author had become a rushing river. I protested, but the overlord, the engraver, wanted to know if he was to ruin his eyes engraving that flower stuff when it was easier to do a river, and his engraving was far better than my drawing anyway.



CALLOWHILL STREET BRIDGE PHILADELPHIA · THE FIRST OF MY PHILADELPHIA ETCHINGS 1881

[1881]

CHAPTER VIII: THE FIRST COMMISSION · START ON
VISIT TO NEW ORLEANS WITH CABLE · MEET OSCAR WILDE
THE VOYAGE OF THE MARK TWAIN DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI



SKETCH FROM A LETTER TO MISS ROBINS MRS. PENNELL ANNOUNCING THE TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS WITH G. W. CABLE TO ILLUSTRATE HIS ARTICLES ON THE CREOLES OF LOUISIANA

ONE day, in the fall of 1881, soon after my first article, "A Day in the Mash," was published in THE CENTURY. Drake or Gilder wrote me to come to New York and, taking as usual the fast seven o'clock train, for we thought that train the fastest in the world and the best, as everything then was, it landed me in Jersey City in time to see the big buildings come out of the mist. I walked across to Broadway, and took the horse car to 743, Scribner's Building, which more or less is still there, and I climbed to the attic and there was Drake, the top of his dear bald head shining in the distance. I was at the office before ten o'clock, usually the first to arrive. I could not then, nor can I now, understand why people hate to be early, have to have daylight saving to get up—though I can understand the curfew to put drunks to bed—we want it badly. If not the first caller I had to wait in the outer room.

There were magazines and illustrated papers to look at, and this was one of the few places where I could see them, as there were no free loafing libraries in those days. Sometimes others were waiting, students with portfolios and without ideas; engravers with blocks and proofs, deadly afraid of Drake, for he was an engraver, not a business man; artists with ideas or wants; process people with schemes; and once in a while some one who had arrived, Howard Pyle, looking like a pompous parson, towering sulkily in a corner, or Brennan, in a green overcoat with Roman coin buttons, would rush in, rush through the waiting room, and be greeted with a beaming smile by Drake, and that was the reason for his success, and, incidentally, the success of the Magazine and American illustration, for Drake not only knew but was willing to learn. I determined to follow Brennan—I don't mean in the green coat—but by getting in. I had my scheme and with

[1881]



LEAF FROM A SKETCH BOOK FILLED WITH PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE BROUGHT BEFORE THE GRAND JURY ON WHICH I SERVED IN THE COURT HOUSE PHILADELPHIA • MOST OF THE DRAWINGS OF THIS PERIOD WERE DESTROYED • THIS BOOK ESCAPED THE WAR

some excuse I would pass into the second room and talk to Miss Gleason, the Secretary. How I made up to her, till Drake would see me and call me in to him, and tell me, when he was done with me, to come back and we would go to lunch at the St. Dennis or the Vienna Café. My, what a spree, otherwise, one might wait all day. And I remember the rage of Pyle once—I heard about it after—when I went in to Drake before him.

THIS morning there was a solemn talk with Roswell Smith, the President, and I was told all sorts of nice things by him—that they could depend on me to do things when I promised. I have never yet seen why an artist should not; laziness or inability to do the work is the real reason. I do not believe in temperament. And I was told, too, that the Editors would like me to go to New Orleans and do the illustrations for a history of Louisiana that G. W. Cable was writing. And nothing was said about a contract or expenses. There were difficulties about getting away, for I was just twenty-one. I had voted for the first time and, with one exception, when I was fooled by Wilson, the last time. I am never settled long enough to get a vote. As the result of my first, I was summoned on a grand jury. I tried to get out of it, for I was working on my etchings of Philadelphia. I went to the Court and stood up and told the Judge I was sure the summons was for my father, that I was too innocent and ignorant to be of any use on a jury; and his answer was, "Sit down. By the time you get through you will know as much as any bald-head on it!" I sat down and continued to sit when we were told to stand up to be sworn, and when the Judge commanded me to stand and swear, I said I would not because I was a Friend, and so with a growl from

him I was affirmed. For this Judge not so long before had summoned another Friend, who came reluctantly and walked up the Court Room with his hat on. He was in plain clothes. "Tell that man to take his hat off!" said the Judge to the Crier. "Hats off!" yelled the Crier. The Friend paid no attention. "Take his hat off," said the Judge. The Crier knocked it off. The Friend walked up to the Judge bareheaded and said quietly, "Judge, I give thee and thy Court in charge for assault and battery"—and walked out hatless. And they had to bring him his hat and an apology. The Friends are "a peculiar people"—or they were. I learned much on that day, that condemned prisoners spent their time knitting and were fed on *pâté de foie gras* and champagne, at least we were, and mad people had balls every day. I made many sketches in that old grand jury room in the basement of the old City Hall at the east end of the State House, which they have recently restored because—as it was tumbling down—I made them do so; but no one in Philadelphia has said "Thank you" to me. There were other articles, among them one on the "State in Schuylkill," the oldest fishing club in America, and though I was not asked to one of the Club's functions at the old castle at Gray's Ferry, I have since assisted at their new place up the Delaware and spent delightful days with the governor and the citizens.

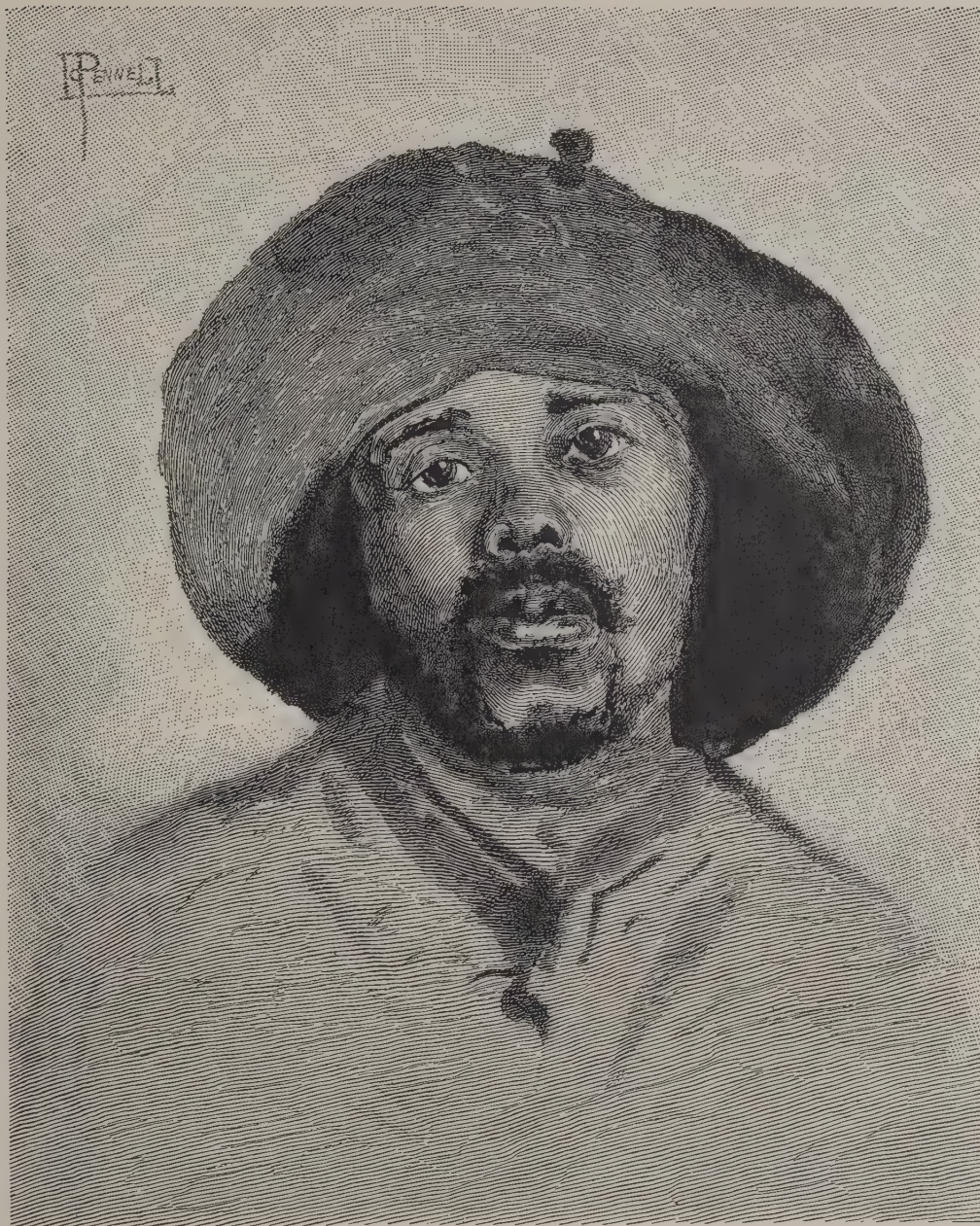
EARLY in 1882 I left for the South. That was the winter Oscar Wilde discovered America. I had met him at the Lelands and heard him lecture—on the day when in velvet and knee breeches he faced a deputation from the University of Pennsylvania, each with "a sunflower or a lily" in his very modern hand; but Oscar brazened that tribute out. He and Archibald Forbes were on the train

to Washington, and I chummed up and then had nothing to say to them or they to me, and I did not know how to get away nor they how to get rid of me. From Washington I went to Louisville and made an etching, and then to Memphis, where I took a steamer down the river. I wrote an article on the boat, Leland knocked it into shape for me, and it came out, "The Voyage of the Mark Twain," but anonymously. On the way down I met the man who shot Wilkes Booth and asked him to write his story for *THE CENTURY*, and at a bank in Memphis I saw the son-in-law of Jefferson Davis and asked him for a letter to his father-in-law—to get him to write also for the Magazine. And these articles which I got for *THE CENTURY*, with the first by Colonel Boteler preceded, or that by Colonel Boteler did, *THE CENTURY* War Series; though I had no idea of starting a War Series. I really was a born journalist and was so regarded when there was journalism in this country, instead of drivel, photographs and advertisement. There were good dinners and endless poker, which I dont play because cards bore me, on board the Mark Twain, as we ran all day by bare cotton-wood forests hung with dead men's hair waving in the wind; at night steering to the bank in the darkness and letting down the gangplank after a light was lit; and I remember the Jew drummer, told by the captain to jump when the boat swept by the shore a few feet off, who asked,

"D'youse spec me to valk on de vatter?" "No," said the captain, "You—" "Mark Twain," yelled the man with the sounding pole, and the light went out and the boat went on; and the snags came up out of the water, and the rowboats dodged them, pulling far from the shore with passengers; and all day we sat by the texas, and talked with the captain and the pilot. Once some one on a point yelled and the boat crossed over. "Say, any you frens what want to see a scrap over to Arkinsaw City, why jest come long. I got traps and we kin drive over and see it before the boat gits roun"—and most went. I did not, for I dont like fights—save bull fights—and have never seen a man fight, but virtuous Americans love them. We panted, groaned and wheezed all day round the curves of the river, and got to the town at night and found everybody full and happy and the fight over. To-day they would have lost their money and been dry, too, or bloated with soft drinks and cold storage. Then we came into a flooded region, the river as wide as you could see and people sitting on chimneys and in trees. We took some of them off and made short cuts where the water was deep enough—and the scenery and the people became delightfully miserable. I saw from the railroad last year, going south from Memphis, their descendants sitting in the same flooded country on fence posts, waiting for the train to pass. You would not find such types in any other land, they are the last of the American race.



SKETCH FROM THE TRAIN TO NEW ORLEANS 1921



A DECK HAND ROUSTABOUT ON THE MARK TWAIN • PORTRAIT IN MONOCHROME MADE ON
THE TRIP DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI • WOOD ENGRAVING UNSIGNED PUBLISHED IN THE CENTURY

CHAPTER IX: WITH CABLE IN NEW ORLEANS · A
DELIGHTFUL MEMORY OF A DELIGHTFUL WINTER IN A
CHARMING CITY WITH A CHARMING AUTHOR · ASKED TO
GO TO ITALY WITH HOWELLS AND ILLUSTRATE TUSCANY



OLD NEW ORLEANS WASH DRAWING ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY J. F. JUNGLING · PRINTED
IN THE CENTURY · ONE OF THE SERIES OF DRAWINGS MADE FOR CABLE'S CREOLE ARTICLES

I GREW tired of the river at Vicksburg—I had had a week of it—and took the train, which waded through the flooded country in the dark to New Orleans. I went to the St. Charles Hotel. I remember my delight in finding in a New Orleans paper an article about the drawings in *THE CENTURY* I had made at Bethlehem; papers took illustration seriously then. This I saw when I came down to the office in the morning: a big room with big chairs, big slouch-hatted

men and big spittoons all about. And then there slid in a tiny little man with a black beard and bright eyes, and that was Cable. He was so tiny and so charming, and he carried me off at once to find a place to stay. As the work was mostly to be about the Creoles—it was, he told me to be called *THE CREOLES OF LOUISIANA*—we walked over to Canal Street and turned down the Rue Royale, and right into France. America stopped in the middle of Canal Street. The people

on one side were American, on the other Creole. The signs on one side United States, on the other French. Newsboys yelled *THE PICAYUNE* to the left and *L'ABEILLE* to the right, and in the Rue Royale we stepped into Cable's stories. At the end of the street were the Cabildo and the Court House, and above and between them the spires of the Cathedral, the great Place d'Armes in front, with its palms; on both sides the Pontalba Mansions, dignified and imposing, each with empty storerooms on the ground floor and a black hall leading to stairs at the back; on the second story a verandah as big as a room and behind it a bigger one. All this we found after banging at the great front door with a sign *Chambres à Louer* on it, and there I was dumped down, without anything but my trunk and my school French. The landlady had not even Ollendorff American. I was pitchforked right into France from Philadelphia. Cable began to take me about, first to Madame Antoine's, where I had my first real breakfast, and then all over the Creole town, his town, to Madame Delphine's, to Jean à Poquelin's, to Belles Demoiselles plantation, to his home. I don't know what Cable is like now. He writes me once in a while, and he came to London some years ago and was taken up by a strange lot and I never saw him there. Then, he was just Cable, just a workman, proud of his work and his family, his church and his town. I found soon that in the French Quarter it was just as well not to know Cable, for at that time the Creoles could not stand him—I don't know why—but I think it was mainly because of *THE GRANDISSIMES*, and the famous scene of Raoul Innerarity and "Louisiana refusin to hanter the Unyon." But it is all vague—forty-two years ago—and I never made a note. Those were

delightful days I spent drawing in courts, on plantations, atop the levee, up the bayous—new subjects, but the subjects of Rico and Fortuny, about which I raved, as did the other illustrators. These Masters were far better worth study and far more difficult to follow than the slipshod methods and clumsy gods of the present, and that is the reason why they are not followed. All day I worked, stopping only to buy fresh bananas for lunch, if I had any, and thinking of the good dinner with wine which I learned to drink at night, for I became a pensionnaire at Madame's, and my dinners with wine cost eighty cents. "Don't you wish you did not have to eat?" a new American said to me the other day. "No, I wish I did not have to do anything else," I answered. But it was wasted, she had never dined, and a million like her are in the land to-day cocksure in the "valor of ignorance."

ONE morning, after a great storm, there was a telegram from HARPER'S: "The New Orleans levee will break and destroy the city; draw it." So, though I could not see any signs of the catastrophe save that the ships and steamboats looked down, more and more down, on the town as the river rose, I did it—the river breaking in and the first house going over. I was on the spot and drew the house, Canal Street a torrent, horse cars upside down, the Cathedral spires jammed with people, the prisoners in the calaboose drowning, and all the rest of it. I sent the drawings off to HARPER'S WEEKLY—and the levee didn't break and the article did not appear. I forget if they paid for it. But the levee did break below the city, and a long day Cable and I passed there, watching the water tumbling, roaring, rushing through the crevasse and spreading out over the cane fields, the odor from the sugar mills on the other side of the flood



G. W. CABLE • PORTRAIT BY ABBOTT H. THAYER FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS • THIS PORTRAIT A MONOCHROME WAS ENGRAVED BY TIMOTHY COLE AND PUBLISHED IN THE CENTURY • THAYER, COLE AND I ALL BECAME MEMBERS OF THE ACADEMY AND I SUCCEEDED TO THE CHAIR FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY THAYER

filling the air. On the levee a long line of darkies, each with a little bundle and a big umbrella, tramped toward the town, and the planter on his big horse in front of his big house, said: "See them niggers—you give 'em freedom—now they're getting it. 'Fore the waw Id had to feed 'em for six months; now they can feed themselves or you Yanks can." This was not so long after the Civil War, and those were real experiences and not inexperience as we had of the World War. The people down there had been through the war; up in the North I don't believe the patriots knew any more about the Civil War than about the World War—those who stayed home and did the shouting, when the world died.

OTHER days we would cross to Algiers where the darky quarters still stood and the darkies still lived more or less as they did before the war. And there were days on plantations; days in and about the old prison, murderers and boys and debtors wandering loose together from sunrise, cooped up in cells at sunset, when the foul black bats, like the spirits of crime, with ghoulish chatterings, came out in clouds from under the eaves and flew shrieking about the dismal deserted square; visits to the old voodoo priestess from whom we could get nothing; and to the battlefield, where we got full evidence of the stupidity of the British in one of the few battles they ever fought by themselves, and of course were beaten—they even had Hessians in the Revolution and were beaten then; and visits to people who had done things, like Judge Gayarré and Lafcadio Hearn, I think, who was there, though I heard he treated Cable scandalously, just as more than one thief and imitator did later; and visits to church, morning, afternoon and evening, with Cable and his family, after a day

of which Mark Twain said, "I got nearer to Heaven than I hope I ever shall again." But a little later he had a birthday and Cable made each of his friends send Mark an unpaid telegram of congratulation, and he was delighted till the bill came and it was about a hundred dollars. And E., the day Cable died, just as this chapter was going to press, reminded me that one morning, when Cable was singing and talking in our city, Major Pond sent us a telegram telling us to come at once to his hotel. I found her, and we went, and there was Pond looking most serious, and he took us upstairs and into Cable's room and he was in bed, and we were frightened. But as we commenced to ask what had happened, Cable sprang out of the sheets and blankets full dressed, and I took the party to the old Bellevue and we had so good a lunch that Cable told Pond he must stop there the next time, but that excellent lunch served by the excellent Bolt nearly bankrupted me. And I remember too that the last time I saw Conant of HARPER'S WEEKLY just before he disappeared, and the only time I ever dined with the Clover Club, which I found stupid, was in the old Bellevue. A little later Lavery came to America and stopped there and he had been told to beware of mosquitoes for they would poison him. And so, when he returned late at night it was in the fall, he shut his windows before he lit the gas, and then got undressed and into bed, and just as he was falling asleep he heard a loud buzzing. He jumped up, lit the light, hunted all over the room, but could not find the beast. He lay awake a long while before sleep came and then, all of a sudden, he was waked again by the buzzing, but again could find nothing. He looked out of the window and then he saw and knew that it was the last trolley at night and the first in the morning which

New Isl's
May 31, 1884.

Dear Joseph:

This will reach you
just in time. Joy to you!
Ever increasing joy! Kiss the
bride for us. You have my
heart with you wherever
you go.

Your pictures are framed
hanging in the parlor & hall &
my house is beautified thereby,
even beyond my expectation.

Yours truly
G. W. Cable

LETTER FROM G. W. CABLE TO JOSEPH PENNELL CONGRATULATING HIM ON
HIS MARRIAGE TO MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS AT PHILADELPHIA JUNE 4 1884

he had heard. They did not have trolleys in Glasgow in those days, but we did, and mosquitoes too.

THERE was a trip when a schooner was hired and the Frenchman came along, a mysterious Frenchman who wore a helmet and eyeglasses. We picked the schooner up on Lake Pontchartrain and meant to sail up and down the bays and bayous, but the wind and tide did not mean us to, and we spent days amongst islands inhabited only by distant flamingoes and near pelicans with everlasting alligators on the shore. The Frenchman—who was later to mix up diplomacy and brick-making in Mexico—had a passion for sport, but he was so near-sighted he had to jam his eyeglasses on and hold his pith helmet while he let off his gun at the pelicans, who stared at us and looked at him sadly as they shook the shots out of their feathers. The alligators merely opened their eyes and shut their mouths when he fired at them before they rolled off their logs. I recall trying to control a jibing boom which chucked me right out of the ship; and the mosquitoes; and the big seas in the river down by Eads Port and Pilot Town. In the evenings we would pull up by an island and the captain would make wonderful gumbo soup and mix rice and tomatoes and things out of cans, for there was nothing but sand and pelicans on the islands. Then Cable would sing, and sometimes tell a new story—and down there I heard for the first time of Lost Island—and all this was before he sang or talked in public. But at last we gave in to the head winds, boarded a steamer coming up the river and it brought us back to town.

NO one could have been kinder than Cable and some of the people to whom I had letters, for my mother died while I was down there, and my father

almost died too. But I made my drawings and ate my dinners at Madame Antoine's, and helped by the people I met, the time passed quickly, if sadly. Carnival came and I did that for HARPER'S WEEKLY, and Parsons, the Art Editor, said he would only print the drawing I sent if I signed my name to it, so afraid of it was he, and I answered—I had learned how to answer editors—that I would not let him print it if my name was not signed to it. There was also a series of etchings of the houses in which Cable's people lived, and Mr. Edward L. Tinker pointed out to me that Lafcadio Hearn wrote an article about them in THE CENTURY, but I do not remember ever seeing him. There was also a scheme that Cable and I should go to the West Indies and do them, but it never came off. The Cable work was as interesting as any I ever did, because it took me to a foreign land, as Louisiana was then. How the natives hated Americans. One day, as I was sketching, a Creole man got in front of me and I asked him to move. He felt for his knife, saying, "Hi ham a Creole and you har han Hamerican, and for feefty censa I will cut you hinto small piesces." But there were Creole ladies; and how charming they were and what times we had. The last I saw of Cable he stood on the levee, seeing me off, beside him Jefferson Davis, seeing his daughter off to New York. I got back and the Editors liked the drawings. Some of them had character. I learned what sunlight was, tried to draw light, learned something of beauty of form, and that the South was not the North, and people seemed to like them too, but they only made me want to see new subjects. They were all engraved on wood and printed well, most of them. There was something else when one returned. Drake would give you a cast, or a Russian lamp, or a coin, with your voucher, which you

presented at a straight and narrow brass-barred window to a most severe cashieress, who glared at you as she paid out the notes and it seemed as if she was tearing out her heart, and she scared every artist to death. Only, if it was near lunch or dinner time, there was Drake behind you, and he carried you off to Dorlan's and fed you on scallops, or else home to dinner and to a show and afterwards gave you lobster and porter at midnight, in the dear, dead days.

BEFORE I left the office the morning I arrived from New Orleans, Gilder asked me to go to Italy and illustrate a series of articles with Howells on Tuscany. Then I hurried off to Germantown, my father alone, my mother dead, the house shut up, but there was a year of work before I went to Europe—then the hope and the dream of the young artist. But in those days American artists were properly trained, studying here with the hope of Europe. Now we have scarce a

decently taught painter and the ignorant duffers glory in their ignorance and in that they have never been to Europe. They steal their art from photographs and fake it in museums—just as the British did in the mid-Victorian age, which is our age here to-day.

IF this country is to become a world power in art we must adopt world methods—or the coming artists must—we must carry on tradition. Students can be trained in some of our art schools perfectly well up to a certain point—but after that, despite the great and still growing collections here which can be and must be studied if we mean to progress, the student must travel, here first if you like, and then abroad to see the old work in place and to see how it was created to fit in with its surroundings and to see the men and the methods of the present, and learn from both. This was the method of the past, the right one; the way Dürer worked in the past, Abbey in the present.



A FULL RIVER FROM THE LEVEE · PENCIL DRAWING ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY W. R. POWELL

[1882]

CHAPTER X: THE JOURNEY TO EUROPE · THE CROSSING · LONDON · MEET ABBEY AND PARSONS · PARIS · DOWN TO ITALY · MY IMPRESSIONS OF HOWELLS AND FLORENCE



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS AND MISS MILDRED HOWELLS · FROM THE RELIEF BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS · NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE HOWELLS FAMILY · DONE AT A LATER DATE

AS I said, the Editors asked me the day I returned from New Orleans to go to Europe and illustrate, with twelve etchings, a series of articles to be written on Tuscany by W. D. Howells. They offered me for a print from each plate I should etch fifty dollars, my passage out and back, and a railroad ticket to Florence from London. I knew my name would be made and I jumped at the chance of six months' work for six hundred dollars. I thought I was paid like a prince for the plates, and in the end I was. Later I found out that the Editors had offered the same, or a larger sum to Charles A. Platt, and he had refused it. Well, I am now known in Europe artistically, and the etchings made me known. An illustrator receives more publicity from

a magazine which publishes illustrations than any other artist, for though large numbers of people may see in one city an art exhibition, an illustrated magazine is an art gallery for the world—or was in those days, now I fear the illustrator must do other work to be remembered. Even Drake used to say what he had done was not remembered—but his name will not altogether die. The same day they paid me for my four months' work in New Orleans—before the drawings were published. I am giving these figures and facts for one purpose—to show that I loved my profession as an illustrator; for I was now an illustrator, and I worked at it because I loved it. My father was not so enthusiastic. He said I would have earned far more by this time from the railroad. But

I earned enough to live as I wanted to live and was to have the chance to make the etchings. I do not know what others got, or get; and I do not care. I accepted the Italian commission with one aim in view. I wanted to do the etchings, and to see Europe and to study art. The pay helped me to try to do better work than my rivals and by such aid I have been able to keep on drawing and etching all my life, and my knowledge of Europe and European art has enabled me to see America. That is the oneway, by study and travel in Europe, not by sulking at home, that the best American art has been created. The present belief that art is an easy road to fortune I know nothing about, save from the letters and inquiries of students asking me to direct them to it, or by watching some of my students waiting for inspiration, or American painters hanging on to millionaires. Art means the hardest work in the world, and the more ability the artist has, the harder he works. Unless he can win in art by fighting for a position among his fellows as an artist, he is worse than nobody. But art has become the business of nobodies, the occupation of art masters, the sport of those who would do good to art and who encourage failures, a refuge for incompetents who fill art schools, especially those out to make money and a social standing quick—the art does not matter—and for newspaper reporters who call themselves critics. Recently I talked to an art school with two thousand pupils and I was careful to tell them I did not believe two of them would ever become artists. I have not been asked to talk there again. I was asked to award prizes at another art school, and as the works in competition were not signed, I gave the prizes to the three I thought best. I was told by the master; after I had

awarded the prizes, that they were all by the same student. The master asked me to change the awards. I refused. He told me I knew nothing about teaching art, which was to give as many prizes to as many pupils as possible. That would attract students, and he was paid by fees. That is not the way I teach—I do not offer prizes to my pupils.

THE TUSCAN commission was given me in May, 1882, but I did not start until the following January. There were New Orleans drawings to finish, for I could not then do everything from nature as I try to now. I had made many sketches and studies, carrying out the good ones, trying to correct the bad, and several etchings, which had to be printed. Any sureness of hand or head I may have obtained is entirely owing to the hard training I went through with the definite idea of beating my contemporaries by better work. I also did a number of drawings of old Philadelphia for *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, to illustrate a series of articles by E. on the Bi-Centennial of the City. I was even put on a City Commission for the Celebration; now I am carefully kept off. And together we, E. and I, did a lot of work for a forgotten paper, *OUR CONTINENT*, edited by an almost forgotten author, Judge Turgee. The Art Editor was Miss Emily Sartain—the only trained woman art editor I ever knew, and she did know. The Philadelphia etchings were printed in *THE CENTURY*, with an article by E. They were reproduced wonderfully by wood engraving—the work of wonderful wood engravers. An article by Mrs. Van Rensselaer on American Etchers, most of whom could not etch, also contained wood engravings from my prints. These were amazing examples of misdirected energy, but they were amazing and made, or helped greatly to make,



THE PONTE VECCHIO FLORENCE • THE FIRST ETCHING MADE IN EUROPE • REPRODUCED
FROM THE TRIAL PROOF IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN F. BRAUN OF PHILADELPHIA

American wood engraving known all over the world of art. But a photo-engraving reproduces an etching better—one of the few things it can do well.

IN the same summer of 1882 I went with Mr. Buel and Mr. Johnson to the Union and Confederate Reunions at Fredericksburg and in *The Wilderness*, *THE CENTURY* having begun to collect material for their War Series. The Reunion in *The Wilderness* was the most extraordinary I ever attended. On the battlefield a Confederate parson told how, in the midst of the week of battle, Stonewall Jackson rode out of the Confederate line, into the smoke and fog hanging over the swamp, on the corduroy road, to reconnoitre with his staff, of which the parson was a member; and how, right in front of them, appeared a Northern picket, who shot Jackson down; and how they lifted him up and got saplings and made a litter and carried him back towards the Confederate lines; and how again out of the smoke and fog came a picket of his own men and, taking the group for Northern troops, killed nearly the whole staff—and then he broke down. The Northern men told their version of that story, and "Dixie" was played and "Yankee Doodle," and it ended with "The Star Spangled Banner." Twenty years after, one had only to wander a little way in the swamp to find rusty guns, cartridge cases, skeletons; the unknown soldier rotted where he fell; flies and not Red Cross nurses saw his death. Afterwards both sides talked it out. This Reunion was magnificent, and I saw and heard history at Fredericksburg. One story told by a Confederate officer was that my future brother-in-law, Colonel (now General) Henry T. Douglas, who may have been present at the Reunion, was in command of the Confederate Artillery in the cemetery on a

hill, and he fired away all his shot and shell into the Union forces under Ben Butler, or Burnside, advancing across a level, open field a mile wide, after they had forded the river. And then Colonel Douglas smashed the gravestones and fired them. "Why did you send your men over that river and across that field in broad daylight?" said the Confederate officer. "To win the fight," said Butler—or was it Burnside? "But you didn't, and we kept the graves."

PERHAPS the best story of the Battle of the Wilderness, or any battle, is Stephen Crane's *RED BADGE OF COURAGE*. It is scarcely known, and he and his friend, Harold Frederic, are neglected for the time. It was unbelievable to listen to this exchange of history between the men who made it. Unfortunately most of them could not write, as *THE CENTURY* articles prove, and few who could write did. I have seen the German staff winning the battle of Mars-la-Tour in lectures, given thirty years after, to their young officers on the field, but there were no French officers to tell their side of the fierce fight. I have seen English officers losing sham battles before an audience of Royalty and gentry out for a day's sport. I have seen "the French army amusing themselves," as a peasant said of the manœuvres we once watched, over country they later died for. But never before was seen, never again will be seen, two foes fighting their battles on the field peacefully, certainly not in America, where the spirit of reconciliation is as dead or deadlier than the bloody shirt, or Bok's forgotten peace plan. We have lost the spirit and the faith that won the Civil War, though there was no reason for that war, and it would not have happened had it not been for those who brought it on for their own gain, the

predecessors—not the ancestors—of the prohibitionists, the cowardly, money-loving, decent-living-hating tribe who have wrecked the land they have stolen. Is a prohibitionist or an advertising peace peddler a true American? How much better, cleaner and saner was the world, or these United States, then than now—then, when we lived decently, played decently, ate decently, drank decently, read decent books and magazines, and were happy. Fools, fanatics, reformers, uplifters, advertisers, females and the War have wrecked us and we have become the joke of creation, but a sad joke, and the new Americans are too stupid to see it. But they will, and run, and the country will fall.

MUCH work kept me busy all the fall and was only interrupted by getting out of the studio Poore and I still shared; for we could stand each other no longer. By the end of the year I was ready to start abroad. To the commission for the Tuscan etchings, *THE CENTURY* had added another for drawings, to illustrate an article by Andrew Lang on Edinburgh, which helped out the money problem. But the voyage to Europe was a great undertaking. My father came to New York with me and saw the ship the day before she sailed, and I am sure wanted to go. But he went back to Philadelphia alone and sad the same night—after he kissed me—saying his only friend was leaving him. But I stayed at a boarding house and took a charming young lady I knew to a concert, and she confided in me, and somehow, before I left, I had arranged her engagement with a distinguished young man, and they have lived happily ever since. That was Professor Holmes, who tried to get me on the Government Survey. On the steamer I was shown, by a Canadian, a copy of the latest

CENTURY, with “The Voyage of the Mark Twain” in it, and I became a big person, for it meant far more than to be in *THE CENTURY* than it ever could now to be among the ads. of *THE LADIES’ HOME JOURNAL*, and to different people, too. I do not remember anything about the voyage on the Alaska, except that I was in the bows under a donkey engine and it was always at work; and when I escaped it, to go to the dining saloon that adjoined the galley, the smells were solid, for it was so rough everything was sealed up, save the concert for the millionaire sailors’ mission, which was held as usual. I do not even remember getting to Liverpool. But I do remember going over with the Canadian to Chester and eating a “veal and hammer” in the Rows and seeing my first cathedral, and on to Oxford, and staying at the Mitre, and bumping my head and stubbing my toes continually in that respectable home of uneven antiquity. And then we went on to London, but I cannot imagine how we came in at Charing Cross; or my impressions are confused with those of a few months later, when I came back from Venice. Certainly it seems as if it was then that I first crossed a bridge and saw and smelt London—the sight and the smell that have never left me, though, little did I think that for more than thirty years I would know this sight and this smell every day and every night from our windows.

I PUT up at the Craven Hotel, as my Canadian advised me. He had been fearfully impressed because Leland had given me a letter to Walter Besant. I was rather impressed myself as I left it at the Savile Club. In answer, Besant promptly asked me to a dinner of the Rabelaisians to meet Lowell, and at that I was so scared that I left London almost

at once. In the meantime, I had been to Cassell's, where I learned that Henley was the Editor of *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, though Henley never let it be known, or signed his letters, as a good editor does not; and he gave me a commission to do Urbino. I went also to *THE ART JOURNAL* and got another on Barga, both to be written by Vernon Lee. And I went to Harper's at Sampson Low's, where I met W. M. Laffan, and he took me to Abbey and Parsons' studio, where I saw them for the first time, and they gave me my first drink of whisky, and Comyns Carr, coming in, tried on the corsets of the model, who was posing for "Sally in Our Alley," and asked us all to dinner. And Abbey told me that Leighton wanted to see me, having seen my etchings, and I got more frightened than ever and eager to be off for Italy. Had I stayed, of course, like almost all the rest of the American artists then in London, I should have become an R.A.; but I have now so many other Academies that one more does not matter. Before I left London I lunched at the Cheshire Cheese, the only place I could find open on Sunday, save St. Paul's—and that only for service—the pubs only open between services—and as I went out of the Cheese, full of pudding and porter, one waiter said to the other, "Gent 'asn't guv me nothink; 'e wants to guv yer some-think 'Arry." And I dropped all the silver I had in his hand. And in London too, I felt that horrible loneliness in the big crowds in the streets of the big city.

ON the way to Paris I held the hand of a French maid on the steamer, but she helped me when we landed, for my French even after New Orleans did not go far. In Paris I ran into Platt, who had come over before me. He gave me a lunch that was better than those in New Orleans and took me to the Luxembourg, where

—or it must have been in an exhibition—I saw Bastien Lepage's "Joan of Arc." I was paralyzed by it. How it has changed,—or is it I who have changed?—since I got to the Metropolitan. And then, after trying to talk French when I got lost, coming home at midnight—I was stopping at the Hotel Castiglione, where I had spent a lot of the six hundred dollars—I started for Florence. On the way down to Italy I remember only five things. The sunset view from the train at Lugano, which was heaven—I have never seen it since and shall never see the like of it again. The man in the compartment with me who took off his shoes and set them up on the seat opposite—we were alone—and talked to them and beat them, just before we got to the St. Gothard tunnel; I left the carriage at Göschenen, which was probably what he wanted. The climb up in the winter snow, dark and cold to the dreary, coal smoke laden, black tunnel, and the sun, warmth and beauty of Italy where we came into spring leaving winter behind. The dark streets of Milan, the hotel bus, and the Dazio man who stuck his head in and scared me to death when he looked at me and asked me if I had anything to declare, in Italian, of which I did not understand a word, for I thought him a brigand and the whole thing a hold-up. And the morning after, the view coming down the mountains to Pistoia, all Tuscany beyond, and then the city of Florence and the Hotel Minerva. I did not see Howells till after dinner, when he took me to his rooms and introduced me to the family. He did not like me, I somehow felt at once, and I don't think he ever did. But the family were charming. He was most impressed with himself then. He and James were the American authors; they even got in *PUNCH*, standing on each other's heads and only

reaching Thackeray's knee. Though Howells stood me while in Italy, I know I was very fresh, he had little use for me and never praised anything I ever did, though he did buy two Venetian drawings. Finally he forgot to answer my letters, and took in the end to illustrating his travel books with commercial photographs. His want of interest in art, or in my art, is characteristic of many of the authors with whom I have adventured. And yet, he was connected with artists and his son is an architect and cared for things even then, and his daughter was a charming *LITTLE GIRL AMONG THE OLD MASTERS*. I do not know why it was, but we were not simpatico, even from the beginning. But I went to Italy to make my etchings and they were what I cared for. All day and every day I worked at them, drawing them straight on the plates, and that is why they and all other proofs by

etchers who draw from nature on the copper are reversed in printing. I even tried to bite them out of doors as I drew them—Hamerton had recommended that—but only once, for I could not see and I swallowed the fumes of acid as I bent over the flat easel which held the bath, and then I upset that. One experiment was enough, but the crowd enjoyed it, especially when the fumes ate the skin off my throat and I spat blood all about, and they wanted to send for the Misericordia brothers and take me to a hospital, but by that time so great a crowd had gathered that the police came out and drove us all away. The poor artist always draws a crowd he don't want, the poor pedlar rarely gets the crowd he longs for, and the police move us both on. But sometimes the artist turns. Whistler would threaten to stab the nearest with a needle. I could spatter them with ink as I pretended to clean my dirty clogged up pen.



ON THE ARNO · ETCHING MADE IN FLORENCE 1883 · FROM THE PROOF IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY · PUBLISHED FIRST AS A WOOD ENGRAVING IN THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

[1883]

CHAPTER XI: FLORENTINE DAYS · A WINTER IN ITALY WITH HOWELLS · DUVENECK'S BOYS AND OTHERS I BEGIN TO ILLUSTRATE TUSCAN CITIES FOR THE CENTURY



THE SWING OF THE ARNO PISA · WOOD ENGRAVING FROM THE ETCHING BY R. C. COLLINS
PRINTED IN THE CENTURY · TO ILLUSTRATE ONE OF HOWELLS' ARTICLES ON TUSCAN CITIES

ONE or two days and nights of the respectability of the Minerva Hotel, where the Howells were staying, was enough for me. I may have been enough for the Howells family. They dined in their rooms and I was invited; but I mostly went to the table d'hôte, for I was very young and very keen, and wanted to see new Italians. I found British old maids. So when Howells saw that I did not appreciate the hotel, he suggested a lodging with a respectable Swiss lady who had a number of German archæological or architectural

authorities and C. Howard Walker, just back from discovering Cyprus or Cythera, or somewhere, for boarders. Here I was to learn Italian. One lesson given in German by the Swiss landlady was all I had; I had had one in Philadelphia, before I left, from a Hungarian Jew; with these two my language lessons ended. The first night in the pensione was very cold and what is called a frate was put in my bed. Now a frate is a long-handled scaldino, and a scaldino is a covered copper dish to hold burning charcoal, and they stick it under the bedclothes within a frame-

work to keep it from setting the bed afire, and leave it there to warm the bed. When the bed is hot and you are ready to turn in, you should put the apparatus outside the door. I kept it in my room and, in a heavenly state of comfort, blew out the smelly Roman three-wick oil lamp and went to sleep. Some time later, I found myself in my nightgown being hammered and punched and rapidly rushed up and down in my bare feet in the snow on the flat roof of the house. And when I became sufficiently roused, I was told in many tongues that no one was sure whether I was an utter fool or a determined suicide, as I had shut myself up in my room with a burning pan of charcoal. Whether they smelt the charcoal or missed the scaldino, I do not know, but they got me out in time. I had a headache for a week.

I HAD had enough of friendly help and chose a place for myself on the Borgo Ognissanti—a big flat of two rooms with a fireplace and a terrace. I think it cost twenty-five francs—maybe fifty—a month. I could have my coffee and rolls and a light; nothing else. I chose it because it was opposite the American Consulate, and I had my letters sent there. I told Howells what I had done. I think he was alarmed. I told him the padrone spoke French, though I could not understand it; it was perfect Florentine, he chuckled his h's about like a Cockney. Howells suggested that I should still dine at the hotel. Incidentally, I might say the Florentines called him "Woulsey", while I became "Pennelli senza i." His brother-in-law, Larkin Mead, the sculptor, who lived in Florence, said that he would look after me and introduce me to "the boys" who dined at a trattoria in the Via Guelfa near him. He took me there; they were "Duveneck's boys", or what was left of them—Rolshoven, Grover, Freeman and Mills—and he dumped me

down on them. But anybody who had not studied with Duveneck was nobody. I thought I should learn Italian now, and it was the purest Florentine I acquired. To this day I ask for a *hasa* and a *havallo*, or a *hamici*, and say *ja*. Mead impressed them with the fact that they must look after me, or at any rate endure me. The trattoria had no name, only a number on the house, and I forget that. For us it was The Trattoria. It was an ordinary trattoria, mostly wineshop in front, then counter to left, tables to right; a vaulted passage next, rooms branching out on either side, the favorite one so narrow that the first man went to the further end of the table and the rest took their places on each side as they came in. Didi, the pretty little lame daughter, who waited—there was another older one who married at once—either spun the plates along the table or else climbed on it or crawled under it when she served. I don't suppose we could have found a worse and more expensive place of the sort in Florence; but we loved Didi, and she loved us, and when anything happened, burst into tears and violently embraced whoever was nearest. The mother was rather cross and the father was only heard growling in the kitchen. If the menu was limited, we invented new names for it. Only a few come back; *dotteri nocie*, *stickei ostra* and *bestecca*, of which there were varieties; *bestecca di manzo* and *bestecca di bestecca* for swell occasions. One of the other words is the equivalent for nuts; the other is translated toothpick, and *bestecca* might go in Volapük. All Florence got to know of that trattoria and all sorts and conditions of men—and a few women—came: Howells, Mead, William Sharp, Stillman, I think James Bryce, the Duke of Teck, "the only Jones", and all the other artists save Arthur Lemon, who said he would not go in, once he saw the out-

side. The most constant was Arnold Böcklin, whom "the boys" loved. He would come, talk long over the bad dinner with Rolshoven in German, get the salad bowl or a soup plate and soap from his pocket, then take his pipe or a straw, and make soap bubbles, looking at them with the little smelly three-branched lamp behind. And there it was in that trattoria, with soap bubbles in a soup plate, that Böcklin found his iridescent dreams of beauty; or I suppose so, for I was totally unable to exchange anything with him but smiles. They said he had a fountain too, up in the Villa Landor where he lived, with a basin about as big as a bathtub, and that Venus and Aurora and mermaids and mere men sported there beneath the cypresses, as you may see them in the German and Swiss galleries to-day. The popularity of the place when I arrived was not so great; "the boys" had just moved in. There had been another out by the Porta Romana, in which many decorations, mostly in charcoal, had been made by Duveneck, Alexander, Bacher, De Camp, and the rest. These became famous and "the boys" determined to give their lady friends a dinner and show them. The padrone prepared a banquet and, to have things perfect, an hour or so before the company arrived covered the decora-

tions with whitewash. Then they moved to the Via Guelfa and the padrone was disgusted with "the boys."

OTHERS came at times. There was the Sunday-school teacher from Canadara, who had abandoned wife, family and country in order to learn to paint in Italy. Then he was going to the Holy Land to paint that — and, eventually, something was to happen in Skaneateles. What did happen to the kindly giant, I do not know. And there was another artist man who had made enough, touching up pictures in churches at home, to travel abroad and study. He always had his receipted bills in his pockets and they read something like this:

To rebuilding a fiery furnace for Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego . . . \$2.50

To making one new blue heaven and setting 19 golden stars therein . . . 4.18
To arraying Solomon in all his glory . . . 7.29

Another had ideas on dress reform and one day turned up in a toga. The next day he did not appear, but on the following he did, clothed and, for the moment, in his right mind, and explained that the night before the toga had blown off and he had had complications with the stupid police, especially after he had called them imbecile; but Bunce, passing through Florence, had paid his fine. Still he spent



TIMOTHY COLE PAINTED BY HIS SON · DIPLOMA PORTRAIT IN THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN · COLE WAS AT THIS TIME BEGINNING HIS WOOD ENGRAVINGS FOR THE CENTURY OF OLD ITALIAN MASTERS



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS • CHALK DRAWING IN THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS BY WILFRID M. EVANS • A SKETCH FROM LIFE MADE AT A MUCH LATER PERIOD

the night in the cells of the Bargello, or some such place. He afterwards chose to array himself as an early Florentine, and so arrayed attended a tea party. He often adapted costumes he found in old pictures to his requirements. Another time his whole family moved from their lodgings outside the town, with all their belongings in wheelbarrows. The Dazio people demanded duty at the gate, and they left barrows and all and walked into the town with only the things they had on their backs. He is now internationally famous, and only lately I awarded him a grand prix at an international exhibition.

AND there was Forepaugh, who had invented a great actress, and knew everybody and everything. But the only thing I ever found he really did know was the best cantina to go to for a glass of wine. And he could tell a good story, but I never remember him doing a stroke of work or even pretending to. We would go to a *caffè*, opposite the side of a palace, at midnight, buy hot rolls, borrow tumblers, then cross the street, knock at the little window in the palace wall, and for two soldi wine was handed out to us through the window. This was the way the Florentine nobles sold their vintage. We went back to drink it and eat our rolls, while he spun yarns between drinks till dawn. And the stories he could tell! One day he was lunching with Olcott or Sinnett, the prophets of Madame Blavatski, and one or the other lived in Irving's rooms on Bond Street. He and Forepaugh got talking about astral bodies and mahatmas and esoteric things and he said: "You dont believe. Well, I'll show you. Hold on to the table." "I held," said Forepaugh. "It rose up with all the things on it, us hanging on, sitting in our chairs, went out through the window with us sitting at it, sailed down the middle of Bond Street at

the height of the third-story windows, over the hansoms and four-wheelers and busses, round the lamp-post by Egyptian Hall, and back again over the cabs and busses, came in through the window, and we sat down with a bump. 'Now,' said he, 'do you believe?' 'No,' said Forepaugh, 'give me another drink'—But I held on like hell." And there were musicians and opera singers that were to be. The one I loved best of all had a lisp. He was to be the great American tenor. When one day I asked what part he would sing in Faust, as he was to be in it, he retorted magnificently, "I am F-F-ausht!" But I cant write the lisp. Then there was the New Englander with a *château* in Provence who engineered an encyclopædia, with a stutter, and he would meet you with, "Y-y-yes, it-it-it is-is a-a-a-a"—then he would slowly spell "v-e-r-y f-i-n-e d-a-y"—and at last burst out, "You bet it's a bully fine day!" And the man from Chicago, sent by a trust. He received one hundred dollars on the first of each month and on the second we had the best part of it inside us. But those feasts were given at Doni's, not at the trattoria, and I, the outsider, was seldom asked. I wasnt "a boy." He was an artist. His trouble was to find a model for his young Sophocles, for no one was as beautiful as he, and he could not pose and work at the same time; "but get him half drunk and he could talk any language except Eytalyan!" Poor Donahue.

THE man loved best of all was the amateur, if he was rich. He could introduce "the boys", if he would, or he could be taught to appreciate them. Now, money was no object to us, but at times a necessity. Some things had to be paid for at once—stamps and cigarettes—all things sometime, and in those days art students were utterly honest. Bills might run on or run up, but I never heard of a man who

did not pay in the end. They were ignorant of up-to-date methods of not paying and running away. Therefore, the rich were cultivated, not to say pursued, for they could pay, and so they were useful. There was scarcely a tea or a dinner, a ball or a picnic, in which "the boys" did not figure prominently, or try to. They even went to church and the Parson sometimes and the Consul once dined with us. One reason I was never altogether liked was because I had come to Florence with a commission to make etchings. They, inspired three years before by Whistler when he was in Venice, were occasionally doing them. I had money; it worked out at fifty dollars a month. I meant it to last a year, after I got over. That is what I spent, and that fifty dollars included everything—railway journeys to Siena, Pisa, and, finally, Venice. Some months I saved a lot. The others lived on the future and hope—and their friends. In the future, they would all become—and most are—known. There was the memory of Giotto behind them; before them the hope that a Roman cardinal or an American millionaire would discover them, or rather they would discover him; and they went into all sorts of adventures with this in view. But the most popular, or rather the simplest, method, and the most successful, was to marry a rich girl; and for this all tried, and a few were chosen. But with my fifty dollars a month I was an outsider. I had certainty; they had faith in themselves and the Florentine world trusted them. It was spring in Tuscany.

I was not alone in being disliked. There was a man—English, of course, and we loathed the English—who got forty dollars from some idiot every time he made a sketch. Then there were the English traveling students with one thousand dollars a year. They would scarce condescend

to speak to us. And there was the first American student with fifteen hundred. We hated him worse than all. We were working for fame; these creatures had money to buy it—money to spend. But they would not spend it on us—or with us. I knew none that ever gave a dinner to us—or even stood a glass of vermouth or tamarindo, or a sigarro Toscano. Abroad now, every student of art has a scholarship or a patron or is in an Academy. They live in their palaces, boarding houses, clubs, dine in tea rooms and are looked after by benevolent collections of millionaires, safe from the contamination of the foreigner. And now we have an Academy in Rome.

BUT the encouragement of art as now practised is a curse. No artist can be made by it and not a few painters and sculptors are ruined. The man who starts by winning a scholarship and a thousand dollars for three years has a far harder time to get on when his scholarship ends than he who has had to fight his way through every sort of difficulty for himself. Even the French know this, and if it was not for sentimental, political and financial reasons, the Villa Medici would be closed to-morrow, though the French and Spanish students are very different from the American, and the French and Spanish Academies are government institutions. Yet a few men have come through the American Academy without harm. Some have even made a name for themselves on their return. Then, the decorative fad, the belief that any painter can make a decoration, had not been invented. There was the story of a commission given Duveneck—a Columbus—and he was always going to do it. Now infant prodigies decorate schoolhouses for practice when not studying comics, while the only great decorator—save Whistler and Hunt—that America has produced, John La Farge,



THE SKYSCRAPERS OF FLORENCE 1883 • PALACES IN THE OLD MARKET AND VASARI'S FISH
 MARKET TO RIGHT • ETCHING • THE PLATE IS REVERSED • FROM A WOOD ENGRAVING BY
 R. C. COLLINS • PRINTED IN THE CENTURY • TO ILLUSTRATE HOWELLS' TUSCAN CITIES

could scarcely get a commission from the artless architects who mostly have standardized their art in this land.

JOURNALISTS came to the trattoria and the papers at home and in Europe reeked with announcements of what "the boys" were going to do, and what I was doing. And over that there was a row, for though all wanted to do things and tried to, any one who did was an outsider. All day, each in his studio worked at a masterpiece and gave receptions—at least they did—to show its progress. We had coffee and rolls twice a day and called it breakfast and lunch. Then we dined for about a franc and a half, if not invited out, and went round the corner to the Piazza Indipendenza, and there in the Circo Nazionale we either saw the Duse, then the wife of the Manager Rossi, play for twenty-five centesimi—I only saw her that winter, for I hate the theater—or we introduced special stunts for the American clown. Both had turns, but the audience, or our part of it, enjoyed the clown more than the Duse. For months this went on. Rolshoven painted a picture; Forepaugh told stories; Böcklin blew soap bubbles; Grover collected rings; and I made my etchings. Some of them are, I know, good, and even the world has said so. They were all done out of doors. The first was the Ponte Vecchio and I shall never forget the fury of Stillman, the critic and correspondent, mad on photography, when he found me perched on the parapet of the Lung Arno, and offered to photograph the subject for me so that I could do it more exactly, and I spurned his offer. He was a pupil of Ruskin and Norton, and started as a farmer. I was so pleased with some of my prints pulled on the old wooden press in an old shop behind the Uffizi that I sent them to Ruskin, who kept or destroyed them and never answered my gushing letter; be-

sides, he was then too much interested in Miss Alexander, and her stories and drawings of Florence, to bother about me. Other proofs I sent Hamerton, who did answer and return them, saying he did not accept things from artists, but he gave me a commission—some Venetian drawings—instead, for *THE PORTFOLIO* and remained, with intervals, my friend till his death some years after.

LATE in the winter, there were masked balls, to one of which I actually went with the Howells—the first and last time in my life—and was bored to death. I can't help it, I am made that way. And I used to go to the galleries with *THE LITTLE GIRL AMONG THE OLD MASTERS*, and Howells wanted me to take Johnny to Rome, but I did not. In the spring came the Carnival—and then Easter—the Carro del Scoppio, and the function of smashing the top hats of the English, and other functions, and flowers in and out of the City of Flowers, Firenze. People from home would turn up, to whom the Consul gave lunches, to which I was asked. Afterwards he would take the men to his club and send me off to show the old town to the women. Then Florence was old; all beyond the Via Tornabuoni, and seemed perfect to me, though much had gone. The streets were alleys lined with open shops of craftsmen up to the Mercato Vecchio. The Piazza was a dust heap; on one side Vasari's unfinished fish market, on the other the skyscrapers of the Medici, and the Buonaparti, piling up stories high. I etched them long before there were any in New York. Under them were dark passages, with holes, to drop molten lead on your enemy's head as he went to the Duomo, the dome of which, with the Campanile, soared and composed beautifully over a tangled mass of low roofs before it—the etching of that was de-

stroyed, and the prints too. On the other side was a gossip-crowded fountain. Near by, the new market with the new straw hats and the Medici arms, pawnbrokers' balls, hanging out. Tiny black alleys, a few of which still remain, led to the Arno; in one of them, John of Bologna's Devil was fixed forever, the Florentines believed, to the wall, though I have heard it has been frequently stolen and replaced by copies, each probably acquired by American collectors as the original. The streets were nearly all as narrow as those of Venice and a loaded donkey would block them, while a party of British or German tourists guided through them made a sensation. We worked on our plates and finally there was an exhibition by "the boys", but Bradley, the English etcher, and I were rejected. Already, American art was the only art that existed for Americans, and the only Americans were "Duveneck's boys."

HOWELLS waited for the spring and roses to go to Pisa, Lucca and Pistoia. Before we started, I grounded some plates in my big room in Florence. The alcohol for heating them was used up and I took turpentine instead, and the fire department of Florence was almost called out with its one engine and solemn members who walked to fires led by a bugler. Later the spring nights were full of beauty and mystery, as they still are. But no longer are the sick brought from the dark alleys by the shrouded white or black Misericordia brothers, awfully picturesque, and carried in horrid closed litters, the way lit by flaring torches, to the hospital, though the brothers still do their good work at the solemn call of the bell. No longer do the bel' giovanni march the streets, humming like a great mandolin, one singing the words, in the summer nights. There were days, too, of excursions,

always on foot. I remember a wonderful one with Arthur Lemon from Pontè a Mensola to Vincigliata, then along the hilltop to Fiesole. How often have I done it since? There were no trolleys to Fiesole, only an occasional omnibus, always full. Another wonderful walk was outside the Porta Romana with the Stillmans—not one of us was under six feet—an immense success. I also did an article with Stillman, on the Villa Boccaccio, the drawings made from his photographs, but I wrote him a letter later, about what I believed was his criticism of my etchings, printed in *THE NATION* for which he wrote till N. N.—Mrs. Pennell—succeeded him, and the article never appeared. I wonder what *THE CENTURY* did with it? And there was a boating trip to Signa which ended in the shipwreck of William Sharp, owing to his being too heavy to let the boat get over the shallows. I went off to the little cities with Howells and when we came back the others were leaving for Venice. As each went, promising to pay his debt at the trattoria—and I am sure they did—Didi wept and embraced him, and finally my turn came and I wept too. She did not weep so much over me, for I paid my bill and gave her a souvenir. Once, a year after, I came back alone. Didi was changed; the mother was dead; the place was full of contadini, the dinner was worse; I got no embrace. I've never been back since. But it is good to remember.

THERE were about a dozen etchings done in Florence and the surrounding towns of Tuscany. Wood engravings of them were printed in *THE CENTURY* with Howells' articles and shown in many exhibitions. On the strength of them I was made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, and taken, like Whistler in his early days, quite seriously in Eng-

land. The Keppels published them in New York, and then, before I came to Europe again, I smashed the plates. I had a complete set of the prints, but they went in the War, and now I do not know where I could find one. No catalogue was made. I alone remember all the plates which few then wanted. Now that more want them, they cannot be had. As Drake used to say, "All the history I make in the Magazine is vanishing." To preserve it is one reason why I have written this book. But who

can save the art, the literature, the architecture of our country, which is daily being wiped out? Italy is going, too, all old Florence and Rome are gone, Venice went in the War—for the people everywhere hate art, unless, as in Europe, they fear it. Here, from the architect to the hod-carrier, the clay-worker to the sculptor, the commercial artist to the painter, the photographer to the comics man, they destroy it for their own profit. They are amongst the vandals who have ousted us.



THE HARBOR AT LEGHORN · WOOD ENGRAVING FROM THE ETCHING BY R. C. COLLINS · PRINTED IN THE CENTURY · THE MARVELOUS FIDELITY OF THESE WOOD ENGRAVINGS WAS AMAZING

[1883]

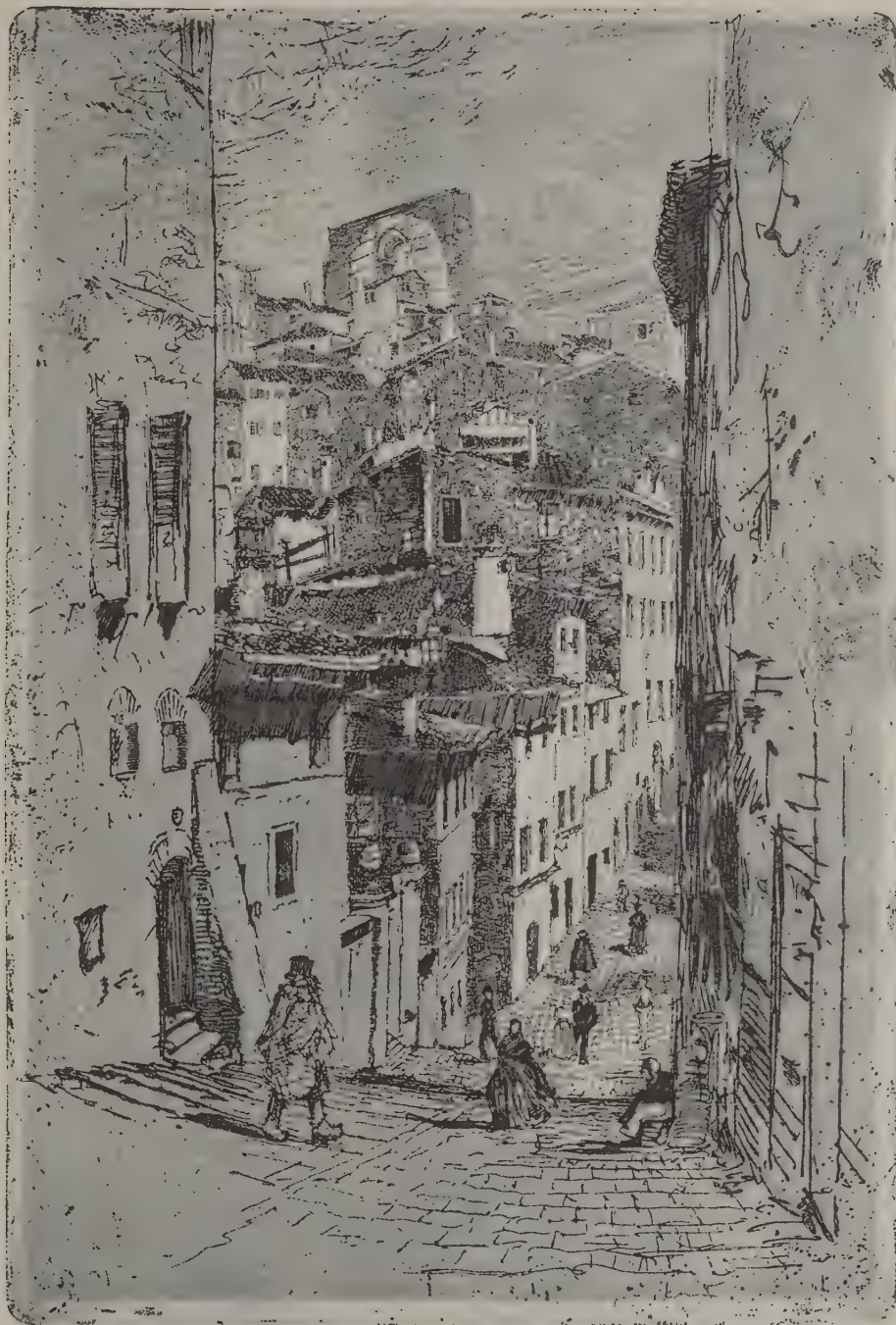
CHAPTER XII: SIENA AND SOME OTHER TOWNS · AN
ADVENTURE IN SIENA · TUSCAN CITIES · LITTLE JOURNEYS
TO PISA LUCCA PISTOIA AND OTHER PLACES ROUND ABOUT



PISA FROM THE LUCCA ROAD · FROM A PEN DRAWING NOW IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY FLORENCE

HOWELLS' first scheme was to include all Tuscany in his articles, but this was not carried out. Twenty years after I did the country with Maurice Hewlett. Howells finally went only to the towns near Florence. In the middle of the winter, the whole Howells family emigrated to Siena, to the Pensione Tognazzi, and he soon sent for me. They took an apartment in the huge Salustio Bandini palace, which he, Howells, rented from a priest. I lived in the garret with an ancient caretaker. We dined in the pensione in the palace, but took no active part in its social life, though endless teas were given, to which the givers endeavored to entice Howells and even me. But it was cold. When I came

I found him in the room in which he wrote with a fire—an awful luxury—his hat and overcoat on, and a mattress on each side to keep off the draughts. But in front, the sun without warmth streamed through the windows, below which stretched gardens to the distant walls; then Osservanza on its hill, and the blue mountains beyond. I had the same perfect outlook from an unwarmed garret. I don't know what he wrote about Siena. I did my plates—there is one I think really good—the great arch of the unfinished cathedral towering over the town. A steep street runs down to the house of St. Catherine and then climbs the opposite hill. As a study of perspective, it is extraordinary, and I remember to this day how I fought that per-



UP AND DOWN IN SIENA · THE STREET RUNS DOWN TO THE HOUSE OF SAINT CATHERINE AND THEN CLIMBS UP TO THE GREAT ARCH OF THE UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL
ETCHING · FROM THE UNSIGNED WOOD ENGRAVING IN THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

spective out and got it right, with numbed fingers, in the bitter cold—I cried over it—but it was all in a day's work, which was to get the subject on the plate, and I did. Set up with that success, I started another—the great archway, beyond which a mountainous alley climbs down to the Piazza, and over this the Mangia soars. I sat there in the cold, though I did not notice it, all the morning. I lunched at the pensione, where I paid, I think, four francs a day, vino santo, which Tognazzi himself brought round, included. And when midday rang out from the Campanile and the other towers, and I tried to get up, I could not; my legs were stiff. I could only yell, and I did when I moved. I could not explain any more than I could move, for I did not know the Italian word for what I did not know was the matter with me. Finally, some one saw something was wrong, so a cab was sent for. Now, I believe there was only one cab at that period in Siena, and it was usually at the far-away station. It came at last; I was lifted, yelling, into it, along with my traps, lifted out at Tognazzi's, and carried, yelling, to my garret. Mrs. Howells suggested a doctor. He was brought in a hurry, prescribed things; but the old cameriera did things. She undressed me, only the upper half of me would work, put me to bed, covered me all over with mustard plasters and then built a wall of hot bricks around me as I yelled; but she cured me. The plate was never finished, nor have I ever had rheumatism like that again. There are some other plates and a number of drawings, but Siena is a very difficult place to illustrate; it wont compose somehow; the sky line is not right. There are things I have since done, high views, looking down on the churches and the fountains. I did one plate of the Fonte Branda, awfully printed, in Florence; it

is gone, all went, all my proofs, in the War. I could make something of it now. There were others of the earthquake arched streets of stairs and glimpses in the beautiful Fortezza. The art I ought to have appreciated in the Academy—or ought I?—the art of Siena still bores me, but I can spend hours in the Piccolomini Library with the Pinturicchios, though I havent been in the museum for years. There is a beautiful Madonna, too, in a church near the Piazza, but what interested me most—and Howells a little—was the life of the place: a man having an argument with his donkey, and finally picking it up, because it would not turn round, and setting it down faced the right way; the swells at the club opposite the caffe; the white oxen that blocked the way; the real Siena in spring and summer, the feast of St. Catherine and the Palio; all these I saw later with E. and Helen and Leland, and later still with Hewlett, and again for James.

WHEN Howells and I went to Pisa, Lucca and Pistoia it was in a rush, such a rush that in Pisa we stopped at the Minerva, not only because it was at the station, but because Howells said he always stopped at the Minerva and there used to be a Minerva in every Italian town. Then we drove that idyllic road to Lucca, looking back on fading Pisa and its towering monuments, looking forward to Lucca, showing over its walls, the young green of the old trees on its dark red bastions; and we walked round the place—we walked everywhere—and he made notes and I made sketches. Thence to Pistoia, where I remember we drove, too, Howells making suggestions for my work, to which I paid no attention. I remember too, that the women in Lucca wore hairpins made of gold wire, now no more, and I bought some; but when they reached Florence, nothing but gold wire was left. At Pistoia

we went to a theater to see "Stentorello" and instead, we had seen so much during the day, we went fast asleep. Howells spent the time on the way back in the train writing up his notes, he virtuously did so every day, and when they were finished talked to a priest and missed the scenery. I returned and did the towns alone, and made my etchings and drawings.

Howells was then at the height of his success and had little time to waste on me. Even then I thought *VENETIAN DAYS* far his best travel book, and I think so still. All this is vague memory of youth, for I made no notes. The etchings and drawings remain, in magazines, museums and collections. They are the only records left of all my work of that delightful time.



THE PIAZZA PISTOIA WITH THE PALAZZO PUBBLICO IN THE BACKGROUND · FROM A PROOF OF THE ORIGINAL ETCHING PRINTED IN THE CENTURY AS A WOOD ENGRAVING

[1883]

CHAPTER XIII: A LITTLE JOURNEY WITH THREE
LADIES · VIOLET PAGET · MARY ROBINSON · EVELYN PICKER-
ING · FROM BEAUTIFUL FLORENCE TO DUCAL URBINO · AND
WHAT CAME OF IT · RETURN TO THE CITY OF FLORENCE

I share your fright of "Mon Lili"
She — (or he as she is frequently called)
is quite overjoyed especially when one
has to wade through a hundred pages of ~~my~~
~~muddled~~ ~~in this style~~



this is not from life
but is much ~~presented~~ ~~travelling~~

SKETCH FROM MEMORY IN A LETTER TO E · MISS ROBINS · WRITTEN FROM FLORENCE 1883

THE other articles I was to illustrate were written by Vernon Lee, to whom Howells introduced me. In her amazing house I met everyone — Russians, artists, authors, diplomats and Mary Robinson — all names and nothing more to me. One more blankly ignorant of all that life never existed. But Florence was a somewhat strange place — expatriated Scotch, English, Americans — some there to save, some because they liked it, some because they had to. What don't I remember? The good dinners of the banker who had a difference with his depositors; Ouida and her dogs, all in the carriage together, and how she hated Livingstone, who could

drive eight horses tandem round two corners without the police stopping him or his seeing where he was going, or what was coming; the pretty English girl who used to give soldi to the counts, when they left the front door of the club and followed her, and she called each one "poverino." And the adventures of the tourists in Italian — those who were sure they could talk it — when overcharged; the one from Kalamazoo who remarked to the cabman, "Si voi credevi qui voi putavi s'accommoda sopra una cittadina Americana voi s'baglato." And the other who had only one horse for a drive and was charged for two courses, "due horse"

[1883]

being the purest Florentine for corse—she had stopped on the way. And in the early morning I would be waked by the Bersagliere, their cock feathers waving, headed by their buglers, trotting back to their barracks from their drill; and in the late evening the men who hummed like a great mandolin, while one sang as they walked the moonlit streets, lulled me to sleep in dear dead Florence.

It was arranged finally that Vernon Lee, Evelyn Pickering—she later married William De Morgan—and Mary Robinson, who married Darmesteter—and then Duclaux—should go to Urbino to do an article on Raphael—it was to appear in connection with some Raphael celebration—and that I should be their chaperon or knight or encumbrance. One May morning we left Florence, second class, and wound up the Val d'Arno by Arezzo and Trasimeno to Perugia. Then no trolley or motor bus carried you to the swell hotel; I don't think the hotel existed. We stopped at a little inn, the Belle Arti, in a dark piazza, in the center of the city, for the ladies said they loved the life. Never shall I forget the first sight of the great plain from the great piazza, by the great gate of the city, far-away Assisi, where we would next stop, glowing in the sunset light high on its hillside. But as we looked, Miss Pickering fell ill, and she was sent back to Florence alone. That evening we three went on a search for the Baglioni, then and now only a name to me, up to the great piazza, where the Pope still blesses every one who passes, then down through the dark, vaulted streets till we came to the blank black wall of the Baglioni Palace. And as we stood there silent, from the mystery round us came an echo of the fight of long ago. Again and again with E. and Helen and alone I have stood before that grim wall in the darkness, but

never since has it given back the sound of battle, the wails of the wounded, the shouts of the victors. It was only a murmur but it was real. Frightened, without words, we came out of the blackness. For we had heard.

NEXT morning we made our plans to start. We hired a carriage with three horses, fine in feathers, and tinkling with bells. The day was spent, after this, in galleries and churches. To me, then as now, the charm was in the city and its character, yet Vernon Lee said, and that was the end of it, "All Italian hill towns are alike and all uninteresting save for their history." That is the author's point of view. We did the Peruginos in the Museum in the piazza, and the Raphaels in the convent outside the walls. In the evening we went again to the Baglioni Palace, but there was not a sound. Next morning we started for Assisi, down the long hill, across the plain by the Etruscan tombs, the Roman remains, to Santa Maria degli Angeli, and then up and up the mountain side to the home of the blessed Francis, Assisi mounting ever above us. At last we came to the gate of the city. No touts acclaimed us for their hotel. We rattled and jingled to the one albergo, and there we were the only guests, the whole town showing the way. The legend of the Blessed Francis was not yet known abroad and had not brought riches to Assisi. Since I have ridden that road more than once. The second time E. and I cycled it on our tandem when we rode and wrote our *TWO PILGRIMS' PROGRESS*. That evening we dined on the terrace beside the Church, as the long lines of light stretched across the plain, touching the Temple in the Valley of the Clitumnus with gold, turning the Tiber to silver and washing the mountains with blue shadows. And when, in the twilight, we asked



DUCAL URBINO STANDING ON ITS GREAT ARCHED FOUNDATIONS. FROM ETCHING MADE IN 1883

the waiter about a map and our road, he confessed that he did not even know the way out of the town, any more than our driver, who explained it by saying that he was "a little bad in his eyes." Next morning we saw the chapels in the Lower Church, and that blue Heaven with its gold stars is still before me; and the ladies raved over the Giotto's in the Upper Church, the first I had seen and I did not understand them. Outside was only a sad city of ruin and poverty. But the driver had found our road. We started and we wound and wound ever up to Gubbio, and down again across a valley, and then came a climb. Two oxen were added and we mostly walked, and up and up we went till at last the high pass opened, and away above was Urbino, beyond another vine-filled valley, the city stretching from mountain to mountain, built on mighty arches. Our coming was known before we reached it, and a crowd awaited the Milors, and rooms and a dinner with little birds were ready. In the morning, the ladies looked up Raphael and I made an etching of the City from the valley. I have no idea what Raphael had to do with it, save that he was born there. I think I drew the house. But I do know that I have never seen such a bridge as that on which Urbino stands. At that date, though there were no new artists, in one way I was one, for I never went to see an old picture if I could make a new one; but I was a very young fool.

HERE our triumphal progress ended. First of all there were complications with the drivers of the carriage and the oxen, which I, owing to their knowledge of the language, left to the ladies. But when we started, the landlord, thinking we were successors of Ruskin and "Milors Inglesi," asked the price of his hotel for keeping us in it, the ladies collapsed and I settled matters by handing him a proper sum and saying "Questo o nienti." I found

then that sufficient ignorance of a language is a great advantage—in certain cases. Humbly, alone, without a crowd, we carried our things to the diligence and meekly took our places among the peasants and drummers who filled it. I was on top. Down we started, San Marino on its mountain to the left; below the great plain with Rimini in the midst of it and the sea beyond. In a little while, through the streets of Rimini, we clattered to another dark, dreary palace, turned hotel, upstairs, as most hotels then were. The ladies fell upon Malatesta and I fell to drawing, as I have tried again and again to do, the Roman bridges; but I have never forgotten the majesty of the chapels or the sadness of the grass-grown, silent, empty, palace-lined streets. We discovered, too, that our money had nearly run out. The ladies wanted to see the mosaics at Ravenna, then unrestored, and the Pinetta, then unburned, but there was not enough cash to take us all. So we drew lots—or they did—and the result was that I was sent straight back to Florence, third class, without a centesimo in my pocket to stop in Bologna, or even to buy anything to eat or drink on the way, while they, having won my money, wrote me that they reveled in Ravenna. However, I had my revenge, for I ate a good dinner in Florence and when, after a week they came back and I called, I was told that they were always in bed. They got out eventually, and so did the articles, and the curious may find them, Urbino in *THE MAGAZINE OF ART*, and Rimini in *THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED*. But though we all live, the magazines are no more. This was not my only journey with ladies alone; years later I traveled from one end to the other of Dalmatia with Miss Harriet Waters Preston and her niece Miss Louise Dodge and the articles I did with Miss Preston were also printed in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*.

CHAPTER XIV: THE HOME OF CRISTOFO COLOMBO A WALK IN TUSCANY · CORPUS CHRISTI IN BARGA AND A DINNER WITH THE CITY OFFICIALS · BACK TO FLORENCE



THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE NEAR THE BAGNI DI LUCCA · FROM THE DRAWING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY

LATER in the spring I made a second little journey, this time alone and this time again, to illustrate an article written by Vernon Lee. I hired a carriage in Lucca—I could get no bicycle—and after a detour to see the Devil's Bridge, reached the Bagni in the evening and stopped in a little hotel by the river. Outside the nightingales sang, and, when they stopped, the river rippled on till morning. At sunrise, I started to walk to Barga and the towns round about. It was Corpus Christi, though I did not know it; the article by Vernon Lee had nothing to do with the festa. The road, which I have cycled and motored since over and over, moved up among the dark shadows of the chestnuts and then came out into the open country. Tired of tramping it, I climbed up to the first hill town I saw, wonderful from below with its campanile. Within

its narrow streets all was dismal, all was poverty and squalor; though not the filth the Italian makes when he gets to America. But in America he becomes a different sort of Italian, and he no longer comes from Barga. It was a largish place and as it was a festa, every one was about. There was no inn, only the house with the bush above the door. There was wine, no Chianti, though this is almost its country. There was no meat, though many goats; no eggs, though plenty of chickens; nothing but stale black bread, ancient cheese and sour wine. But after a five-mile walk at sunrise and no breakfast, anything is good. What do these people eat, or do they, as I have been told, learn to live without eating? So we will have to live, because it costs too much to dine, and under prohibition we can't dine decently. But most new Americans have never dined



BARGA AND ITS CATHEDRAL FROM THE CHARCOAL DRAWING IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY FLORENCE

or done anything decently. These hill people were grim and silent. The inn reminded me of the English country "pubs," the most miserable in the world, till now that America has gone dry, with only cereals, cold storage, chewing gum and candy to live on, the new American "eats"—the new American word. I got away as soon as possible. The people were honestly poor, for they scarcely charged me anything, and offered last year's chestnuts and showed me a cut across the high hills to the main road to Barga; and some went with me, till I could see the highway glittering in the light below. As far as I could make out, all the talk was of America, and that they wanted to go there; but we had no prohibition then, though I hear the Italians have all the wine they want in this dry desert to-day. Once back on the high road, I found it filled with the gayest, brightest crowd; and, at last, we wound up into the town of Barga, crowded with people. Mass had begun in the cathedral at the top of the great flight of steps, and before long a procession came out of the church to the peals of the bells and music of the band. First came small girls, carrying great baskets of roses, and as they walked they strewed the streets deep with them, and from the crowded windows and balconies above, draped with hangings, more roses were showered down. Then came the city authorities—the Mayor gorgeous in sash and top hat, then priests, acolytes, and last the Bishop, carrying under a canopy the Host, and finally all the confraternities of the country round, moving over the bed of roses. As the Mayor went by, he eyed me closely. I supposed I had done something, though I knelt with the rest as the Holy Thing passed. While the procession wound round the town, I waited on the great terrace strewn with roses, in the glittering air. As I rested, every little

while crashes of bells surged from the tower of the cathedral and when they ceased, one after the other, all round the valley and up the encircling church-crowned hills, the pealing jangling was taken up by church after church, dying away in the far distance, then coming back nearer and nearer, till the cathedral bells alone crashed out again. Soon the procession returned, for the route was short, and soon the Mass was over. Then straight to me came the Mayor. "You 'Merican, you?" "Yes." "You know Five Pointa, New Yorka?" "Yes." "Yes?—Me I sell him Cristofa Colombo; me—rich man me. Come dinner, you?" I came. Under his own vine and fig tree, on that perfect day, by the side of the church, we dined, looking down on his vineyard bought with Cristofa Colombos, and surrounded by the Common Council of the town, the ecclesiastical dignitaries and distinguished guests from all about. And Cristofa Colombo, the hero and cause of it all, was not there. Every one, save the priests—and some of them, too—knew New York, Boston, New Orleans and San Francisco better than I—had tramped our land, each with his tray of plaster casts, and had sold them; and each one, when he had saved enough, came back and bought his little farm or vineyard and was going to live happily ever afterward. For I then learned that all the sellers of plaster casts come from about Barga. At first they did not quite trust me, for my local knowledge of Italian quarters in big cities in America and Europe was vague, but they had another test: "'Merican soldier here—want talk you.'" A long-haired, white-bearded prophet sat at the table and I was solemnly introduced. His Italian even was not very fluent, only a few words, and he was deaf; but gradually his American all came back: "Me—interpretario, was in war." "What

war?" "Merican War." "What American war, the Revolution?" "Yes; me know Winfield Scott, General United States Grant, General Sherman, Santa Anna—me interpretario for General Scott and Santa Anna, Mexico." And here was a veteran of the Mexican War, without a pension, and not asking for a bonus; but evidently he had made something out of it, for he was one of the magnates of the town, and he went up still higher in official esteem when his American came gradually back to him. I was able, through the Mayor, to assure the company that his story, which they had apparently doubted, was straight; anyway he knew more of the Mexican War than I had ever heard. And then we dined in the shady pergola.

THAT was the first real Italian dinner I had ever had—vermouth and pasticcio and capretto arrosto con piselli and finnochio and dolci of zabione and sempre chianti. But why tell of it to a nation, a hundred millions of whom never had a decent dinner in their lives, and have destroyed by cold storage and prohibition what they had, and cant stand any one else living decently, and who, like the Senator from Georgia, "thank Gaud, we dont eat like Yu-rope-ens." The dinner lasted till Vespers and then there was vino santo and cognac and strega and sigarre Toscane, and we sat on until dark, and the Angelus rang down from the cathedral and was taken up by one church after another low in the valleys, growing fainter,

and farther away by those high in the hills, till it died in the distance toward Volterra, black on the furthest mountain; then it came back, and a last loud burst from the cathedral bells closed the day. If there is anything anywhere more beautiful in this world than the Angelus on Corpus Christi at Barga, I do not know it, and of beauty I know much—and have seen much. Then I had a little supper at the quiet but rather tired-out inn, and in the morning went to work, or tried to, for it was not easy to escape from the patrons of Cristoforo Colombo; and to tell the truth, there was rather a similarity in their stories, and they apparently had no adventures, and they had all prospered, and here they were, and they had little Cristofos—and—ecco! It was so genuine and they were so delighted with their success over there, but I had to work—at intervals. Luckily, there was a festa or market in a day or so, somewhere else, and by the time they came back, I had finished and walked down to the Bagni di Lucca.

THESE people had made their world, they thought, safe for themselves, and now some are killed and some ruined by land and sea grabbers, D'Annunzio and his heroes, who dragged Italy into the War. Italy is finished, killed by the fools who made the War. Those I saw in Barga, thank God, mostly died before, and so escaped the ruin of the world—the wreck that has caught us all who are still alive. Even Mussolini cannot bring that world back.



VOLTERRA DARK ON THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS · FROM A PEN SKETCH MADE AT BARGA

[1883]

CHAPTER XV: SAN GIMIGNANO · A WINTER WALK TO THE TOWN OF SKYSCRAPERS AND SUMMER DAYS WITH- IN ITS WALLS ON REPEATED VISITS DURING MANY YEARS



SAN GIMIGNANO ON ITS MOUNTAIN TOP · PEN DRAWING · SKETCH FROM THE PASSING TRAIN

I HAD been staying for some time in Siena when an English schoolmaster, with whom afterwards I kept up a violent correspondence, which is lost, and whose name I have forgotten, though we both may be famous—or he, too may be—suggested that we go up to San Gimignano. Every one who travels between Pisa and Florence can see its towers on the high horizon from the train near Empoli for a moment, that is, if not playing bridge, reading Ruskin, asleep, or devouring Maurice Hewlett; or if the Italians in the carriage have not drawn all the curtains, for all Italians hate scenery as much as Americans, who usually travel through it at night. Every one goes to San Gimignano now from Siena—it is the thing to do—or they motor out from Florence. But in 1883 very few people went, because there was no train or diligence. The nameless schoolmaster and I determined to go and he bid an affectionate farewell to the young lady to whom he was engaged; while I stuffed

a knapsack with food and drink that Signor Tognazzi had provided, and we took the afternoon omnibus train to Poggibonsi. I believe there was some faint attempt made to get us to take a carriage, but no attempt to reduce the price of the hire of it, and while bargaining, the post cart went off and left us, or else it did not go at all. So we started in the dark, for the sun had set, to walk the five or ten kilometers up the hills. The road was said to be full of brigands, as all Italian roads were then, but I never saw a brigand till twenty years after; then he was on his trial in Lucca. We stumbled up the short way of the cross, a footpath, in the night and the cold wind, only to find the city gate shut. But we made such a racket that we waked the watchman, taking a nap between his rounds of the town walls, during which he still informs the sleeping City that it is nine o'clock and a fine, or some other hour and other kind of night. I forget whether the schoolmaster spoke

Italian, but we found out that there was an inn in the City Hall at the top of the great stairs in the great piazza. We groped our way through the black canyon of a street, through the inner gate and into the square, up the steps, and banged the door. It must have been half-past eight and every one was in bed to keep warm, for it was very cold; but they turned out, I remember, lit a fire and gave us soup and goats' cheese and Chianti. We were happy and sat in the fireplace with the family. They led us to our beds with brass lamps, and in the great room, full of empty beds, we slept till we awoke—or I did—and it was pot black. I groped to the window and pulled open the inside shutters, to find there was no glass in it, and a blizzard going on outside and snow drifting through. The lamp, when I shut them, would not burn, and there was no fireplace, so no fire in our room. Still, what did it matter? We dressed and had our coffee in the kitchen. Nothing mattered, save that I had lugged, as well as the food we did not eat, a lot of copper plates up the hill, and I went to work on a big one, looking down on the piazza and the people standing in the snow on Sunday morning before Mass. After the snow stopped and the plate was finished—and it had some character in it, though it never was printed; it was to be the title to the Italian etchings which were to be published in a set, but they never were; I sat out in the fields, for it got warmer, making other etchings. There are three made outside the town, and another within, at the city gate. I am always astonished how rightly I selected my subjects even in my early days. Again and again I have gone back and found that I did forty years ago just the subject I should select to-day, to say nothing of having suggested subjects to hundreds of people who have not an idea

in their heads, and even when they steal mine, cannot do it decently. Only the other day I drew the very same gateway at San Gimignano over again. I do not know if it is really, as to point of view, a bit better, but I hope there is more feeling and there are less lines in it.

SOMEHOW, my memories of San Gimignano are mixed. I have been there so often, and with so many people, since. What became of the English schoolmaster after I opened the window on Sunday morning and let the snow in, I do not know. He just faded away, for he does not seem to have come back from seeing the Gozzolis, to which I, as usual in those days, refused to go, but he wrote me letters for a while. From the amount of work I did, I must have stayed on in the unglazed room a long time, feeding on goats' cheese, for there are five or six plates, some of which appeared in *THE CENTURY*, though I do not think Howells went up to the town, and some with a couple of articles by Vernon Lee in *THE PORTFOLIO*. In fact, it was she who made me go to San Gimignano, and she later went up with me and some other forgotten people; but there were no adventures that time. Now, whenever I am in Siena, I go up by road, for there are motor busses and a motor diligence. The landlords embrace me and the room where I slept is, I believe, a museum. Children guide you to the Benozzo Gozzolis, and shy stones at you if you don't tip them, and demand *franco bolli esteri*; and I think the Gozzolis, which I saw for the first time a few years ago, and I are the only things that have not changed. Now maybe I can, after years, appreciate them a little. Vernon Lee and Symonds and Pater understood them at once, only, like Ruskin, "they did not know what they were looking at when they saw it." Nor do their followers, Cook's tourists



SAN GIMIGNANO • THE INNER GATEWAY • FROM A PROOF • ETCHING MADE IN 1883

and young ladies from Bryn Mawr who rave over them in a chorus quoted from Berenson. Or did Berenson, or Bay Smith, write about them? though I never could read what they have written.

EVEN one of the towers has come down; I believe the authorities tried to make a power house of another. That Italians respect their monuments, or care for art, is bosh; the modern Italian is as great a vandal almost as the modern American. With its beautiful towers, San Gimignano is still one of the most perfect hill towns of Italy and the inspiration of the skyscraper—which was first built not in New York, but in Florence and Genoa and San Gimignano. Finally, somehow, I—or I suppose we—went back to Siena. But I forget all about the return journey. It is very strange how all of a sudden my memory of some details of my adventures on

these trips becomes a blank. I can up to a certain point, a certain happening, live the life again and then a curtain falls—I forget. It is the same with drawing. The better an artist remembers a subject and can see it, not only in his mind but on paper or canvas, the better he can do it. This memory method is the method of the Japanese and can be developed as Hokusai did till ninety. Abbey told me he never drew a pen line till he could see his whole design on the blank white paper—and I see it too, if at times in a glass darkly, I carry for a long while these adventures in my head before I write them, some haunt me, others will not come, though, as Mark Twain, in his "Voice from the Grave," said, the truest happenings are those that never happened. But these adventures of mine are all true and real even if they are not like those of the greatest of all the adventurers, Cellini.



SAN GIMIGNANO FROM THE FIELDS • ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY J. F. JUNGLING IN THE CENTURY

[1883]

CHAPTER XVI: IN VENICE WITH BUNCE AND DUVE
NECK AND THE BOYS · MY FIRST SPRING AND SUMMER IN
THE CITY OF THE SEA · DUVENECK PAINTS A PORTRAIT · I DO
DRAWINGS · WE PLAY CRICKET · AND THEY MAKE PICTURES



ON A CANAL · COPY OF A PEN DRAWING BY D. MARTIN RICO · MADE BEFORE I WENT TO VENICE

I WENT in the spring to Venice with "the boys", and at that epoch even we could afford a gondola and a gondolier. He cost, I think it was, ninety lire a month—the boat was thrown in—so we clubbed together and hired him, and he was happy, sleeping when we did not want him, when awake doing anything we wanted done, or yelling to or at his friends and enemies. Now he is miserable if he cannot do you out of that much a day. I illustrated two articles on Venice written by Julia Cartwright for *THE PORTFOLIO*, and Duveneck, who was there and whom I then saw for the first time, liked me—which most people do not—he liked me till his death. I was in Cincinnati just before that and tried to see him; he was about to die and said I was to remember him as I had known him, not as he was then. When I finished the Venice drawings

and etchings, I showed them to Duveneck, and he thought them good, for a wonder, and in that happy city I happily wandered day and night, only turning up, if in the neighborhood, noon and evening at the Panada, where we all dined—Duveneck, Jobbins, Bunce, and "the boys." Dear old Bunce, painting sunsets at sunrise and moonlights on cloudy days from his broken-backed "gandler", with, after forty years, about forty words of Italian, many of them naughty words. In those hot spring days, he would come into the close, shadowy Panada, his pockets bulging, and order a plate, a knife and fork and a quinto di Verona, and from one pocket pull out a roast potato, and a roll or some polenta, from another cooked fegato or fish, and from another cherries or strawberries. And he always complained at the Panada of the plate or the knife or



REBUILDING THE CAMPANILE 1911 • LITHOGRAPH DRAWN FROM NATURE • PUBLISHED BY THE
VENICE EXHIBITION AS A POSTER TO ANNOUNCE THE OPENING OF THE BIENNIAL IN 1912

the glass. We all used to clean them ourselves with our napkins and so into the habit did we get that once, later, when Duveneck came to London and stayed with us, and he went to dine with a duchess, he solemnly took up his knives and forks and spoons and wiped them on his napkin, breathed in his glasses and wiped them, and was going on with his plate when he noticed that the whole table was paralyzed; but he went on calmly, though if he had not explained, probably the butler would have been sacked. I do not think he was asked again. One evening Bunce had a spree of his own and ordered a *bestecca*. When it came it was overdone, so he ordered another. It was

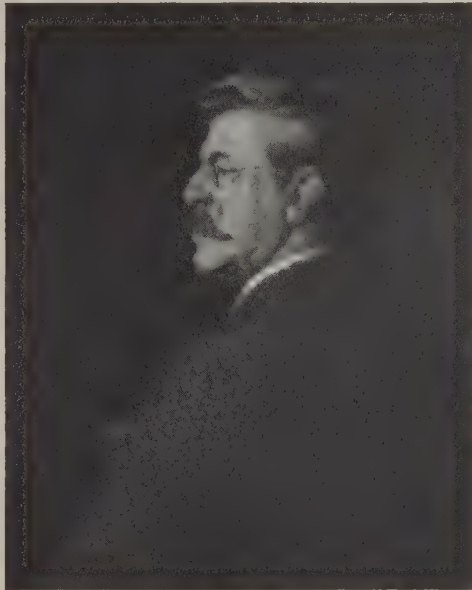
too rare; he sent for a third. He was charged for three. But after the affair was settled, he was never allowed to enter the Panada. His painting was as interesting as his personality, and he was, without others knowing it, always doing good to some one in need of it. When Bunce had lunched and paid for his plate and wine, he went to Florian's, and finding a shady seat, read *THE TIMES* till it got cool enough to work.

I WENT once with Bunce and some people to Padua, and as it was cold, he put on a lot of clothes and when, after the lovely voyage up the villa-lined Brenta, we reached the city, the people we were with hoped I would not insult the Giotto's in

the Arena by giving my opinion of them. So I found my way about alone and bought nigger babies for luck at the shrine of St. Anthony, and looked at the Donatello and into the market, and then on to the

Arena by myself, to really see the paintings and not be bothered; and loafed at the big University *caffè* till the rest turned up, filled with Giotto they had imbibed from books but empty, all the same, for they had only had time for rolls and coffee instead of their dear American breakfast before leaving Venice. Then we went to a nearby restaurant and Bunce proceeded to get rid of his clothes, and I don't know how many coats and sweaters he shed before he came down to his

ordinary costume. It was almost like Charles Keene who, when asked to stay a week at a country house, took no bag but wore seven shirts, one of which he took off each day, borrowing a grip to bring them home in—and both were artists. One day a pretty girl, brought by her family, came to be painted by Duveneck, and first they gave him a dinner at Florian's. And the next day the young lady began to sit; Duveneck had mixed up his sauce with bitumen and asphaltum all ready, and he went at her head and worked like fury, and when she got too tired to pose, as it was near *mezzo giorno*, they all walked round to the *Calcino*, which was near his



FRANK DUVENECK • FROM THE DIPLOMA
PAINTING BY J. ROLSHOVEN • THE PORTRAIT
GALLERY NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

studio, for lunch, and when they came back, the upper part of the young lady's head had run down to the end of her nose like a veil, only it was not like a veil but like one of those exaggerating mirrors that used to stand in shop windows to make fat men thin and long females short; but it was funny.

AND we kept the Fourth of July as good Americans and had a ball game. There was a student — a Harvard man sent to study painting, owing to Duveneck's success in Boston, his one success outside his teaching, until I got him a special medal at San Francisco. This student had a talent for sleeping so great that no sooner did he sit down with a brush in his hand than he slept, and Duveneck would push him off his chair and work on

his study, and then the Harvard man would wake up and sign it and send it home. But he could pitch curves; he had been on the Nine. And, on the Fourth, we were to play the British painters who were there, and the Harvard man set up three wickets on a line between the creases and made curves round them. But there was a doubting Britisher and he did not believe what he saw, so the Harvard man told him he would send him three balls he could not hit with a cricket bat, and he would bet him a dinner for the two teams that he would not. And the Briton asked for a high ball and it came low, and then rose

over his head; and then for a low one and it came high till it reached him and dropped, and he missed that; and last for a medium one and it came to one side and then curved and took him in the tummy.

Then he gave up and we adjourned to Jacamuzzi's and later, at the Englishman's expense, to the Little Horses and dined on scampi, vino bianco and grasso del monte. Speaking of dining in Venice reminds me that after the great dinner at the opening of one of the Biennial Exhibitions at the Fenice, years later when I was an official, Tito had just come back from Pittsburgh, where he thought he had learned to make cocktails. So he got a salad bowl at the same Jacamuzzi's, and filled it with vermouth and



W. GEDNEY BUNCE • FROM A PEN DRAWING
BY WALTER SHIRLAW DONE AT THE TILE CLUB

amarillo and wine and brandy and gave it to Zorn and Stuck and the rest of us, and we were then carried round the Piazza by admirers, and the horses came down from St. Mark's and danced with the bell ringers from the clock tower all around the place and the campanile bowed to us as we went home to bed. It was an immenso successo, almost as great as when the American sailors, to protect their officers, cleaned up the piazza and were all locked up for it. The British fleet which had bombarded Alexandria came to Venice that summer and painted the town red one night and were turned out the next morning, though

in the meantime I saw almost Midshipman Easy's sight, "three British admirals drunk in a wheelbarrow"—only it was a gondola. And we would go on expeditions to Burano and Torcello and threaten never to come back, so fascinating were the sirens of those islands, and some did not for a while; and to the Lido to swim—the Venetians went there to see the only live horse in the city, which was a mule and drew a street car. And we worked too. I made some etchings then and the following year, but the superior Goulding could not print them, or did not like them, and I did not etch again for years. So much did he discourage me, that, when I recommenced, I did my own printing and have done so to this day. All artists who really etch pull their own proofs, for the printing

of a plate is as vital to its success as drawing or biting it. But most etchers are not artists and their plates prove it, for if any method proves an artist's powers of observation, selection, drawing, it is etching. To-day also many painters, thinking to add to their incomes, manufacture etchings, and endless students, hoping to make a fortune quick, turn them out. Save in my class at the Art Students' League, they are not taught to print, most know nothing about printing, and give their plates to professional printers, who often know nothing of art, because, they say, they have no time to print, really because they cannot. But all great etchers have been great printers and had time to print and can print better than any mere printer. I stayed on till mid-July and then I started back north for Scotland.



MORNING ON THE RIVA SCHIAVONI • SKETCH IN A LETTER FROM VENICE TO E • MISS ROBINS

[1883]



SIR EDMUND GOSSE • FROM THE PORTRAIT BY J. S. SARGENT • OWNED BY SIR EDMUND GOSSE

CHAPTER XVII: BACK TO LONDON AND ON TO EDINBURGH · TALES OF TWO CITIES AND OF TWO AUTHORS



LONDON IN 1883 · ST. JAMES'S PALACE · WASH DRAWING ENGRAVED BY C. STATE ON WOOD

I STOPPED in London and called at once on Edmund Gosse, who was representing *THE CENTURY* in Europe. I had a letter to him from Gilder, whom at that time I had scarce seen at *THE CENTURY* office; and when I did see him he seemed always occupied with something besides me. I found Gosse in the old Board of Trade Buildings, a little space off Whitehall, with a little statue of James II in it, behind the Banqueting Hall; or rather on the buildings, for his room was on the roof, with a little terrace, and when I called he was having his lunch and reading a foreign paper. He was translator to the Board of Trade and had to read foreign papers. He did not ask me to share his

lunch or order another for me, and I had no thought then of the endless Sunday-evening suppers in good company I should have with him and his family in later years, or the good lunches with good talk he would invite me to at his club or at the House of Lords, or the endless fights we should indulge in, for which I never could see any reason; but they all ended happily and we are at peace, and later too I have dined with him in Venice, where one summer day I found him wandering in the calli, for no intelligent person takes a gondola when he can walk in Venice. And he carried me off to a theater to see Goldoni and I went fast asleep, as I usually do in a theater unless I find the seri-

ous parts so amusing that I laugh and disgrace myself. And we would meet him in Paris where we stayed in the Hotel St. Romain, all sorts of English people turning up in it—Colvin, Lady Ritchie, Tennyson, Fiona McLeod Sharp, and lots more, among them Gosse, even then beginning to be known in France. I remember one afternoon an excursion to the Café de la Cascade in the Bois, and I think Beardsley and Bob Stevenson and Henry Harland went along, and there was pernod and little cakes. And a French peacock, who belonged to the place, strutted up and some one took a little cake and soaked it in the absinthe and gave it to the fowl who strutted off and flew up in a low tree, and began to wobble on the branch as the cake went down its long throat, and then, letting out a horrid scream, it fell over, hanging on to the branch with its claws and, suddenly spreading its tail, began to revolve like a pin wheel, screaming all the while, and a crowd gathered and the police came and the bird kept on screaming, and we left. I cannot recall that I wanted anything from Gosse as editor. But he wrote an article some years after on the Fitz-William Museum which I made drawings for, so he is not only among my friends but my authors. I never wasted much of my time or any one else's when I had work to do and I went on to see Andrew Lang that same day in London and lunched with him at the Oxford and Cambridge Club. I do not remember the lunch, but I do remember that after it—as Lang was by way of being a sporting person—I explained baseball to him. It was then a game, not a business for padded heroes and company promoters, to gull fool fans with. The real reason for lunching with Lang, between his morning with Theocritus or Aucassin and his afternoon writ-

ing leaders for *THE DAILY NEWS*, which were the delight of the town when they appeared—he even wrote one two years afterwards on us—was to talk over the article on Edinburgh for *THE CENTURY*. So pleased was he with my baseball description that he gave me, or thought he did, a letter of introduction to a friend in Edinburgh. But when I got back to the hotel, I found it was a private letter to this friend he had enclosed instead of the letter of introduction; in which he described my accent as wonderful as my description of baseball. Accent, indeed. If any one had a more perfect Oxford accent than Andrew Lang, with a bit of Scotch burr thrown in, I never heard it. And the squeaking scream in which he talked beat any Middle-West schoolma'am's cackle. I sent the letter back to him, telling him I thought he had made a mistake, and I did not call on his friend. A year or two later, meeting him, he said he had completely forgotten what I wrote him, but he had never forgiven me for writing it. When I told him it did not matter, he would not speak to me for another year. But he was most picturesque, and Sir "Billy" Richmond's portrait of him is most like; in fact, so far as I know, it is the only decent thing Richmond, a superior person, ever did, but he ruined St. Paul's, which reminds me that he painted Canon Barnett, and the painting was shown at Whitechapel—or was it Watts?—but no matter—merely a change of name, it was Watts really, and a Minor Canon, taking a crowd round the show one Sunday afternoon, explained the pictures to the poor people, "And here," said he, "is the portrait of our great and good master Canon Barnett; and the good and great artist has not only painted his face, but his soul, as well." And a voice from the people was heard, "What a dirty black soul 'e do



ANDREW LANG • FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR W. B. RICHMOND • OWNED BY THE FAMILY

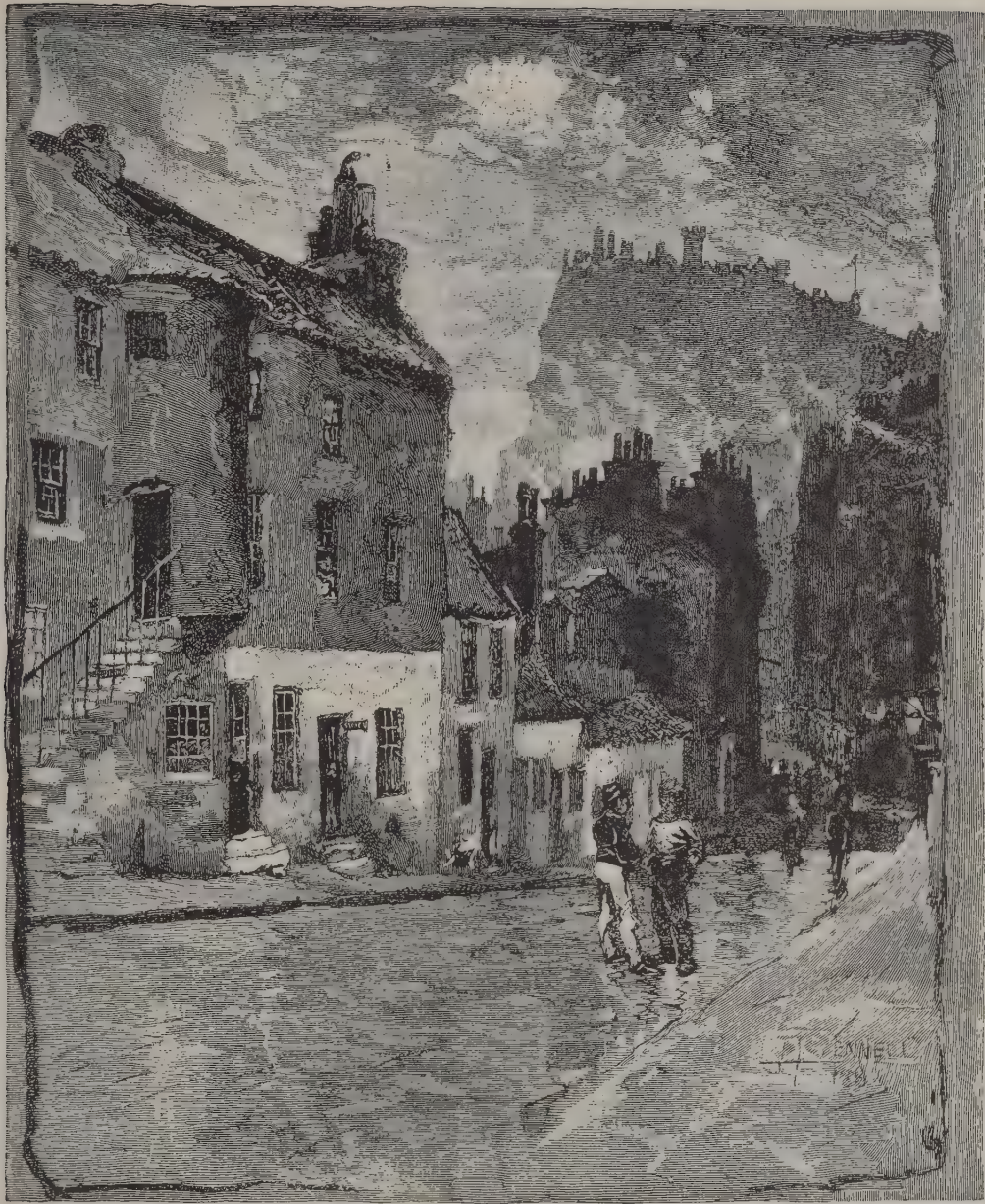
'ave.' Even Carlyle said the same thing of Watts' painting of his shirt, remarking, "Mon, I'm in the hobbut of wurrin clean linnun" as he told Whistler.

I WENT down to Edinburgh and on the way got an awful toothache—I remember that distinctly—from rushing through too fast from hot Venice to damp London and cold Scotland; and I cured it by furious practice one night in a roller-skating rink, where I was in such fine form before the evening was over that I was offered "twelve pun" a week, Scotch, I suppose, as instructor. I also learned a lot about smoke and mist and steam and rain from Edinburgh Old Town, and what I learned is in *THE CENTURY* article, and other articles I illustrated later. The Edinburgh shopkeepers and wynd dwellers were not nice, and I had misunderstandings with them when I sat down to draw in front of their shops and castles and refused to be moved on. So I put "Shoemaker" on a sign over a lawyer's door and "Writer to the Signet" on a pawnbroker's shop, and the owners of the signs wrote furious letters to *THE CENTURY* about me when the article was published. That often happened and Drake always sent me the indignant letters—but I rarely got any of praise. But as one could work, and I did that summer, long after the place had gone to bed and long before it was up, for it was never really dark, I got through, not with the picturesque, really magnificent city which I have returned to again and again, but with my article. Nor did I finish with Lang, for after it came out, we were—or he was—reconciled and I did with him others on St. Andrews—a stupid place, the University, a fine ruin, the golf links, a bore—North Berwick, and other of his beloved haunts, which I never would have chosen for myself to draw. Still there always is something interest-

ing everywhere, even in a Middle-West Main Street town, if you can escape the Babbitts and find it. I used often to see Lang at Gosse's, but I think the last time was at a tea party at Abbey's, which I somehow got mixed up in, and, having my teacup in one hand, my top hat in the other, and wanting to be shaken hands with by some one, possibly Lang, I dumped the tea in my top hat—not that I meant to. But after that I avoided tea parties, and have as much as possible, to this day, though my performance gave quite a delightful interlude to the solemn function that afternoon.

FROM Edinburgh I came down—up, as they say in Scotland—not only to Yorkshire but to cycling, and flew about, between there and Coventry, with Colonel Pope—who was "six foot one way, four foot t'uder, and weighed three hunnerd pound", and had to be helped on to his high wheel—and a man on an American Star. I had a nickel-plated show machine Pope lent me. He built the Columbia tall wheels and was an early millionaire monopolist protectionist. We were a howling success. At Coventry I bought a fearful contraption in the shape of a sociable tricycle and rode it to Liverpool, wrote an article about that in *THE CENTURY*, "From Coventry to Chester on Wheels," shipped the tricycle to Philadelphia, and entered in a race with two other competitors as soon as I got home. There were three of us in the race and there were three prizes, but, as I was lapped once or twice, the judges refused mine, and that ended my cycle racing and my first trip to Europe.

WHEN I went abroad I was a coming man in Philadelphia; when, nine months later I came back, I was almost forgotten in the City of Brotherly Love. Now I have left I am asked to return, but if I did, the same thing would happen.



OLD EDINBURGH • A WOOD ENGRAVING UNSIGNED OF A WASH DRAWING ILLUSTRATING
LANG'S ARTICLE ON THE CITY PUBLISHED IN THE CENTURY • DRAWN 1883 FROM NATURE

CHAPTER XVIII: OUR CYCLING JOURNEYS IN ENGLAND AND ITALY · ROME AND VEDDER · VENICE AGAIN RETURN TO LONDON AND BEGIN ENGLISH CATHEDRALS



THE WAY WE DID EUROPE WHEN E. AND I WERE YOUNG · DRAWING MADE IN FRANCE FOR OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY WHICH WE ALSO RODE WROTE AND ILLUSTRATED IN 1885

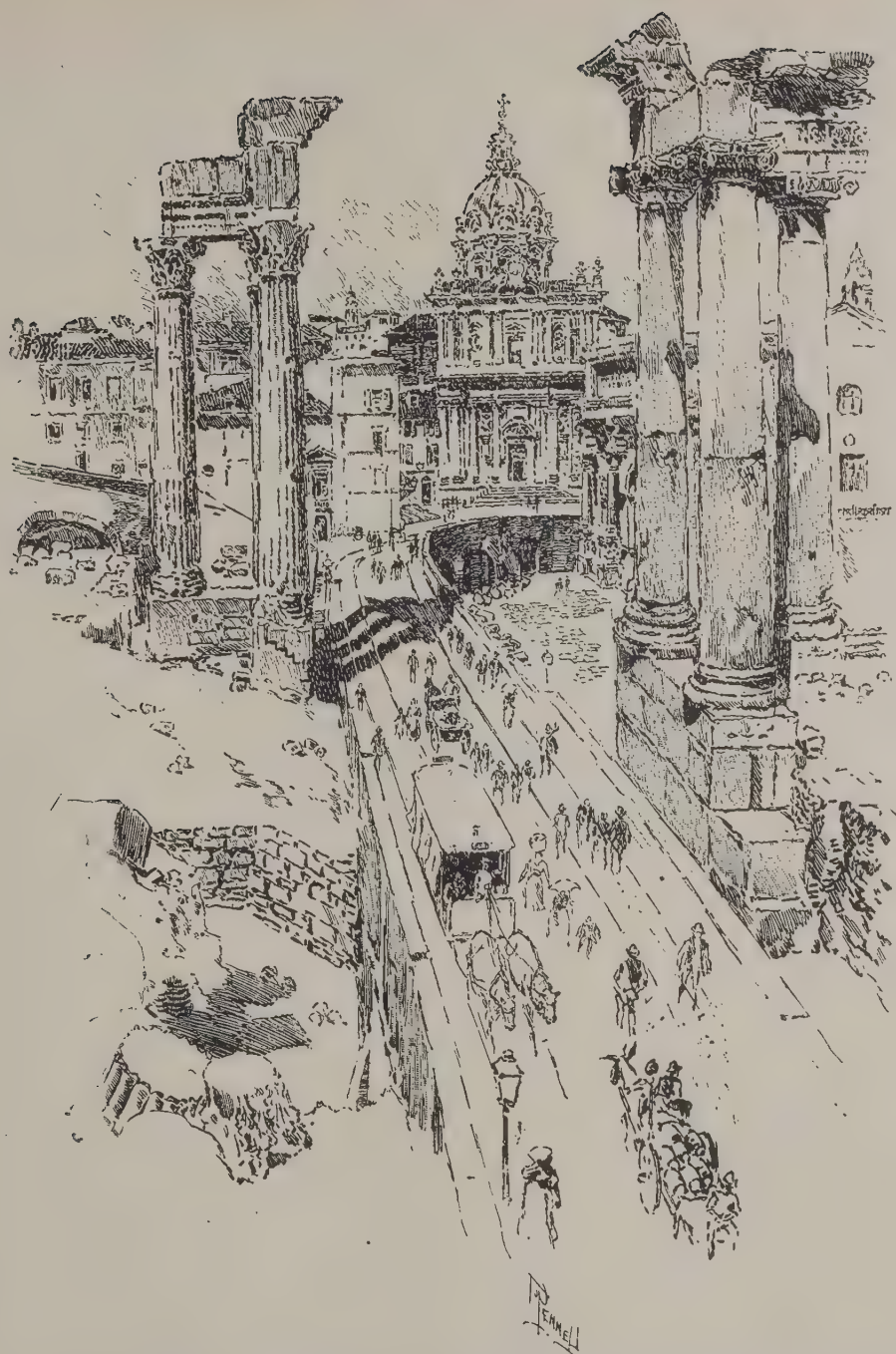
ALL the winter of 1883-1884 I ran round Philadelphia, trying to find my lost place in the town, but I have never found it, and that is why I, who loved the city more than any one else, finally left it. I was not at home in my own home—not wanted among my own people. I also became engaged, was married, and was given a commission to take us both to Europe. In the early summer of 1884 we started, and the Lelands, just before and for the same reason, shook the mud and muck off their shoes and never returned. Only their ashes were sent back to the city, which ignored and forgot its great man who is

known everywhere in Europe to-day. We stopped a while in London. Stephen Parrish came over and joined us, and one day we lunched with Seymour Haden. Hop Smith was there, and Haden showed us his prints and told us how he came to etch "The Breaking up of the Agamemnon." "I was going to a dinner at Greenwich, by the penny steamboat," he said, "and when we got there, I saw the subject. I was in my evening clothes but I pulled the plate out of my tail coat pocket and drew it." "Hum," said Smith, "and what size plates do you carry in your ordinary coat pockets?" The plate is a foot long and weighs pounds. After this Parrish and I

[1884]



E • ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL • PEN SKETCH MADE IN ROME FEBRUARY 6 1885



ANCIENT MEDIEVAL AND MODERN ROME • PEN DRAWING FROM NATURE • A REPRODUCTION OF THIS ILLUSTRATION WAS PRINTED IN MRS. OLIPHANT'S MAKERS OF ROME

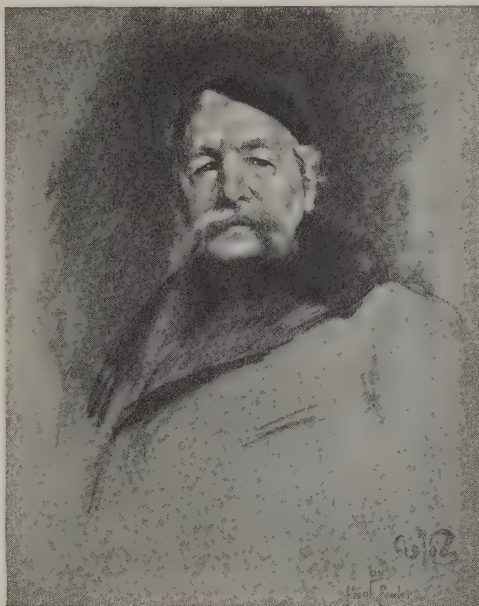
left, and as we walked along Piccadilly, that Sunday afternoon the street was deserted, we met the public billy goat of the quarter, and he did not like Parrish and went for him, but Parrish opened his umbrella in the goat's face, which so astonished the beast he made a flank movement into the open door of a club, and we went our way. The goats owned the City of Westminster then. I have seen them hold up busses while they ate a newspaper; they were the street cleaners and police too and I have seen the Archbishop of Canterbury fly for sanctuary from one into Westminster Abbey. They are gone now.

THAT summer we did our first book, which we rode and wrote, *A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE*, and in the autumn started on another pilgrimage to Rome, which too became a book, and was also ridden and written—*TWO PILGRIMS' PROGRESS*, though it first came out in *THE CENTURY*. E. and I spent the winter in Rome. There we saw much of Vedder, whose illustrations to Omar were just published, and he was having his first real success. One night when we were at Capo la Casa, and as he was tramping the floor, he said, "Im not Vedder—Im Omar Khayyam." "Nope," said one-armed Butler, "you're the great I am." But he was a dear—if he always sighed over "The Empty Buttonhole." Vedder was also

the greatest expatriated American I ever met. He reminds me of other things. Though E. has told all about him in *NIGHTS* that no one reads, she has not told this. And by telling it I shall prob-

ably harm myself, for the only time I did tell it, it did me harm. I have the power in a strange city of willing myself to go where I want without the aid of a guide or a map. What I mean is to or from the center of an old city. The day we got to Rome on *OUR ITALIAN PILGRIMAGE* I wanted to go to the Piazza de Spagna. We came in at the Porta del Popolo. The stupid will say that is easy, you go straight till you get to it. I did not. I went up the Corso till I came to a street and, turning

to the left, rode right into the Piazza—and into the arms of the police—but that is all described in the book. That evening, after dinner, we wanted, for some reason that I forget, to go to the Ghetto, which was close to the theater of Marcellus, on that side of the town. I went there at once. And then a curious thing happened as it often did. I lost the power and did not know how to get back. As in these old cities all streets lead to the center of the city or the most frequented place, if you follow the crowd you will get there. But this time on the way back I really was lost—there were no cars, not even any pavements then in Rome—and as we stumbled



ELIHU VEDDER • COLORED CHALK DRAWING
BY FRANK FOWLER • BELONGING TO THE
CENTURY ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK CITY

along in the dark, we met two men, and I said in my not immaculate but useful Italian, "Dove è il Piazza di Spagna?" One man stopped, the other went on muttering in English, "Let them find their own way"—and I broke out, "You might have manners enough to keep your mouth shut." The next night I met the rude Briton at Vedder's—it was Professor J. H. Middleton, Director of South Kensington—and author of *ROME IN THE MIDDLE AGES*. As to modern Rome, I don't think he knew much more of it than I did then. I also told him of the perfect pharmacy at Monte Oliveto, with its beautiful majolica. He only sneered, "our allies" have a nasty condescending way of showing their insularity sometimes. Now they pat us on the back, but they hate us just the same, and there is more reason for it. I lost this power by telling Podmore, the secretary of, at any rate the moving spirit in, the Psychical Society, that I possessed it. He cross-questioned me, and wanted to have me come to a meeting and tell about it, and then go out and

demonstrate it by taking the whole Society somewhere. I did neither—but from the time I told of it, it grew less, and now I never have the chance to need it. For editors now use photographs instead of art, and I take trolleys and trains instead of following my invisible guide to whom I resigned myself and who rarely failed me. That spring we were in Naples and Venice. We did other articles also; then we came back to London for a month, and stayed thirty years, and had it not been for the wreck of the world, would be there still.

BUT first I started in on my drawings of St. Paul's, and then of the other English cathedrals, for we had been given that commission before we left New York, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer was to write the text. I had met her already and was deadly afraid of her, for she was an art critic. But I have written on art since and know critics "too well," as Tadema once said of me, when Gosse offered to introduce him, after I had criticized the great works of the great painter of those days.



THE WEST GATE · PEN DRAWING FOR A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE · OUR FIRST BOOK

[1885]

CHAPTER XIX: SHAW AND SOME OTHERS · LIFE IN LONDON · LODGINGS IN BLOOMSBURY · BECOME AN ART CRITIC ON THE STAR · MOVE TO THE ADELPHI · OUR PUBLISHERS · THE APARTMENT ON ADELPHI TERRACE



E. IN OUR LODGINGS IN BLOOMSBURY IN 1885 WHERE WE MADE OURSELVES QUITE AT HOME AMONG THE PRINTS ON THE WALL IS WHISTLER'S SARASATE WHICH WAS SHOWN ABOUT THIS TIME · PEN DRAWING FOR OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY · LONGMANS GREEN AND COMPANY

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW was one of the first men I met in London in 1885. I forget how I encountered him—I think at William Morris' so-called Socialist meetings at Kelmscott House, Hammersmith. In the summer we were in lodgings at 36 Bedford Place—that perfect street of boarding houses, with statues at either end in their squares and the surgery with

its red lamp on one side, the quiet street given over during the day to hurdy-gurdies, cress sellers and cat's meat men, and British working men who chanted that they " 'ad no work to do-o-o," and German bands, and the man who plaintively asked in song "who'll buy my sweet lavender" in between the tinkle, tinkle of the muffin man as they walked slowly up and down. In the evening the German clerks came

home from studying British affairs in the City, and all day there was a continuous arrival and departure of tourists and provincials, taking and leaving lodgings, in four wheelers, followed by touts running behind to fight for the luggage, carry it upstairs, and, if they did not steal it, fight the owners, while cabmen and servants looked on and bobbies looked away. Every house was alike inside and out, the same number of chimney pots on the roofs, each had the same number of windows, all the same signs of apartments in them, the same sort of Old Masters in the dark halls, the same drawing-room floors, and the same bed sitting rooms upstairs. Each emitted the same smell of gas and cooking when the same dirty-faced slavey opened the door and called the landlady, who was always the same sad person in widow's weeds. Only the lodgers were different. We had the real Duke of Marlborough, and a Spanish Conspirator, whose secretary ground a music box for him all day, and Ellen Terry would come to see some members of her very numerous family, with Gordon Craig and young Irving and others in a carriage, and then every one rushed to every window and stayed there as long as she was in the street. Anyway, Shaw, who lived near by, used to drop in and talk of his brilliant future and vow he would achieve it. He was then living his vegetarian way on a pound a week, and announcing he would become famous. He had just written *CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION*—the only book of his I have ever read, and that because he gave it to me, though once later I heard him read *CANDIDA* at H. W. Massingham's, and that was enough for me.

SOON THE STAR, the London evening paper, was started, "Tay Pay" as editor, an English-Irish politician named T. P. O'Connor, with his rooms in the roof of

the newspaper building, and Shaw was the art critic. I suppose it was writing on art that gave him the idea that he was an authority on the subject, but to this day he don't know the difference between a photograph and a painting, though he prefers the photograph, and all his art notions are based on the photograph, as his art writings prove and his portrait of himself, by himself, shows. He did not keep to art criticism long—there was not enough advertisement in it for him, so he went in for music, calling himself *Corno di Bassetto*—for, as he said, he was going to blow his own horn until it was heard. I then became Artist Unknown and, over that name which I used, wrote my opinions. Shaw got me the post—I think I was the only artist he knew—but I succeeded in getting rather well known and in and out of endless scrapes, from a threatened libel action with the family of Marie Bashkirtseff to a threatened thrashing by Walter Crane. Neither, however, came off. But I drew all the London Art World to the paper and dragged it into endless controversies. I wanted, like Shaw, to become famous, and I believed I could bring art to the people by what I said. It was an amusing staff on the paper under the later editorship of H. W. Massingham—the real editor. The nominal editor was almost always in prison, mainly owing, I believe, to the views of his contributors. Among them were A. B. Walkley, who made such a noise in the theater that he was taken up by THE TIMES; Arthur Symons, Richard Le Gallienne, who we always maintained was not sure of the sex of his own name, and Clement K. Shorter; though far the most important person on the paper was Captain Coe, the sporting man. The paper was to elevate the masses, but Coe had no interest in anything save "finals" and they were what appealed to



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW REGARDING THE BUST OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW BY RODIN
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW GIVEN ME BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

the people, and for his articles they bought the paper, not to any extent for ours.

At that time if I was going to bring art to the people by my writing, so was Morris by his preaching, and we haunted the Hall at Hammersmith and sometimes went with the elect into Kelmscott House, where Shaw always was. Those were the days of demonstrations and the appearance of John Burns and Annie Besant and later Keir Hardie who were also going to raise or save the down-trodden, but by speeches and processions, especially talk—always talk in Hyde Park, on Tower Hill, or at the Fabian Society—and then by the big meeting in Trafalgar Square which ended in a riot, with Cunninghame Graham as the hero and the martyr, getting the troops out and having the Riot Act read. I saw it all from the windows of the old National Liberal Club. Shaw was coming to the meeting with a delegation from Bloomsbury, at the head of it naturally, but he said they walked too fast and he found himself at the tail. Then the first thing he knew there was a police charge, and the procession turned, he still at the tail, with the police gaining; but, said he, "I soon was at the head again and stayed there, for I ran home faster than any of the rest." But he did come off, as he has let all the world know. There was nothing which would make him talked about he did not do, from getting hissed down in cycling meetings, getting laughed down when he tried to run a Borough Council, getting lost and announcing that he was lost, and finally he arrived on the staff of *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*, and then into the theater and world-wide fame, if it is fame as he says it is.

Shaw followed us to the Adelphi, for we invented that Quarter, though we lived first in Buckingham Street, with Pepys and Humphry Davy in Etty's studio.

But we made the Quarter in our time as others had in theirs, and Fisher Unwin came in and we moved to the Terrace, and were there joined by Galsworthy, Temple Thurston, and Barrie, and the chef of the Savoy—and what a crew. We did not exactly invent it, for Hardy and Black also had had chambers and rooms before us and Garrick a house before them. And there were publishers there too in those days. Fisher Unwin we knew from the beginning and we know still; and Heinemann hovering round Whitehall Court; and Fred Macmillan—Sir Frederick—further off; and they loved authors and dining and life, and authors were people to be lived with and to go about with, and publishers came to the authors' homes and were human and friends, not as here, where too often authors, artists and illustrators are but an unfortunate necessity to earn money out of, unless they are precocious freaks, to entertain the business-like publishing shop-keepers, or be entertained by them. Rare indeed is the publisher in this country who is anything but a bore and a shop-keeper, enduring you to show his superiority, but in England publishers were, and a few still are, different. They liked you and knew you had made them; here they think they have made you. But scarce an American business man knows his business or his place, and is always trying to get into yours. In those days we would go to Paris and find Unwin in Lapérouse, or Heinemann at Voisin's and they would follow me, because they were interested in what I was doing—not to spy on me and see how fast I was working, but strangely because they liked me—to the ends of the continent; or they would come to us in Buckingham Street and Adelphi Terrace, just as we went to them because we liked them, not because we and they made money out of each other. And they loved their



BEDFORD PLACE BLOOMSBURY LONDON • WE LODGED AT 36 WHICH IS ON THE RIGHT HAND
SIDE • REALLY THE LEFT • THE PROOF REVERSED • FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN F. BRAUN

work better than golf, and talking better than the radio, and a drink better than the movies. They were human and alive, not standardized and dead as in these United States—the dreariest, stupidest, stodgiest, snobbiest place on earth, and if it was not the most picturesque, I would leave to-morrow. That is the only reason why I stay. But, from what I have seen and heard, the rest of the world, save that it is not dry, is just about as bad. And I must remember my very first publisher, Richmond Seeley, who, through Hamerton, gave me my first European commission, the Venetian drawings, and took me out rowing on the Thames where, to his horror, I appeared in a top hat. But I hid it, as did some of *THE CENTURY* people on their first visit to the Regatta at Henley.

Our Adelphi Terrace windows looked right into Shaw's and we could see how he did his hair, and what he would

have for dinner, and there were awful rows between his German cook who, according to gossip in the Quarter, became Swiss during the War, and our French Augustine. Once E. wrote an article in *THE ATLANTIC* and there was something in it Shaw did not like, or rather the German cook did not like, and so she stuck the magazine, opened at the article, flat against her kitchen window to let us know she had seen it. And another day, so we were told, Barrie, who then lived under us, wanted to show Shaw to some guests he had to lunch and he fired a roll from his dining table through the open window on to Shaw's table, and his guests saw Shaw and heard him, too, when he came to his window. But the finest things happened when the suffragettes who filled the building got on our roof one day to protest. A ceremony to dedicate a bust of Wilfred Lawson was going on in the gardens be-



THE TEA TOWER · MEZZOTINT OVER WHICH SHAW AND I FOUGHT · THE FIRST OF THE SIGNS

[1885]

low and the ladies, some real ones and the rest quaint, lit a fire of alcohol up there to heat hot air balloons, and I heard them and went up and smashed the balloons and put out their can of alcohol and then locked the door and sent for the police. And they never again went on the roof, where nobody was allowed to go because the lightest step across it sounded like thunder in our rooms underneath. But Shaw and I parted when he said he loved, and backed up, the electric tea sign on the shot tower across the river, which ruined the night, though I made it quite pictorial as my mezzotint proves. And I told Shaw in the papers where we talked, that I was glad to know what he really liked. That hurt—and for years I would only see him going out in his Jaegers to preach Socialism from the tail end of his sixty-horse-



J. BERTRAM LIPPINCOTT • BY JULIAN STORY
AMERICAN PUBLISHER OF WHISTLER JOURNAL

power Mercedes car. But he got over it and he was, with John Burns—who too knew all about everything—almost the last man I saw when I left London in the War. And now he has sent me his photograph of the bust by Rodin, and photographed it himself. Shaw is not at all bad when he forgets to preen and prattle, only he rarely forgets. But, as he said in a recent letter to me, "I am mad about Prohibition now that I know you would prefer England wet to America dry. Scotland is still wetter than England, in every sense"—the letter was written from Aberdeen. Shaw can be really amusing when he don't try to be, when he don't pose, and is just Shaw, expatriated, transplanted Irishman.

FROM 1885 we had our headquarters in London and gradually got rooted there. In fact, our lease, taken over by Sir James M. Barrie, who ruined our beauti-



WILLIAM HEINEMANN • FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
THE PUBLISHER OF OUR LIFE OF WHISTLER

[1885]



T. FISHER UNWIN IN HIS LONDON OFFICE FROM THE PORTRAIT BY J. MCLURE HAMILTON



SIR FREDERICK MACMILLAN PHOTOGRAPH

[1885-1925]

ful apartment in the Adelphi, has not yet expired. There we should have remained had it not been for the War, for when that came and stayed, it was borne in upon me more and more that my place was in my own country. After we left Bloomsbury, we first had rooms in North Street, Westminster, then in Barton Street, a lovely old paneled house, and there my father died. Then we wandered for many months, from Bruges to Buda Pest, doing our long cycling ride to that city from Calais. And then we went to Transylvania and I illustrated E.'s book *TO GYPSYLAND* and on that journey we had endless adventures, including mine in Russia. But London called us back and we took our chambers in Buckingham Street and after fourteen years there—though I was in them little of the time—had our apartment built on the roof of Adelphi Terrace House, where we stayed till 1917. During our thirty years in London many people came to us and, at one time, for privacy, we took to having evenings, that was in Bucking-



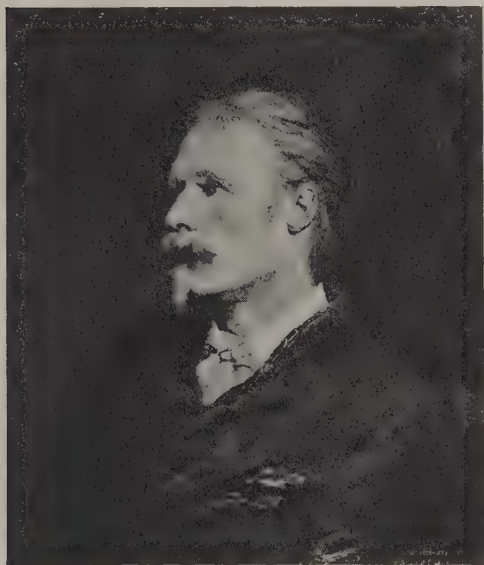
PHIL MAY · PORTRAIT BY SIR J. J. SHANNON



GEORGE MOORE · FROM A PEN DRAWING BY WALTER SICKERT · MADE IN THE NINETIES

ham Street, and we had them every Thursday. Some centred round Phil May—not, as at the last in riding dress, which *PUNCH* more or less compelled him to wear, as Shannon painted him, but in solemn black, when his nose rivaled his glowing cigar held in one hand, a glass of whisky in the other. He was always smiling and balancing himself on top of the William Morris chair and it never went over, he never fell off. He said little but took it all in. Everybody loved him. Hartrick, Sullivan, Beardsley and Walter Crane would be there and McLure Hamilton, and we would have to rush him out if Whistler came, and George Moore and Sickert and McColl would look in. This was before we all fought. Bob Stevenson and Marriott Watson and George Steevens and Charles Whibley and Ivan Müller, after they had put

[1885-1917]

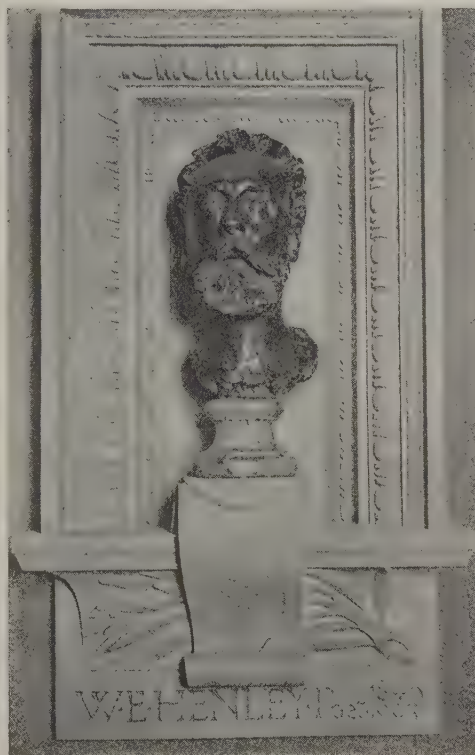


WALTER CRANE · PORTRAIT BY G. F. WATTS

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER to bed, would help Henley and his crutches up our three flights of stairs in Buckingham Street, and then there was talk, Henley leaning out of a window with someone beside him, drinking in the London night, to be worked out later as LONDON VOLUNTARIES.

AND it was in those days we saw so much of Whistler, and all sorts of people crowded in, from lords to Americans. Page with his delightful stories and utterly unspoiled by his dignity, Henry James sitting by the fire in the twilight, Abbey sometimes, Sargent a few times, Frederick Sandys—we met all the Pre-Raphaelites save Dante Rossetti; THE CENTURY editors and many others; endless artists and authors; critics, gallery directors, dealers from all over the world. It was a wonderful place and a wonderful time and wonderful people came to us, and night after night, year after year, it went on. All we did was talk and look out of the window. There were other things too, things you can get in any civilized country.

There were the dinners of Augustine, our cook and our overlord, Augustine whom every one from Whistler down was afraid of but loved. And in our flat the meetings, when the International Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers had to be put on its feet by Whistler, until the time of the arrangements for his Memorial Exhibition, were held. And in our flat too the original Society of Illustrators was born and had many meetings. And the Senefelder Club flourished in Adelphi Terrace. And the politics and policies of the International Exhibitions at Paris, St. Louis, Rome, San Francisco were concocted there. And sport and literature and cookery and art and good talk reigned in our rooms.

W. E. HENLEY · FROM THE BUST BY A. RODIN
NOW IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

[1885-1917]

CHAPTER XX: THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS · START
ING TO MAKE DRAWINGS OF THEM · LIFE AND ADVENTURES
IN CATHEDRAL CITIES AND TOWNS · WELLS UP TO DURHAM



GLoucester ON THE RIVER · WASH DRAWING ENGRAVED ON WOOD UNSIGNED FOR ENGLISH
CATHEDRALS · EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE AMERICAN WOOD ENGRAVING OF THAT TIME

THESE English and French cathedrals were to have been done with Mrs. Van Rensselaer, but she only wrote of the English churches. I had no adventures with her. She visited them, I think, one summer. I stayed in the cathedral towns of England many years. I cannot remember on which I started in 1885, after we left London, where I commenced to make drawings of St. Paul's, but I think it was Winchester. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had sent me a list of subjects I should draw to illus-

trate her text. Now it is all very well for the author to select subjects, but I have, in a lifetime of experience, scarce found an author who had the faintest idea of what could be illustrated. After a few attempts to conform to and carry out their wishes, I generally end by ignoring them. If the manuscript is ready, or the book to be illustrated has been issued, I read it carefully, which is more than most professional illustrators do; I mean the sort of person who makes creases in cow-boys' pants and seats early English girls



PORTRAIT OF MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER • RELIEF BY AUGUSTUS
ST. GAUDENS • NOW IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF NEW YORK

on Chippendale chairs, or steals one of my Andalusian backgrounds and puts it in the north of Spain for local color. There is no merit in getting local matters right, in taking pains, in going to any expense or traveling any distance. Holman Hunt gloried in such things. His prophets, the real Pre-Raphaelites and other artists, ignored them. Rembrandt put the Jews of Amsterdam, not Jerusalem, in his etchings. An artist does things—doesn't brag of how he did them. But it is pleasant to look back to one's struggles after perfection. How much further off it now is. Abbey often spent more on an article than he received for it from HARPER'S—to get it right—but he did not whine. W. A. Rogers told me Abbey got seventy-five dollars from HARPER'S for one drawing and spent two hundred and fifty on a costume for one of the figures in it. I wonder if Lucas knew enough to tell that in his *Life of Abbey*.

I FORGET where we stayed in Winchester. It was the year after our marriage and the first visit to Italy, while A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE was going through the press. Winchester was a sad place; the long walk that leads up the long avenue of trees to the west door was dreary, and damp. There were perpendicular tombs in the interior—from them I began to learn perspective—and a mural painting by Benjamin West over the altar, the subject I forget, but I am sure it is better than the work of most of his present-day fellow-countrymen in churches and state capitols in this land, ordered and done almost while you wait. But the view from the high hillside to the east, looking down on the town, low and flat around the great church in the midst of it, is very fine. Other views were from the Dean's Yard, where there were garden parties, for in those prehistoric days an

American in a cathedral town was a curiosity and cultivated, at any rate attempts were made, unsuccessful ones, to capture me as a strange beast, to be looked at, talked to and then talked about. There were lovely walks in the twilight by the little river that runs through the lower town. There was the school, where football and cricket are taught, and there is no pretension, so far as I know, of teaching anything else. Near by is St. Cross and its Abbey, where they give you a glass of beer when you go there as they give poor travelers lodgings at Rochester, and rich ones cherry brandy at Durham.

FROM Winchester, if I remember right, we went, E. and I, on our tricycle by Romsey Abbey and through that part of the New Forest where there are no trees, to Salisbury, and had our first sight of that cathedral from the road, the way it should be seen, the way it was seen by the pilgrims who came to it, growing gradually on the horizon. And how many memories have I of cathedrals, of castles, of cities, and even of countries, approached by road, afoot, in boats, on cycles. Only now they can be seen from a motor, no one has time to look at them and, besides, from a motor no one but the driver can see anything—you might as well travel in a freight car. Salisbury is, however, not a mass, but a spire, and out of the great plain it points to heaven, a landmark and a symbol. Just before we came to the town there was a little hill, and from the top we looked to the great white needle against a black storm cloud. Soon after, I went back to the hill and drew it, a poppy-covered wheat field in the foreground. We stopped at the White Hart or Red Lion, I forget which; not the County Hotel, but the great rambling place built around a courtyard with balconies and open stairways. The inn still stands, or did a few



LINCOLN FROM THE LOWER TOWN • WASH DRAWING ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF FOR ENGLISH CATHEDRALS • PROCESS REPRODUCTION OF ENGRAVING IN THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

years ago. Salisbury Cathedral, within its precincts, is a town, surrounded by its own walls, entered by their own gates, in the midst of a great green place with huge trees about the church, the spire always soaring above, and at the outer edge, backed against the walls, the houses of the Dean and Canons, the most beautifully useless ornaments of England. Behind the cathedral, as one enters the close, is the Bishop's Palace, its great park, the subject of one of Constable's big machines, and several of his small sketches; or rather the cathedral seen over and through the trees is. It was here I first began to learn something about composition and from Constable. I hunted and hunted for his points of view, which give all the dignity and beauty of the place—for these cathedral closes are beautiful—and all the feeling of it, but I never could find the spots he had found. And then, for the first time, it began to dawn on me, dimly, vaguely, that what I must do was what has been done by every great artist who has made compositions; though compositions that give the effect often are not true, I learned. I found out, too, that I must also give the feeling of the place, really the feeling, the impression, it made on me. This is impressionism and not the putting down of spots, blots, cubes, or other mannerisms. This is the impressionism of Piero della Francesca, Velasquez, Claude, Turner, Constable, Whistler. It is not rendering the subject as it is, but giving the sensation it makes on you, and if that sensation is strong enough, others will feel it. That is impressionism—art. Salisbury is too perfect. All the work is of one period, I forget what, for to draw a thing rightly it is not necessary to be an architect, a photographer, a historian. It is really perfect early English. But I do not care for Salisbury; it is an

overgrown toy. You feel as if you would like to pick it up and put it away in its box. And the interior, bare and cold, with black columns of Purbeck marble like stovepipes, always reminded me of a Friends' Meeting House warmed with stoves in winter. The distant views that Constable painted are all gone too, or they never existed, for I have tramped round the town, beyond the little river, and never found them. After weeks of trespassing I could not find them, though it may have been, as Turner said, a case of "Dont you wish you could?" But I began to learn that I should draw things as I wanted to see them, as they should be, for, as Whistler said, "Nature is seldom right." One must draw always from nature, as he did; be her master and know her, her servant and love her. But this takes "the knowledge of a lifetime." We met no one at the cathedral or in the town. We hunted up no one. I would usually, in these towns, go to the Dean or the Canon in residence and get a permit to work. Probably I made a mistake, for there were interesting Deans and Canons in those days, Westcott, Farrar, Freeman, Church, but unless one had a letter to them, they would not see you; just sent out the permit to you by the butler. We had no letters to any one; we were sufficient unto ourselves. My father came over and went round with us that summer to most of the places we stayed at.

At Salisbury, too, a strange thing happened. Our first book was issued—*A CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE*. Seeleys, the publishers, sent us the first copy, and I remember, in the coffee room of the hotel, opening *THE DAILY NEWS*, for which Andrew Lang then wrote—he was the literary Crichton of the day; what would he have thought of his successors, things like those we now have here?—

and finding in the paper a leader about us and the book! "The Most Wonderful Shilling's Worth Modern Literature has to Offer." And I remember running up to London to arrange for the American edition and getting into hot water with the American publishers, I forget what about; but neither they nor I have forgiven each other since. They would not even look at these chapters when I offered them to their magazine the other day. There are some publishers of art and letters who regard, and always have regarded, artists and authors as unnecessary, though unavoidable evils. Then, after the leader in *THE DAILY NEWS*, I bought a raft of papers, including *THE TIMES*, which dismissed us with a paragraph. I formed an estimate of that paper that morning, and it was that the *LONDON TIMES* was the most narrow and the most comprehensive sheet in the world. That is what I used to think of it in its great days, before Northcliffe put his heavy hand on it. But to compare it with American papers! Really, I did not know what I was talking about; but all this was in 1885. The American papers of to-day had not been thought of and they would not have been read even by ignorant Americans then.

FROM Salisbury we went to Lincoln, E. and I, riding up from London on our tricycle, through St. Albans and Peterborough. It is all vague, and I was by myself when I did Peterborough. We went through Cambridge, E. met me there, and Norman Cross; and we got on the North Road and then over to Sherwood, and stayed a day or so in the Forest and the Dukeries, and then came out to find Lincoln towering above us on its ridge in the twilight. There we lived in a little house, taking it all, above a shop, in the little upper market place just outside the cathedral gate, and just inside were the Canons' residences, and what a scrape I got into

by giving some excuse that I was not able to go to a Canonical tea, and forgetting all about it, and sitting down to work right at the Canon's front door while all the guests were going in to meet me. Naturally, we were not asked to any more clerical functions in Lincoln. When I had finished the cathedral after a long summer's work we rode our tricycle down the old North Road to York, and wrote up the ride, as we followed Dick Turpin, for *THE PALL MALL GAZETTE*. We spent the winter there and lived in a house that looked on the front of the cathedral and when it was wet and cold I used to work from the windows. House and view are gone now, as I noted when I was in York during the War. There we did meet people—met the Archbishop once when he was returning from somewhere and we were also arriving by the same train from somewhere. Two workmen were there shovelling mud; as the train stopped and his numerous retainers opened the carriage door and took his papers and rugs and his bags and shoved his hot-water bottle in under his feet, and they tucked him up in his rugs, in his episcopal coach; one workman—there were workmen then—said to the other, as they stopped to look on, in an awestruck voice, "Gar, they nurses 'im well, they does, Bill, dont them, dont thou think?" And we met titles and gentry and Friends, and the Army and Navy, mostly retired—but we did not take much stock in them—and an intellectual set, who read literature to each other once a month. I was asked to read, and I chose Lowell's "On a Certain British Condescension to Foreigners." And I went skating and paralyzed the natives with grapevines and Philadelphia twists and things.

AND it was in York I met Charles E. Mallows, and for years I had in him my first devoted friend and pupil and fol-



ST. PAUL'S ON LUDGATE HILL • FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING SKETCHED IN LUDGATE CIRCUS

lower. He was drawing the Cathedral in the old Prout architectural fashion, his perspective away up in the air, on a summer and autumn trip, trying for the Pugin Scholarship, really traveling for it; and he won it, though the winner was given funds to enable him to travel with, he won it by traveling. But Mallows gave up his work in the summers and followed me for years, helping me with perspectives and teaching me architecture, of which I was completely ignorant. But I taught him how to draw it. In those days I also thought that perspective must be absolutely and accurately worked out and I have had cathedral floors covered with plumb lines, T squares and triangles, and ten-foot-long strings, till they looked, with my drawing boards, like an architect's office. And it was Mallows who did all this work, long after he became an F.R.I.B.A., long before I was made an Honorary Member of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Mallows was of the greatest assistance to me not only in saving time, but in passing dreary evenings from Durham to the Pyrenees, and for many years he worked with me. But gradually I began to discover, first, that the camera lucida would do what he did quicker; and second, that I did not want any human or mechanical help in my architectural drawings. I learned this from studying the prints of Dürer and the drawings of Canaletto. It was Alma Tadema and Abbey and Meissonier and Rico who led me astray. The Primitives and the Dutch solved perspective problems long before we invented them. And finally—well—poor Mallows' success came to him before he died; but so did troubles. Still, he helped me and I helped him, and there was a time when he acknowledged it. From York we went, he and I, to Durham, first to the old inn—the Bull—where they gave you a glass of

cherry brandy every time you came in, "for the good of the house." As soon as we could, we took lodgings. We almost always did, and it was a good thing for us this time and for the hotel too, we used to come in so often. Besides, we could usually get lodgings, charming rooms looking out on quiet greens, or near noisy market places with landladies who "did for us" but never stuck us or tried to. We had an adventure in Durham. We were working one afternoon in the Galilee Chapel, which is a sort of under-church at the west end, and vergers and beadles and old women went away and locked us in, and it was not till it had begun to get dark that we stopped work and found it out. Now, frankly, I should not care to stay alone all night locked in a cathedral, or to stay there with Mallows either, nor do I think he was anxious to stay. We tried all the doors. We tried to make the demon knocker knock on the big door. We could hear people outside, but they would not hear us. We climbed up the windows, but could not open them, and it was not till we had given up trying to find a way out that we saw the bell ropes. Mallows grabbed all he could hold, and so did I, and we swung on them, and in a minute or two, if there were not sweet bells jangled, there was such a racket as had never been heard in Durham. A little went a long way, and by the time we reached the big door a crowd was outside pounding at it and on the knocker, and we heard the fire department and the Bishop come, and at last, the last, the vergers with the keys came and opened the door, and the Dean and Canons and fire department and police near ran over us, and wanted, when they saw us, to know what was the matter. We wanted to get out! But we only got out when we had convinced them that there was no other way of getting out.

The church hours were always a trouble because, as with all things now, the churches opened late and closed early, and there were at least two services in between. But usually the Dean or the Canon in residence would arrange that, saying, if the Lord did not mind, he did not mind my working during the service, so long as I kept out of his sight. And some of those English drawings were made to Haydn's music, and the French to Gregorian chants. I have even appeared in the choir in England and as a singing brother in France, and so drawn Evensong and Masses; and when one was shut up all alone in a Lady Chapel or a transept, what could be more holy, more solemn, more beautiful? Nothing but Friends'

Meeting. Mallows always made up to Bishops and Deans; I always, or usually, avoided them. But in this way he relieved me of a great deal of polite conversation, which I abominate. I far preferred, as when at Ely, to dine with the Fen farmers at the mid-day ordinary, than at the Bishop's palace in the evening. I was asked to the last and I paid to go to the first. I think it was at the George, or White Hart, or Stag, or some other beast, that one evening, as I was going into the inn, I ran into Tennyson coming out, muffled almost up to the eyes, his big hat pulled down over them, some one with him. My, how he wanted to be recognized, almost as bad as Gladstone, who had the same pose. That was the first and the last time I ever saw him.



ELY FROM THE RIVER · PEN DRAWING DONE FROM NATURE · FOR THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

AT WELLS I did dine with the Bishop in his crypt, or E. did—I funk it—the most lovely of all the English cathedrals. We lived in the Little Vicars' Close and were happy there, where we spent the next summer. And then we went on to Gloucester, and had lodgings on the Cathedral Green, and wandered by the lovely river, and people used to come down from London, T. Fisher Unwin among them, for week-ends. And at Canterbury, we stayed in the Falstaff by the City Gate, then a real inn, unrestored, with a bar and taproom all paneled, and a white dining room, and a little breakfast room looking on a garden and oast houses, and bedrooms in the garrets so low you bumped your head; and, outside were hop pickers waiting by the City Gate to be hired. And we were wakened by the cathedral chimes

and went to bed by them, and all sorts of people came to see us and were not ashamed, as they would be now, to find themselves in an inn of the people. But there were no rows at the bar, nor do I remember drunks either, though it was a licensed house; "licensed to be drunk on the premises", the signs say over the doors of British alehouses. I do not think any one had ever stayed there since Chaucer and Falstaff. We made it quite a fashionable resort the summers we were there. The publishers of *THE CENTURY* came down, and the R. U. Johnsons went up to Lincoln, while we were in that town, and we lived sweetly together for a while. And in this delightful fashion, working and playing, the articles were written, the book, *ENGLISH CATHEDRALS*, was made, and the engravings done from my drawings are in it.



PAUL'S WHARF • PEN DRAWING SHOWING CATHEDRAL DOME • REPRODUCED IN THE PORTFOLIO

[1885]

CHAPTER XXI: HAMERTON AND THE SAONE · A SUMMER VOYAGE · INVITED WITH ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON BY HAMERTON · GO WITH HIM ALONE · ADVENTURES AFLOAT AND ASHORE · IN AND OUT OF THE CANAL BOAT



THE BOUSSEMROUM · CANAL BOAT IN WHICH THE VOYAGE WAS MADE · IN THE BASIN AT SCEY

I MUST go back again, for, though the cathedral drawings took me many years from 1885, the Saône journey was made in 1886. I wrote, as I have said, to Ruskin from Florence, in 1883, asking advice about something, and he never answered; and I sent him proofs he never returned. I have since treated in the same fashion people who have bored me, and I have no doubt they have reviled me as I reviled him. So I wrote Hamerton and sent him my big print of the Ponte Vecchio. He not only answered but he praised my work, as no one else had; indeed, some critics had begun to damn it already; and "the boys" were fearfully jealous of it and he asked me to do two

articles on Venice for THE PORTFOLIO and an etching for his book on Landscape. How mad "the boys" were when they heard. I wish I could find Hamerton's letter. When I got back to London in 1885 I did more work for THE PORTFOLIO, including St. Paul's Wharf, a drawing that THE GRAPHIC, to which it was first offered, had rejected. Then, in 1886, I received a letter from Hamerton, or Richmond Seeley, asking me to illustrate a book on the Saône and Rhone—my first commission for a book—I have forgotten; I illustrated a book on Whitman by Doctor Buck, but I fear it is forgotten—Hamerton was to do the text and I the illustrations. When the letter came, I was working quietly in the

[1886]

Plantin Museum at Antwerp, illustrating an article about it by Theodore De Vinne, reprinted by the Plantin authorities, and since published by the Grolier Club, and wandering round the old town in the evenings with my father, for my father was with me, fearfully bored, I am afraid, with museums and churches. Besides Hamerton, I have worked with or for most of the great English-speaking travel writers of modern times—all, really, save Stevenson. But I edited his Davos illustrations and took his sketches seriously in *THE STUDIO*. And those articles, arranged for by Sir Sidney Colvin, made the booklets known, and my complete collection of them with Stevenson's letters were all destroyed in the War.

NEVER have I found an author so desirous of working in harmony with an artist as Hamerton. He wanted to be an artist himself; he studied and worked to be one, and if study and work could make an artist, he would have succeeded; but, alas, he was only a "near" artist. But he could write. His *PAINTER'S CAMP IN THE HIGHLANDS* and *THE UNKNOWN RIVER* turned Stevenson to canoeing and tramping, and not only has Stevenson admitted it, but this voyage I was about to take was originally to have been made by Hamerton, Stevenson and Will Low. Low backed out and I was asked to go with Stevenson by Gilder of *THE CENTURY*. Then Stevenson fell ill and I was left with Hamerton. Stevenson later wrote Hamerton he would always regret that he would never know "just where we should have been killed", for he proposed to begin the trip on the Rhone at the foot of the glacier, where it starts, under the ice, without knowing that it came down later in some places in cataracts and in others dived under ground for kilometers, to say nothing of whirlpools and rapids. So it

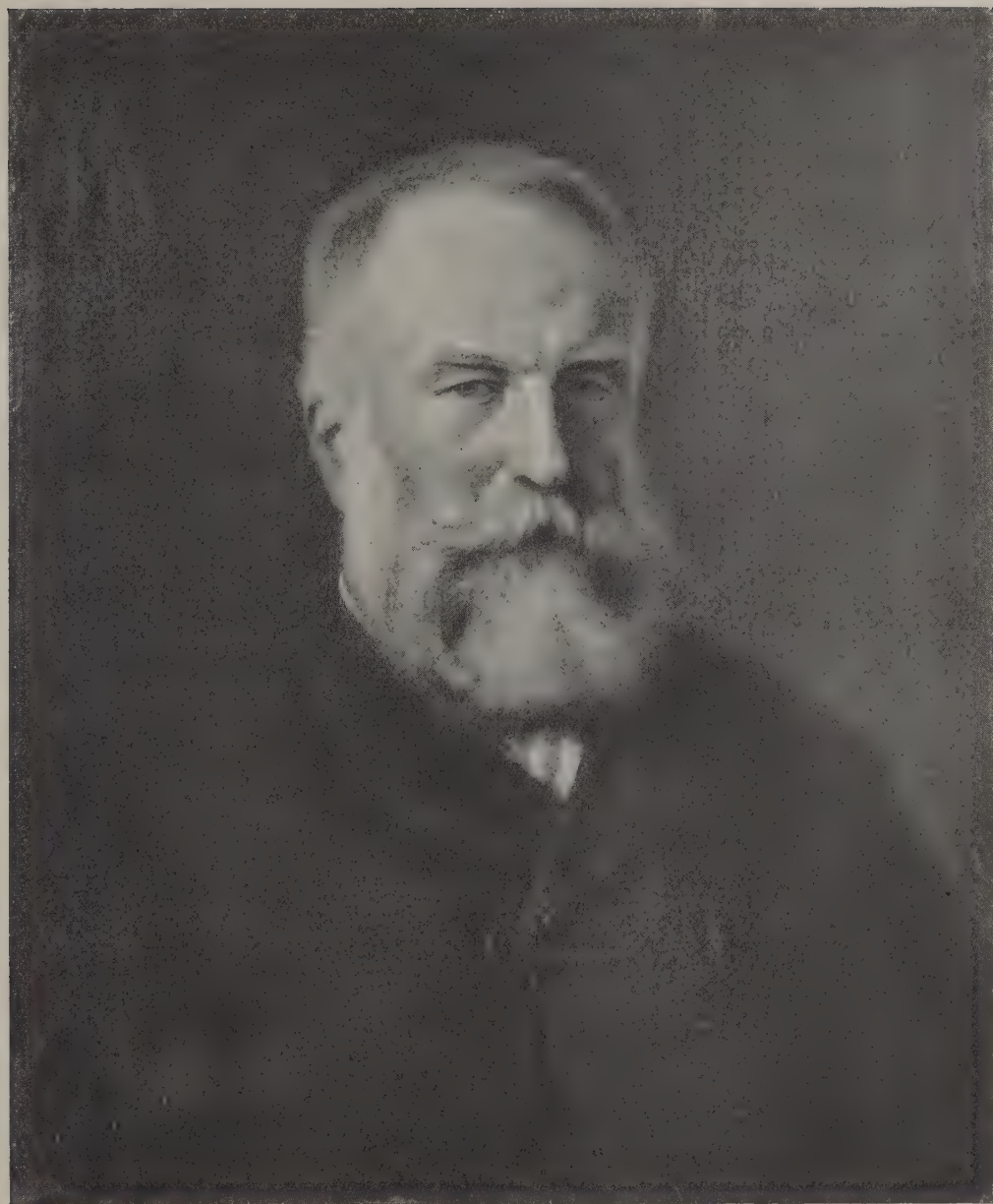
would have been a case of killing, not drowning. Hamerton left nothing to chance. He wrote, as soon as I accepted the commission, exactly what clothes to bring, recommended amongst others, overcoats and railway rugs, and "Seeley tells me you do not swim; would it not be a nice precaution to have an inflatable waistcoat and inflatable life belt? My boat is perfectly safe, but you may fall into the water by accident, and I cannot promise to be able to fish you out, and if I didn't, Mrs. Pennell would never forgive me." Finally, it was arranged that I should meet him on his boat at Gray on the Haute Saône, and when I got there I was to pronounce his name to French people, "without the H, and intoning the n, thus: 'Amertonne'." Now, his boat in which we were to take this "month-long picnic" was a slow one, a catamaran, rather like a life raft with a sail on it. But something went wrong with it, and he hired a canal boat, called a berrichon, and its name was the Boussemmroum. It was one hundred feet long, ten feet broad, and when I saw it first, stood six feet out of the water. Ordinarily it was loaded with coal and then it was only a few inches above the surface, as it was intended to be. It was manned by a fiery patron, the captain, who yelled continually, a huge pilot who shoved sometimes with a long pole, and grunted always. But the real motive power was a donkey, which, when the pilot got the affair going with his pole, the patron whacked to keep in motion, while the small boy who was hired to do this looked on. Hamerton was a theorist, but he had a brother-in-law who was an architect in Chalon-sur-Saône. Hamerton lived at Pré Charmoy, which was près Autun, which seemed to me characteristic, for Hamerton was près so many things. He was près being a big man—only it was

really Pré Charmoy and not près. The brother-in-law measured the boat, and Hamerton, without seeing it, had a cabin or house built to fit it amidships for himself to sleep and work in, and when it rained, as it mostly did, we dined there. There were two tents for the ancien capitaine en retraite, his guest, and me to sleep in. When we and the tents and the baggage and the crew, reinforced by the small boy and the donkey, were all aboard the vessel was immersed maybe a foot in the water; it was still about five feet out of it. Theoretically it was perfect; practically it was incredible. If there was, when we were moving, the slightest side wind, the machine sped sideways across the canal and began to form a dam, and it was only by the combined yells and shoves, with the poles of the captain and crew, that she did not turn turtle and spill us and our traps in the water. On such occasions the donkey repudiated all responsibility and ate grass. If the wind was ahead, the donkey pulled harder and harder, and the boy hammered him more and more, but the beast went slower and slower, finally stopped, and then was pulled backward like an anchor that dragged, but eventually the boat was steered with poles and her double rudder to the bank and we were saved. Once or twice the donkey had to be cut from the tow rope to keep him from being hauled into the river, stern foremost. Still, if Hamerton's theory did not work practically, it was most amazing, if the result was not always expected, for sometimes we went backwards and sometimes sidewise, but rarely forward.

THE passengers too were curious. There was Hamerton, an Englishman living in France, talking French perfectly with a perfect English accent; Captain Kornprobst, an Alsatian officer in the French Army, retired, living in Macon, talking

French with a perfect German accent; and myself, an American temporarily resident in England, speaking a French of which Hamerton once said he did not know whether he "was more astonished at his [my] fluency or the number of mistakes he made in so short a space of talking." And we were all to be towed about on a canal boat, by a donkey.

BUT none of this struck Hamerton as quaint and he was kindness itself, writing almost daily to me about coming, about drawing paper and rugs and the geography of the river, and time tables, and to E. to tell her that he would look after me, and to Gilder of *THE CENTURY* to explain why they should loan me to him for a while, "although I know other artists who would be glad to join me, I don't know any that I should like so much, and I will not enter into an engagement with any one else." And Gilder wrote to me, "Go; only it's a funny way of taking a holiday." Eventually, Hamerton, Kornprobst and the crew got off from Chalon-sur-Saône. But if the catamaran could not tack up the narrow upper river against the wind and rain and current—and it began to rain at once—no more could the donkey haul the berri-chon which replaced it. They were obliged to hitch on to a tugboat coming up, and so arrived at Gray, where I was waiting for them. As for the adventures on that boat are they not all recorded in *THE SAÔNE, A SUMMER VOYAGE*? From Hamerton's point of view but scarce from mine, and certainly not from Captain Kornprobst's. Hamerton had his cabin and his books and his lamp. We each had a tent. I was not used to tents and I found that when it rained and I made a sort of basin to catch the rain on the roof of the tent with my back, the basin spilled or overflowed all over me when I turned in my sleep, and I woke up to find my bed a bath.



PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON • PORTRAIT BY R. J. WICKENDEN IN THE POSSESSION OF THE ARTIST

As an ancient captain and an old campaigner, Captain Kornprobst, I imagine, knew how to look out for himself; anyway, he was about early in the morning, spick and span, while I, equally early, was damp and draggled.

OUR trip up, fifteen years after '70 and '71, was right through the country where everything had happened that happened again in 1914, and just as the South was waving the bloody shirt when I was there in 1882, so were the French in 1887 shrieking for *revanche*. They have got it—God help them! Behind our tugboat, we were pulled still further up, and the inquisitive can find the details in Hamerton's book. One day, as we were being tugged by a brand new boat, some one had the brilliant idea of telegraphing—it is all in the book—that "a ministre accompanied by three gentlemen would arrive at Corre with the new tugboat", and so there was an ovation ready, flowers and functionaries, for it seems in the language of that country that a jackass is sometimes described as a *ministre*—at times a not inappropriate description. Hamerton was not a wit, though he was a charming personality, and if it had not been that the tugboat was new, and that the *fête* meant for the ministre and his gentlemen was turned over to it, I do not know what would have happened. I do not really believe Hamerton sent the telegram; I do not think he was capable of it, and I did not, and Kornprobst would not dare. There was a tremendous ovation at Corre, and there were flowers and pretty girls and drinks, bottles tied to poles let down to us in locks. To finish the affair, I had an inspiration, and when the townspeople of Corre and the crew of the tug came aboard and said, "*Monsieur tire des plans?*" I answered, "*Non, moi je travaille pour le Roi de Prusse.*" Now, this, too, is a

joke in French, and means to work for nothing. But these peasants apparently did not understand jokes, even chestnuts, and we were so near the German frontier that we could, as was said to me by a French sergeant, "smell the sauerkraut." We were looked over by gendarmes, talked at by peasants, and inquired into by lock-keepers. When these things happen there is but one result: "You are spies." And by the time we got to Pontailler, coming back, drifting down with the current, we were spies, or I was, and at that place four gendarmes came, caught us, and carried off my drawings, threw Hamerton and the Captain into a panic, one expecting to pass the rest of his days in prison, the other to lose his pension and his Cross of the Legion of Honor—and the Cross meant something then—while I certainly never expected to see my drawings again; and the crew would be ruined for being found in such company. There was, as usual, a tremendous journalistic fracas, and the papers of the world and the authorities of France, England and America got excited. But after international *pourparlers*—I believe that is the word—as another of Hamerton's brothers-in-law was a French Senator, the drawings were returned and we went on again; only, however, to be stopped at St. Jean de Losne and Verdun, where I saw no forts—which we were told not to see. But this is not the Verdun so horribly known to-day, but Verdun-sur-Doubs, only worth a line of mention in Baedeker, but a place of beauty. The trip on the Boussemroum ended at Chalon, but my fame as a spy preceded me, and, even though I got permits from prefects and ministres and police and gendarmes, I was suspected and interrogated and interpreted and inquired into all the way to Lyons, where I went by steamboat, and back to Paris. Hamerton did this

[1886]



THE RIVER DURGEON AT CHEMILLY • NEAR ITS JUNCTION WITH THE SAÔNE • PEN DRAWING
IT WAS IN SPOTS LIKE THESE ON THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER THAT WE SPENT DAYS AND WHEN I
HAD MADE MY DRAWING OF A SUBJECT THE DONKEY DRAGGED US TO ANOTHER DURING
THE SIX WEEKS WE LIVED ON THE RIVER • ON THAT SUMMER VOYAGE UPON THE SAÔNE ALL
THESE PEN DRAWINGS WHICH I MADE WERE DRAWN FROM NATURE WITH A GILLOT CROW
QUILL PEN AND LIQUID INDIA INK ON BRISTOL BOARD • THERE WAS ONLY A SLIGHT PRELIM-
INARY PENCIL SKETCH MADE TO GET THE PLACE OF THE SUBJECT ON THE PAPER AND THEN
I DREW STRAIGHT AWAY WITH A PEN FINISHING THE DRAWING ON THE SPOT AS I SAW IT

part later alone. I did not see him again for years.

HAMERTON was delightful and kind, but there was something about him—he did not just come off; everything with him was, like the Boussemroum, arranged according to his theory. He was writing at the time a book called *FRENCH TRAITS*, and in this he wanted to prove that provincial Frenchmen did not go to cafés. This came from the fact that either there were no cafés near his place or anywhere in the French open country, or else that he did not care for cafés. So he kept us in his cabin night after night till bedtime, in serious talk, and it was good talk too; and sometimes there was even a petit verre de kirsch which we bought from the lock-keepers who made it. But as we left his cabin, the Captain would whisper to me, when we stayed in a town, as we made our way back to our windy tents, “Allons au café,” and, after a good stiff grog, would say, “Il est charmant, mais, mon cher, quel type!” And yet Hamerton lived and was married and died in France. But many people who have never been there understood it better than he; not that he did not know people, for he did, and it was he who first took me to a French house and introduced me to French provincial life. And he did love camping and sailing, and art too. But there was through it all a something, a want of humor, of fun, a deadly seriousness that was his great enemy and barrier and defect. He loved that lazy life out-of-doors far more than I did then. He loved the sunrises we saw, as we had our early soup on deck, without any daylight-saving loafers to make us get up by law; he loved the sunsets and the long walks in the dark through nightingale filled woods. He stopped in the most beautiful basins and back waters, and he cared for it all quite as much as I. I

worked from sunrise to dark—no eight hours—and was happy as long as I could work, from la soupe out of a pot to the kirsch at bedtime. But like the berrichon he did not come quite off. Nor did he approve—I do not think it was envy—the newspaper notice given me when I arrived in London and Andrew Lang wrote leaders, and Henry Norman special articles by “Our Own Commissioner” about our adventures. I got a long, long letter of advice from M. Jusserand, then in the French Embassy in London, telling me to be careful, and official permits to draw in forbidden places from the French authorities—of course, the American could do nothing. But the end was important. For though these papers did not protect me from the spy-bitten peasant, they did assure my position with the intelligent official. But it is all over. I shall probably never draw in, or maybe never see, France again.

THE book appeared, *THE SAÔNE, A SUMMER VOYAGE*. It was illustrated with pen drawings, reproduced by process, and printed far better than they could be, or rather would be, to-day, for we have got beyond all that, got to photographs, smut, comics and movies. These are our great American art. I don't know whether the book was a success financially or numerically, but it had character and started houseboating and canal traveling in Europe. The Tile Club had done the same thing here. The Saône is the great artery of water communication between Belgium, Holland, Germany and France. Barges ran from the upper Rhine to the lower Rhone by way of the Saône, and there were connections with the Seine and the Garonne, all used for water traffic. So well did this pay France that the boats went free through the locks, under the hills which had been pierced with water tunnels, through short cuts to save time and dis-

tance; they lay at night in basins made to receive them, and by day were dragged or towed to their destinations, and all this on a small river that we would spurn. We make no use either of our big rivers, and our canals are in ruins, so our country is perfect—in our blind conceit, smug cocksureness, we are sure that we are the greatest, the biggest, the richest, the driest and therefore the most virtuous country in the world—only we don't know the whole world has an absolute contempt for us in our blindness, and only flatters us in order not to pay its debts, and to drag us into the League of Nations and the World Court when our own courts are comic and our nation is rotten with notions and fads.

As for the other Verdun—It was a year or more later when one day a rumor came to London that France had been invaded or Germany, I forget which, and that a somebody named Schnaebele had got over one frontier or the other and

been shot. He disappeared in the clouds of war which turned into the fog of rumor. But to be in the war that did not come off and to become, for the first time, a war correspondent, I started for the frontier where Schnaebele was said to have appeared. With me was Sir Henry Norman, Bart., M.P., as he is now. Then he was plain Henry Norman, on the staff of *THE PALL MALL GAZETTE*. Norman and I set out on bicycles, for we wanted to get ahead of the other correspondents, and eventually we got to Verdun—dear, calm, delightful, peaceful, beautiful, provincial Verdun, with a wonderful hotel. Though we hunted for that war all the way to Nancy and Metz, between lunch and dinner each day, and then over the Vosges to Strasbourg, we never found it, but we had a perfect time. When I went again to Verdun in 1917, I did find war, and myself in it. But that is another story. But I shall never find again the France that is lost.



A HOUSE AT ORMOY · PEN DRAWING · ONE OF THE LITTLE UNSPOILED VILLAGES OF THE UPPER SAÔNE · PROBABLY DESTROYED DURING THE WAR · IF REBUILT UTTERLY RUINED

CHAPTER XXII: THE LONDON CITY COMPANIES · I
DRAW IN THEM AND DINE AT THEM · AM GIVEN A LUNCH
AT THE MANSION HOUSE AND DINE AT THE GUILD HALL



STATIONERS' HALL AND ITS LITTLE GARDEN IN STATIONERS' HALL COURT LUDGATE HILL
LONDON · FROM THE PEN DRAWING IN THE LIBRARY OF THE AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS' CO.

I WAS to have done the London City Companies with Sir Norman Moore, the Warden of St. Bartholomew's. I did do one article on them for *THE CENTURY* with him; then with the City of London Librarian I was to have made a book for Fisher Unwin to publish. But Tom R. Way got hold of the idea and lithographed the Halls, and that was the end of it. Even my drawings are sold and scattered all over

the world. But the other day Fisher Unwin asked why we could not still do them. They are among the many things I shall never do. My connection with the City—the City of London—came from the article I did with Sir Norman Moore on the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great for *THE CENTURY*. Doctor—Sir—Norman Moore was the Warden of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, lived in it, in Little Britain,

[1887]

and knew and loved the City. The article on the church was illustrated before Sir Aston Webb laid hands on it and made it into what he thought it must have been, and, if it was, it never should have been. All the growth of centuries, the character of the place, he destroyed. Yet even now it is the finest church in London, the finest Norman church I know in Great Britain. Gone, too, is Cloth Fair, that perfect street of old half-timbered and plastered houses, one that escaped the fire of London. Almost the only records of it are in the etchings and lithographs that Whistler and I made. The churchyard, the home of cats and dump-heap of the neighborhood, black and dismal, showed, the last time I saw it, a few defaced tombstones above ground, and the gabled backs of the half-timbered and plastered houses framed it in. But its character, and the gateway too, is gone. Not far off are Bunhill Fields—Bunyan and Defoe lie there with the other dissenters, under big monuments—an even more melancholy resting place, but Friends' Burying Ground, near by, is quiet and clean and peaceful; George Fox's grave is in it, the only grave with a little stone, but other Friends lie in unmarked graves, as in the old graveyards of Philadelphia Meetings.

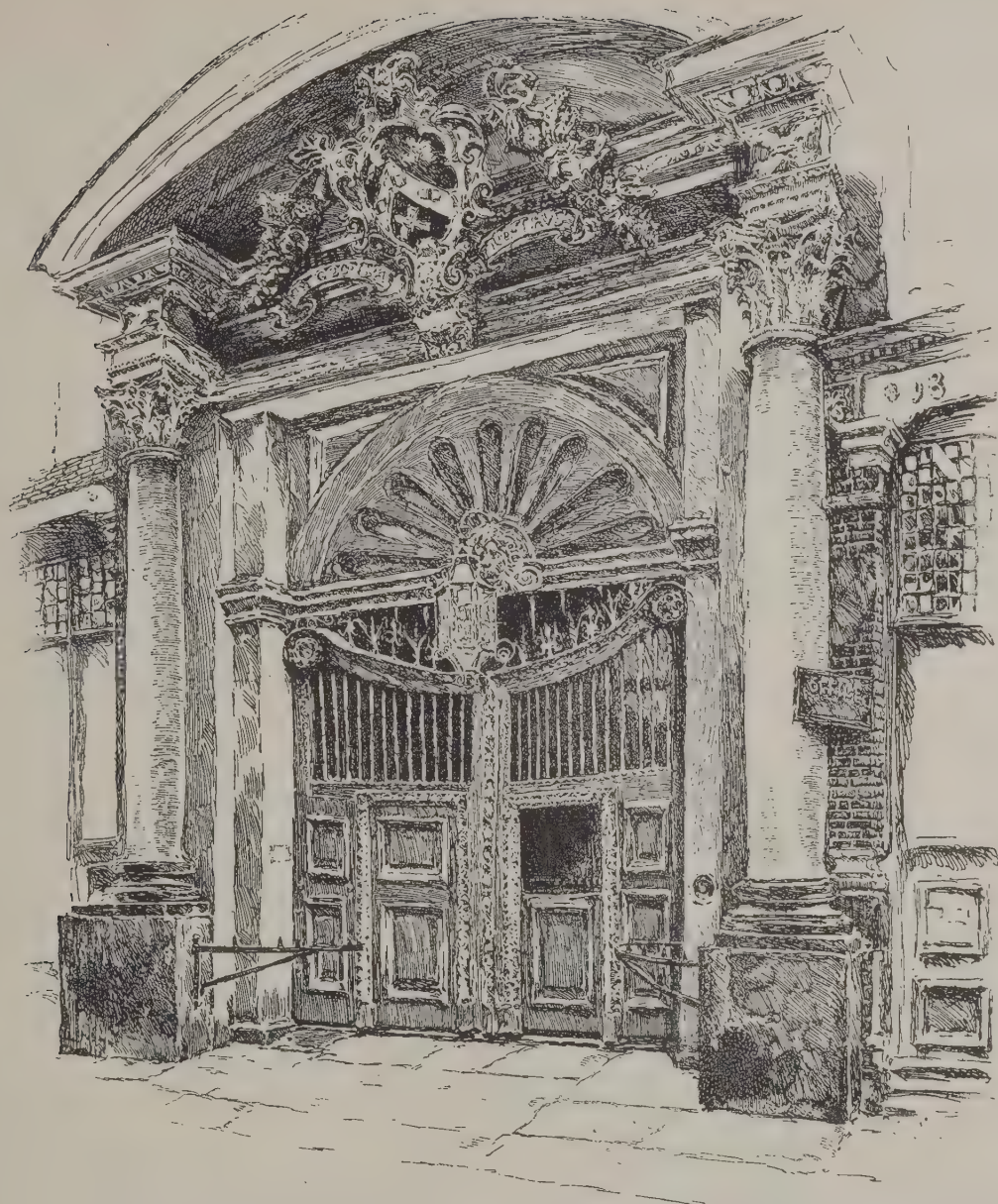
ONE day Doctor Moore told me of the treasures of the Barber-Surgeons' Company and took me to the Hall. From the street this, like nearly all the Halls of the London City Companies, is only a doorway. Once within the door, which only a member of the Company or a well known Londoner like the Doctor can open, you find hidden behind offices and warehouses a palace, and, large and small, there are forty or fifty of the Companies. On the walls of the Barber-Surgeons' Hall was a great Holbein, a group with Henry VIII in the center, and in the middle of the

Hall, a great table covered with slashes and cuts. These cuts were made, the Doctor told me, by the members of the Guild, one day studying anatomy on it and the next dining off it. The idea at once occurred to me, why should I not do an article on the City Guilds? Doctor Moore might write it. I am not going into a history of the City Corporation or the Guilds of London, and will only say that the Guilds govern the Corporation of London and the Corporation governs the City.

IT was by no means easy to get to work, but I found that Edmund Gosse knew the Master of a Company—the Girdlers. What a Girdler may have been I do not really know, and the Girdlers are not quite sure either. But the Master of the Company at that moment was in the same government office with Gosse. One day I was taken by Gosse in a cab to the Hall. Away somewhere, hidden in the City, was the door of this Company, guarded by a gorgeous Beadle. Within, a paneled hallway, designed most likely by Christopher Wren and carved by Grinling Gibbons, the hall to the left, and to the right a splendid stairway. Within the Hall the Master awaited us—and also a lunch, for one of the functions of Guilds is to dine on what is left of their incomes after technical schools, almshouses and scholarships are founded and maintained; even then some of the Companies have difficulty in spending it all. It is derived either from rents or some monopoly, or, in the case of The Goldsmiths, The Stationers, The Fishmongers and The Carpenters, their callings, which they exercise still, though few of the other Companies follow their trades or crafts or have members who do. We lunched at a great oak table, the Master and Wardens, the Court, and a few guests present; the table covered with a wondrous cloth, a great rug given to the Girdlers long ago



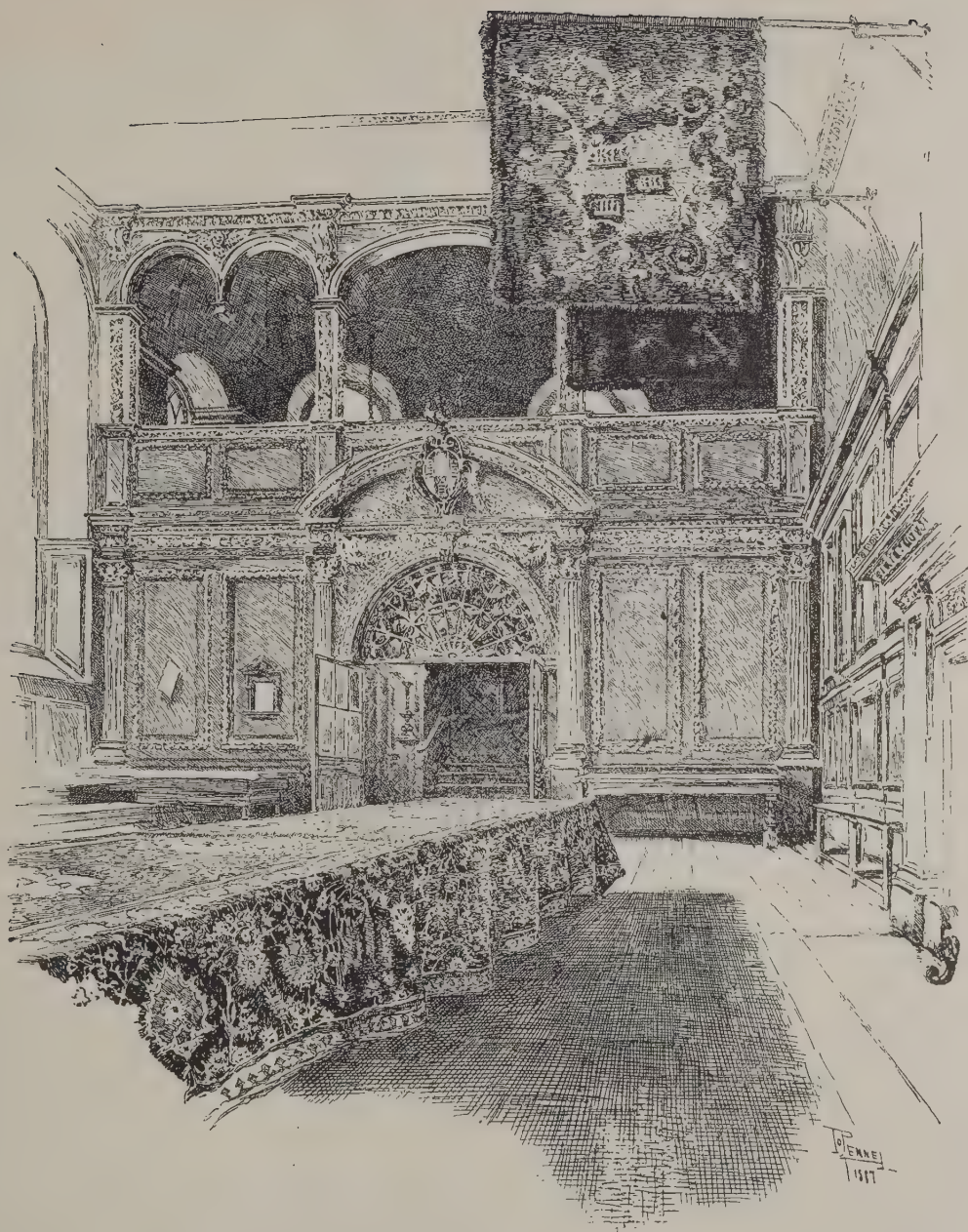
THE LAST OLD STREET OF OLD LONDON • CLOTH FAIR NOW DESTROYED • CHARCOAL DRAWING
PUBLISHED IN "LONDON" BY SIDNEY DARK • MACMILLAN AND CO. DRAWING MADE ABOUT 1900



THE STREET DOOR OF THE BREWERS' HALL • PEN DRAWING DONE FROM NATURE ABOUT 1888

by some Eastern merchant in return for their hospitality, but they knew little about it, and less about their own Company. I got not only what I wanted—permission to draw—but an invitation to one of their great dinners, the first City Company's Dinner I ever attended, a function few Americans have attended. Many quiet days were spent in the old Hall. All the Halls I drew were beautiful, all the Companies hospitable. Nothing in the world surpasses the beauty of the old Halls, the gorgeousness of the new, and the lavishness and luxury of the banquets. Each Hall has its character. The Stationers' is hung with the banners of the Masters. The Skinners' was like an old cedar chest filled with a strange odor. The Brewers' has a beautiful door with a beautiful court; the Merchant Taylors', a somber splendor. Other Companies are proudest of their silver and gold plate; a few, of their portraits of their Masters. The Ironmongers had Walton for a member. One or two have gardens with a tree or a rose bush in the center—almost worshipped because of the value of the ground it grows in. And all are but dependencies of the Great Guild Hall and the Mansion House, the heart of the Corporation and its stomach. No matter how much good—some say harm—the City Guilds may do, they preserve the character of the City of London and give the most amazing dinners. To many of these I have had the honor of being invited, and, in the words of those who reply to toasts, "I hope I may be asked again," that is, if I ever see London again and they exist. The invitation to dinner comes on a big card, usually for six-thirty or seven. Late dinners are not favored in the City. Dressed in your best, with—oh, so long ago—the doors of the hansom and your overcoat open, you are driven East through the crowds hurrying West, a con-

spicuous announcement that a dinner is on at some Guild. Your driver may take you down Thames Street or by Billingsgate Market—but not if you are wise, for the remarks of the Fish Porters, Freeman of the City of London, are not nice, and you feel worse than Dives—or up the steep hill by Cannon Street Station, or to Ironmonger Lane, where you are caught in a jam and then have to get out and walk, or at Printing House Square you may get behind the guards marching to protect the bank at night and have to go at a walk. Eventually you arrive at an ancient door, and there will be carpet laid across the pavement. Inside are the Beadles in cocked or top hats and a troop of servants, and a "howler," as you approach the entrance of the Hall, announces in a loud voice your name, your titles and your honors. As he gets your name wrong, unless you happen to be something in the City, it is bearable, for no one save your host has ever heard of you—business men are as ignorant of eminent men in London as in New York—and your embarrassment is quite removed when a great, gold-crowned, white-bearded, ermine-cloaked figure, adorned with a gold chain, approaches and greets you affectionately, and then two others, like unto him, almost embrace you. You feel at last that you too are a person of distinction, and are about to express your great appreciation of your hosts' intelligence, whom you have never seen before, when Mr. John Smith, Mayor of Little Pedlington, and Alderman of the Borough of Within and Without, is announced, and you find yourself not only forgotten, but carefully steered away from the magnificent presences. You would be singularly outraged and utterly offended if, when you had reached the edge of the assembled guests, you did not see the Illustrious Mayor and the next guest, the Vic-

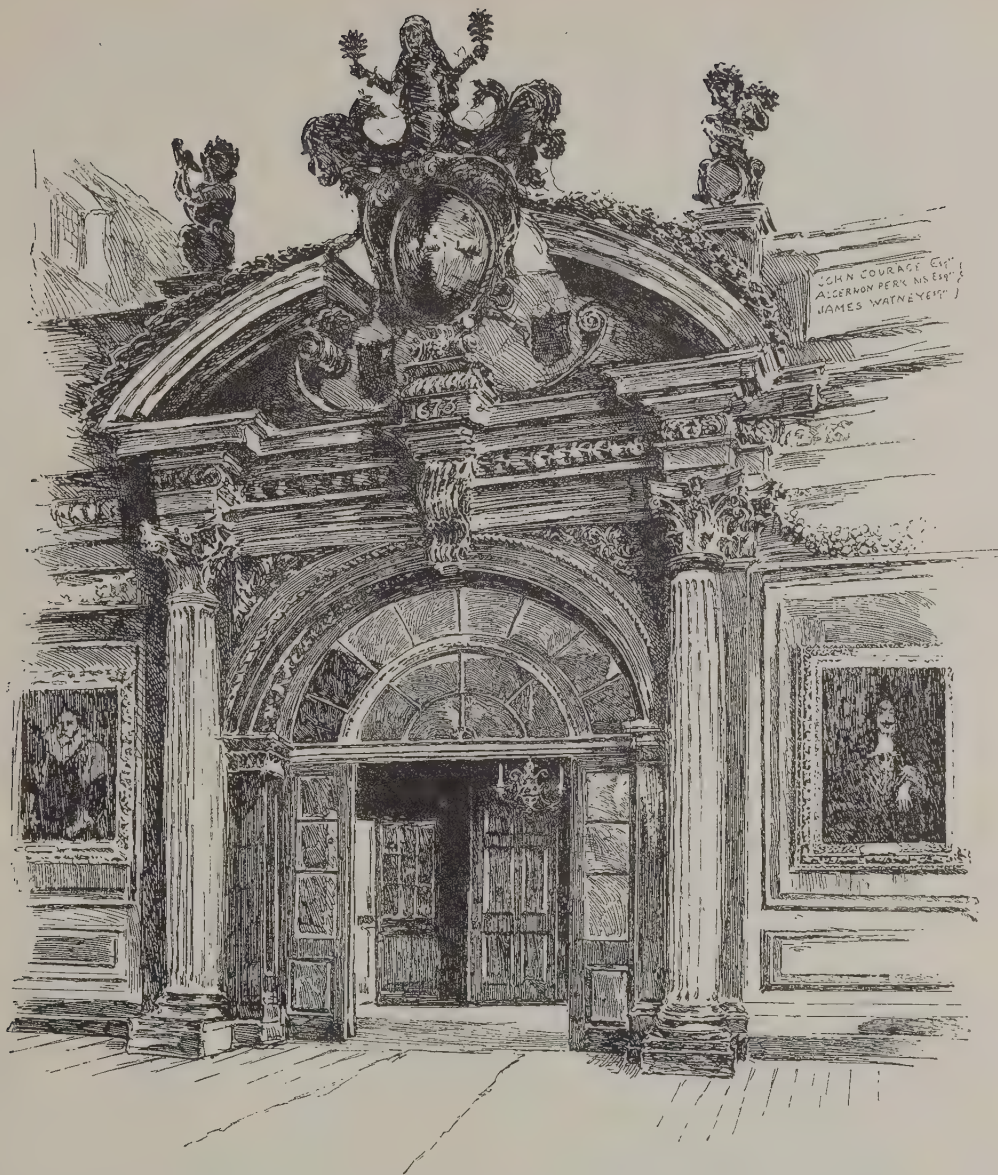


GIRDLEERS' HALL • THE GREAT TABLE CLOTH • THE COMPANY'S BANNERS AND THE MINSTRELS' GALLERY • THIS IS ONE OF THE FEW HALLS NOT DESTROYED BY THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

torious Major General, treated in the same fashion; and then you understand it is part of the function. Usually, if you are anybody, you find some one you know has been asked and, if you are lucky, put beside you; it was in that way I got to know many R. A.'s. They were asked for their titles, not for their work, as I was. I was asked, too, because I was to make drawings, though I did not know any members of some Companies.

A DISTINGUISHED Colonel I know got his red face not at the front—though I suppose he went in the War and probably never came back—but from the dinners of the Shore Porters' or Coal Heavers' Company, of which he was a Warden; and there was an artist—a sculptor, I mean—a member of the Merchant Taylors', and a lawyer I also knew was a Skinner, and an architect a Dock Porter, and I happen to know Sir Alf Bower, Lord Mayor and Vintner—he follows his own profession of running "publics"—of London this year, or I did know him when we rode tricycles, long ago. There were reasons, besides the dinners, for joining the Companies. When you became a Warden and finally a Master, you went to luncheons—not a Rotary hogging hurry, or even an American Business Man's Lunch Club affair in London—not to bolt your "cats" while some fool cackled, but to lunch really, an event Americans know nothing of; and also, when you got there and took up your plate, you found a five-pound note under it to pay for your attendance. And there were boxes of candies or gloves or fans to take home to your ladies from the various Guilds which bore those names but were mostly without members who practised the profession of confectioner, glovemaking, fanmaking. And then, when a Lord Mayor is elected from your Company, you ride in a carriage in the Lord

Mayor's Show in your robes and a top hat, the Beadle on the box, and the banners of your Company waving before you down Ludgate Hill, and you are asked to Mansion House functions and Guild Hall dinners. I have been to all the Halls. I even, with Abbey, have had a lunch given me at the Mansion House, but as they do not have reporters—at Mansion House lunches there are no speeches—no one believed it, and I was made to feel that, although the lunch was given because my drawings of War Work were being shown in the Guild Hall Gallery, I was only an unfortunate artistic necessity. But the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs were there in state, with the Minister of Munitions, and Lords, and my friends too. Wells was there. I forget the rest, but it was a really distinguished lot I selected. I was asked to do that. I even know the present Lord Mayor, have been invited to the inaugural banquet on the ninth of November and seen the reception and the baron of beef, but I escaped the speeches. When the company at the different Guild Halls has all assembled and you know from the table cards where you are to sit—you can read either Thackeray's description of a City dinner or mine—then the Beadle, in his robes, with his staff, announces that dinner is served, though you usually do not hear him, but follow slowly the company going to the Hall door—not fight your way in, as here, an hour late. Sometimes the Master and Wardens are preceded by Blue Coat Boys, chanting carols, or trumpeters, blowing blasts, and gradually all arrive at their places in the great dining hall, the Master and the guests of honor at the high table before the glittering plate displayed behind them on the great sideboard. Then the toastmaster, who is a paid servant there, not an amateur bore, as here, announces, "Your



ENTRANCE DOORWAY TO 'THE BREWERS' HALL • BUILT 1673 • SEE DATE OVER DOORWAY
 THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE BIG LONDON BREWERS WHO HAVE BEEN MEMBERS ARE CARVED
 AND PAINTED IN THE PANELS ON THE WALLS • PEN DRAWING MADE IN THE HALL 1888

Royal Highness, your Excellencies, My Lords, The Master and Wardens, members of the Guild and Gentlemen, pray silence for grace by His Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury" or the Archdeacon of London, who lives to say grace at City Dinners but eventually dies of eating them—or by the minstrels who sing in their gallery. And that, till the dinner is over, is the end of them. The fashion of having a braying jackass standing up and blithering and some advertising fool answering him all through dinner would not be tolerated save in this land of funeral-baked dry hypocrisy, where one hundred million people have not only never attended a real banquet, but never had a decent dinner. Even Englishmen dine for pleasure; we only eat to fill our bellies: such is high-toned America. And so we have to dine and jazz and movie and dance and get through the "eats" at our cold-storaged feasts, for we have forgotten how to talk and cannot sit still a minute. But if you want an inane row, go to an American public dinner where there are females. They squeak and shriek even as they endlessly run in and out of the room.

THE Master and Wardens take off their crowns and robes, keeping on their chains, and the serious business begins, not with hors d'œuvres, but with real turtle soup, with the turtle in it, and sherry a hundred years old. You can see it another day in the cellars and taste it too; and see the turtles alive at Birch's or Ring and Brymer's. The dinner goes on for hours. I wish I had a menu—they went with E.'s cook books in the War. There is no music or singing or dancing, just eating; not even much talking, save good advice from your neighbors as to what you shall eat and what you shall drink. And, finally, but not before one or two old gentlemen have fallen asleep or some

one has slipped under the table, the toastmaster again appears and says, "Gentlemen on the right, charge your glasses. The Master will take wine with you." And he rises and drinks with them; and then the same to the left. When this is over, and the cloth removed, the toastmaster says, "Gentlemen, you may smoke." No fool would be allowed to foul the air, nor would he ruin his sense of taste, with rotten trash called cigarettes during dinner. Then the loving cup is borne aloft into the Hall. The Master rises, and the guest on the left rises. He turns to the right, and the guest on his right rises, and the man behind him rises. They stand, the Master touches the cup to his lips, wipes it with a napkin, hands it to the guest on the right, who, if he likes it, takes a good big pull and wipes it. The man behind the Master sits down, the guest hands it to the man on his right, and another behind him springs up, the Master sits down. "Why do they have to have four up at once?" I asked. The member said, "To keep the man who is drinking from being stabbed in the back," and then it dawned upon me why people herd at Childs', or crowd one table when there are half a dozen empty ones, in America. But I do not think the American custom of calling a man Tom whom you have not seen for years, before you stab him or strike him for ten dollars, comes from this. It is pure and undefiled American brutality and vulgarity. Then, while the loving cup goes around, boxes of real cigars appear—not two or three in a cheap paper bag which the other diners steal as a joke, as I have had happen here. I am not able to say whether, at the last—and it will be the last so long as the country is dry—Pennsylvania Society banquet I attended, a former Governor or a present Judge stole mine, but I do know who prom-



SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR • LORD MAYOR OF LONDON IN ALL HIS GLORY
FROM THE PAINTING BY TENNYSON COLE • BY PERMISSION OF THE CORPO-
RATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO WHOM THE PAINTING BELONGS

ised me a drink and forgot it. That was a Senator, and his bottle was under the table. But nothing that should be remembered is forgotten at the Guilds. All is as it should be there and never is here. The waiters do not cadge for tips, saying "I'm going now." I remember one who did, and the British General near whom I sat getting up and replying "Go, then, and God bless you." Port is passed round, and when every one is in a blissful state, the toastmaster again emerges and prays in a voice of thunder for "Silence for His Gracious Majesty the King" or Queen, whichever it happens to be, and then for "the other members of the Royal Family", and then "The Army and Navy and Reserve Forces." Coupled with the name of any known person who may happen to be present who is called on to reply. I never was called on. Last of all, is the toast of the health of the Master and prosperity to the Guild. Each of these toasts requires a glass and there are few heel taps. If Royalty is there, He replies always in these words, the numbers alone changed—sometimes he also proposes the Guild—"My revered grandfather attended these delightful functions fifty-two times, my respected father attended these happy reunions sixty-three times. I have attended five times. I hope you will ask me again." and down he sits amid terrific cheers, or "I give you the Worshipful Guild, root and branch; may it flourish forever." Indescribable applause, which continues in various parts of the hall interspersed with "God Save the King"—or Queen, as may be—as long as any one can make a noise. Then we retire to the upper rooms, sometimes in summer to the tiny garden. At one Hall there is a pool in the center with a fountain, which vied in its flow with the port, but the next time I went the fountain was covered up. "Why?" said I.

"Oh, well, you know, maybe it was the last time you were here an old gentleman fell in the pond and nobody seemed to notice him till morning, but he fell on his back and the water didnt cover his nose and mouth. So we thought the next time he might fall on his face, and we board it up now when we have big dinners." At last we leave and, as we leave, boxes of bon-bons or gloves or parasols or fans, and such things as ladies used to like before women got the vote, things that once were made by the members of the Guild you have dined with, are handed to us. And then we try to find our hat and coat checks. I once saw the present King of England lost in a hat scrimmage at a dinner. And then we are asked about our carriage and told the last taxi went long ago, and so into the dark street—and some of those London alleys are so narrow that it is difficult to keep in them after a city dinner—and so, at last to bed.

I too belong to a Guild, The Art Workers' Guild, the only full American member, but we, though we have a Hall and give dinners and lectures and plays, are a working Guild, not a dining company—even if each evening we meet we have "an intermission" and after that the exchange of views is more lively. I belong also to The Club, The Johnson Club, we own the House in Gough Square where Johnson lived, we dine there and listen to papers after our supper of steak, larks and kidney pie, apple tarts, and welsh rarebits, washed down with good beer and topped off with good punch—so good it would convert a prohibitionist, or kill him. We only, as Augustine Birrell once said at a supper, "feel the larks and the kidneys struggling for utterance within us," sometimes, when we have to make speeches. It is a dear little Club and everyone, save Dr. Johnson, has belonged or tried to get in.

CHAPTER XXIII: THE FRENCH CATHEDRALS · SUMMERS IN FRANCE DRAWING THEM WHILE MRS. PENNELL WROTE OF THEM · OUR ADVENTURES IN SOME OF THEM



ROUEN FROM BON SECOURS · ETCHING DONE ABOUT 1900 · FROM THE ROAD TO PARIS

IN 1888 I got the commission to do the French cathedrals in a letter from Gilder which came one Christmas morning in London. First there was Notre Dame in Paris. I was far more interested in the devils on the gallery and the views from it than in the rest of the building, especially the bare interior. The Minister of Fine Arts gave me permission to use one of the towers as a studio and day after day I toiled up and drew a devil and heard his story from the Old Guardian, a relic of 1870. The devil was only a copy; Viollet-le-Duc saw to that. The Guardian told me stories of the siege, when the Arc de Triomphe was black be-

fore the fires outside the fortifications, and how the Communists piled wood and straw up and set the doors of the church ablaze, but he stuck to the towers; and stories of the suicides till the wire nets were put up below the balcony around the towers; of the man who threw himself over and repented as he fell and grabbed a gargoyle, slowly slipping till his last finger gave way; and of the woman who rushed up and jumped over and was caught by her skirts, which tore as she struggled; and of those who jumped clear and bounded up in the air when they hit the pavement; and how they all would rush out of the door of the stairs and hurl

themselves over when he was not looking. I wonder if he told these stories to Victor Hugo? And there was the cat that leaped from angle to angle over the empty space below. And it was in the tower that Whistler found me and made me a prisoner, and has kept me ever since. And Beardsley, who was with me in Paris in 1893, climbed up too, and made me into a chimera. I went to Chartres, heavenly beyond words, with its wonderful glass, wonderful site and wonderful porches. And to Caen that I hated, where there was nothing to draw but history; and the best drawing I made was of a cabstand which hid everything but the spires of the ugly church. And to Poitiers, with its market and awful decorations in perfect little Notre Dame du Port. It was here, when I was drawing a Romanesque side door, all that remained of the Romanesque cathedral, that one of Viollet-le-Duc's pupils came to me and said he would, if he had his way, pull all the Gothic church down and rebuild it like the Romanesque door. There were vandals in France even then. That is what is called restoration and what Viollet-le-Duc did all over the country, and the imported French architect is doing here, for the French hate all architecture before Haussmann, and the American French students do too, and are ruining our land with their abominations, and they destroy every original American creation to set up their French imitations. At Poitiers there was a Minor Canon who spent his days playing Wagner, while I drew. And at Périgueux, I was told to draw things that had been blown up with dynamite years before by Abadie, the other restorer of French cathedrals, as was known to every one but Viollet-le-Duc and Fergusson—but their standard works were published previously—and to that crime I reconciled my-

self as best I could with free truffles at the hotel. And I went to Toulouse, with its palaces and big market square, and people talking the most amazing "Toulousaing" French. And to Albi, that wonderful brick church with its wonderful stone porch and interior like no other anywhere. And to Le Puy, which we called "The Most Picturesque Place in the World," and it is. And then to Provence—Arles and St. Gilles, where Daudet's relations lived, and the people would scarce speak of him because of his *LETTRES DE MON MOULIN* and *TARTARIN DE TARASCON*, which had just been published.

PERHAPS of it all there was nothing I loved better than the quiet days in Arles with the old caretaker who looked for snails in the grass plot of the cloisters as the curé looked for souls at the altar. The old man had an ancestor who, during the Revolution, took his money, fled to London, and, to make sure of his fortune forever, deposited it in the Bank of England; and there was the will, and it said so. I had a copy of the will made and I showed it at the Bank in London; but they said they got that sort of thing every day. I am sure the old man thought me a thief, and I am not sure that the Bank of England was not, or that the money was not confiscated after Waterloo; it would have been in the last War. And while I was in Arles, Van Gogh was there—*le fou*—who every month or so had a mission to cut off somebody's ears, and when the devil entered into him he would be locked up in his room with his paints. There he would make masterpieces that were not wanted, till one day in Auvers nobody was round to have their ears cut off, so he cut his own throat or shot himself. And there were many other summers in many other French cathedrals: Bourges, the most imposing front in all France—



LE PUY "THE MOST PICTURESQUE PLACE IN THE WORLD" • REPRODUCED FROM A PROOF OF THE PLATE WHICH WAS RUINED IN THE WAR • IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. W. H. FOX

weeks, and weeks in the cathedral there; and Rheims, with its history—free champagne at the swell hotel; and Laon, then the loveliest and most isolated of them all, a whole summer; and Le Mans, Amiens, Beauvais, Rouen—nothing more beautiful in beautiful France than these beautiful cathedral towns, then unvisited by tearing, tooting tourists making motor flights through France.

ALMOST always, while I was doing the French work, I lived in commercial hotels. The French are utterly different from the English, where the outsider is not allowed in, though when I got in and they asked me what I did, I told them I traveled in Art. But as I had to carve for a tableful of stodgy Britons or stand drinks all round, I did not join them after ruining one or two joints and committing other crimes. In France, the commercial, the *commis voyageur*, goes to the hotel where one dines best and where there are the best people; usually the Army mess is there too, if it is a garrison town; and the *voyageur* never talks shop, but he talks interestingly and amusingly and incessantly. Has the War, and, what is worse, the mean English and the low American tripper, killed it all, since the invasion of doughnuts and doughboys, Tommy and Tipperary? Soissons, the only cathedral town I have been to after the War, is ruined and the hotel too. Madame used to sit at the head of the table serving their favorite dish to her favorite *voyageurs* and the townspeople; that was before the Touring Club copied from the English, and the ridiculous *entente cordiale* and the other sentimental rubbish that ended in War. No automobilists save the *voyageurs* who came in their own cars, and me or us—that is, E. or Mallows, or both—we ever saw. And then the café after breakfast, where we smoked and read the hot noontide

away. We had been working from sunrise till eleven and we went back to work from two or three till dark. The café again after dinner; the *musique militaire*; les *retraites aux flambeaux*; long talks over short drinks with the people, spun out for hours; meetings with Shaw and with rare artists and architects who came over either with the Art Workers' Guild, or on American Architectural Cycling Tours, which I tried to personally conduct. Once a social complication—Laon selected by the complicitors because it was unknown; but never a tourist; sometimes fêtes on Sundays, sometimes tramps round about the country. That is the France I know and shall never see again. The results are in *FRENCH CATHEDRALS* by Mrs. Pennell, and the drawings buried somewhere in the Luxembourg Gallery cellars.

AN experience that was not pleasant I had in one of these inns. At Arles I fell ill with cholera and scared everybody to death, and the landlady thought the authorities would shut the *Hôtel du Forum*, but they hid me in a garret. The old doctor came and asked if I had made my will, for, said he, "I am going to put you to sleep for twenty-four hours, and when you wake up you will either be dead or cured." I woke up, but it took months for me to do anything more than crawl round, for I felt as if all my insides were gone. The life *là bas* is in *PLAY IN PROVENCE* that E. and I wrote—our life in the summers we spent there, when we discovered Martigues and les *joutes*—then unspoiled—now on Cook's program. Another time down there at the fête of the *Saintes* I took too much chlorodyne and knew it, and went and drank up all the cognac and rum I could get; and that did no good, and I knew if I went to bed and to sleep, I should never wake up. And so I called the same landlady and she dosed me with hot salt water—and, well!



J. Pennell
Laon 1893

E. AND HELEN • MRS. PENNELL AND HER SISTER H. J. ROBINS • AT LAON • PEN DRAWING
MADE WHILE THERE IN 1893 • ANOTHER VERSION OF THIS IS IN FRENCH CATHEDRALS



MONT ST. MICHEL • PEN DRAWING FOR FRENCH CATHEDRALS • IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY PARIS • I DID THIS DRAWING IN THE SUMMER OF 1900 WHEN OWING TO DIFFICULTIES WITH ENGRAVERS AND PRINTERS AND MY BEING IN EUROPE AND THE BOOKS AND MAGAZINES FOR WHICH THEY WERE MADE PRINTED HERE I USED THE METHODS OF THE EARLY ILLUSTRATORS • THE ONLY TIME I EVER ABANDONED MY USUAL WAY OF MAKING PEN DRAWINGS THE MODERN WAY • BUT THE MONT IS A MEDÆVAL TOWN SO IT WAS APPROPRIATE

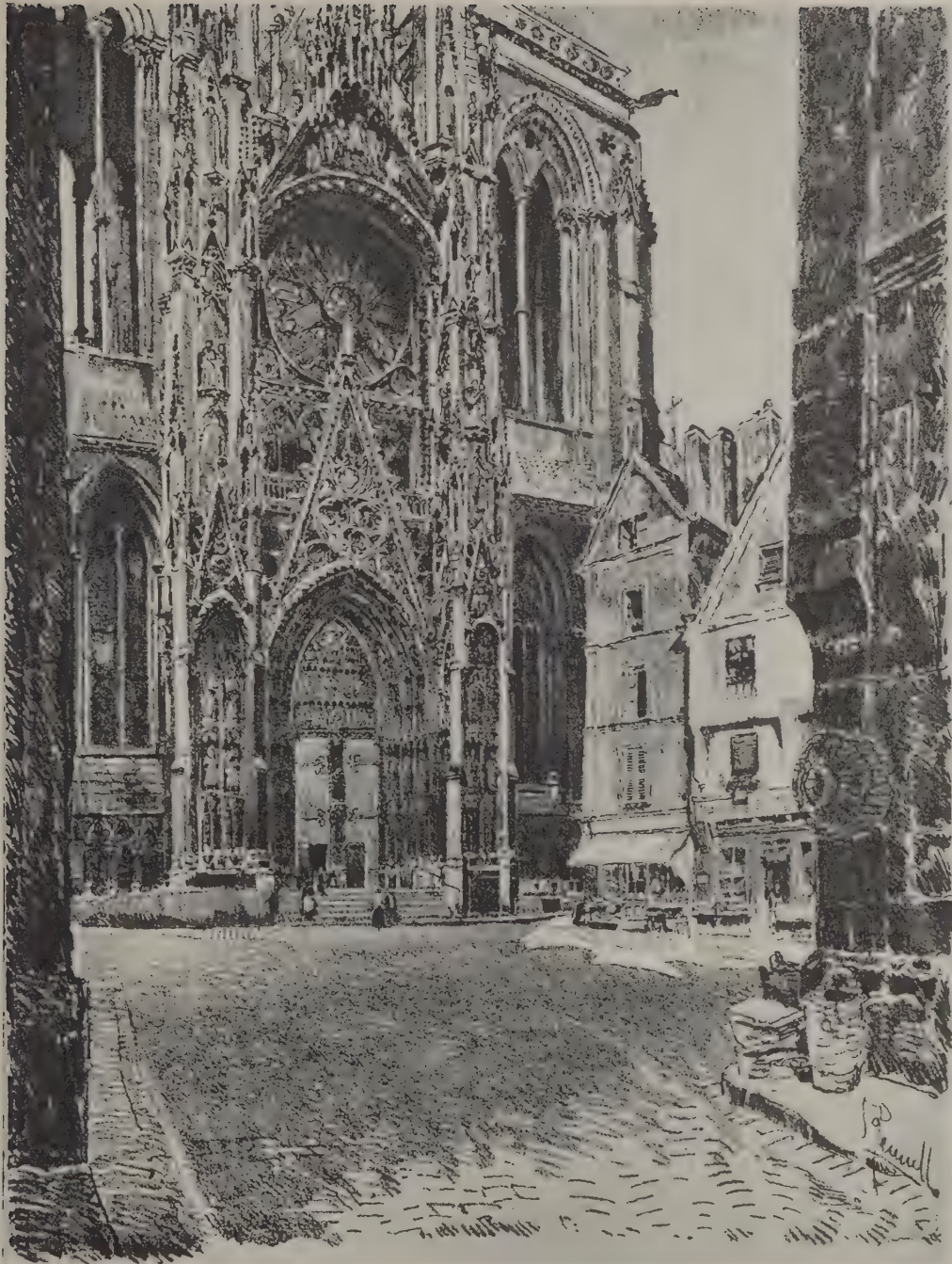


DOORWAY ST. TROPHIME AT ARLES • PEN DRAWING 1890 FOR FRENCH CATHEDRALS • IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY • PARIS • THIS SHOWS MY USUAL HANDLING OF ARCHITECTURAL WORK

Worse happened in Madrid. I had been out to the Escorial in midsummer and it was hot; and as the sun went down behind the mountains, a breeze came up and the Spaniards drew their cloaks round them. I threw off my coat and vest, and in an hour I had malaria and all sorts of things. I dragged myself back to Madrid and there Timothy Cole, making engravings in the Prado, found me and told me to leave at once, and I did. I heard afterwards that he had come to the station in a *béret* and a flannel shirt and corduroy pants and grass slippers to see me off, carrying, to give me and brace me up, a big package of American "Force", which he then happened to be living on; and they would not let him into the waiting room because they thought he was a dynamiter. Half dead, I got to Paris, chattering, trembling, and I ordered a room at the Quai d'Orsay Hôtel and a fire and all the blankets I could get—it was July—and a bottle of whisky, and I drank that; and the next morning I was cured. And if France had been dry, I should have been dead. But the drawings I made in Spain that summer are in Hay's *CASTILIAN DAYS*, and the originals in the Chicago Art Institute.

ABOUT ten years of my life were spent in cathedrals—the cathedrals of Italy, Spain, Germany, Belgium, as well as the cathedrals of England and France—before I was done; and if it had not been for the War, I never should have finished. I even went to wrecked Soissons after the War, but one glimpse of that was enough; the hotel and the people of the town were ruined too, but the tourists, blind and fools, enjoyed the rubber-neck rides through the "devastated regions." Though the book that was made of the cathedrals still sells a few copies a year, the "public taste" has changed to photographs and newspaper snippets, which reminds me of a

day when I was drawing at Rouen. I went there over and over, and endless people, Beardsley among them, came up from Dieppe to see me and stay at the Hôtel du Nord, with its unexpected intimate revelations, for every window looked into everybody else's room. And Salis came down from Paris with his *CHAT NOIR* pictures and made a fiasco and died. And one day I took a perfect American lady to a perfect restaurant with a terrace, but she said, "No, I will never eat with my feet in the gutter!" And once Whistler came, when I was not there. And E. went to all the cathedrals first as a holiday, and, second, because she eventually wrote the book on the French Churches. But the day I refer to, a real British matron walked up to me with *HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN NORMANDY* in her hand, open at the frontispiece. I had illustrated it a year or two before, when I saw from a bicycle every inch of Normandy, as I have seen almost every other department in France. And the matron said: "A—oh! Are you an artist? Now, I want to show you something here. I bought this book and it's full of drawings by that awful Pennell. I know all about him—horrid creature!" "I know him too," said I; "vile Yankee!" "Fancy!" said she. "Just what one would think! Well, here, look at this frontispiece! It's called 'The Transept, Rouen Cathedral.' Look at your drawing and look at this drawing in the book, and look at the transept in front of us!" "Shocking!" said I. "I'd write to *THE TIMES* and expose the swindler, and to the publishers and get my money back." "I will," said she. "Do," said I; "only," I added, as she was going in at the transept door, "I would look on the other side of the church; you might find another transept door on that side. The beastly American has a habit of getting things in their right



THE TRANSEPT AT ROUEN • LITHOGRAPH FROM NATURE • ONE OF THE FIRST DRAWINGS OF MODERN TIMES SUCCESSFULLY TRANSFERRED TO THE STONE AND THE ORIGINAL PRESERVED THIS WAS DONE BY CHARLES GOULDING ABOUT 1905 • HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN NORMANDY BY THE REVEREND PERCY DEARMER • WE DID THE WHOLE OF THE COUNTRY ON BICYCLES

places." As she went in, the door slammed behind her; but she never came out of it again. Why do the British always slam doors? My door, the door I had drawn, was on the other side.

I COULD go on; but this is enough. If I could only, either by writing or drawing, prove how much I loved and cared for these churches, these countries, and the people in them, it would be something; but no one cares for cathedrals or for the drawings either. Some of the cathedrals—only a few, thank God—are historic documents, or my drawings are, but these, instead of being shown, are buried some-

where in the cellars of the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. They were asked for and given by me to the French Government, and the acknowledgment of what they called one of their most important gifts was all I got from a Government which shies its favors on all who demand or grovel or pay for them. It is the same thing here. The other day, in the latest history of American Graphic Art, I found my work in the Cathedrals of Europe unmentioned in the volume.

IT is all a beautiful memory of a quiet life in a world that passed away in the War, the War that has wrecked the world.



A CHIMERA OF NOTRE DAME • PEN DRAWING
PRINTED IN THE PALL MALL GAZETTE AND
AFTERWARDS ISSUED IN A VOLUME THE DEV-
ILS OF NOTRE DAME BY R. A. M. STEVENSON

CHAPTER XXIV. BEARDSLEY · THE YELLOW BOOK AND
THE SAVOY · THE BIRTH OF THE YELLOW BOOK · BEARDSLEY
DISMISSED AS EDITOR · ADVENTURES IN PARIS AND LONDON
WITH BEARDSLEY · METHOD OF WORK · ILLNESS AND DEATH



REGENT'S QUADRANT · A PEN DRAWING PUBLISHED IN THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE SAVOY

ONE night, at the Hogarth Club in London, Henry Harland and Aubrey Beardsley came up to me, and Harland said: "We are going to edit a magazine and John Lane will publish it." "Who's we?" said I. "Aubrey and me. I'll do the literary end, he'll look after the art." "Why, you don't know anything about editing," said I. "Neither of you, not even with me, can run a magazine." "You will see," they said. "And what's more, you are to do

something for it." And there it was, full born, without any details as to expense, or advertisers, paper, ink, circulation, publicity, overhead charges, the only important matters which modern editors think about and most modern publishers care about, save imitating their rivals more cheaply. Harland and Beardsley wanted the best art and literary magazine they could make, and they had the name and the publisher, and now they needed the contributors—among them me. I wanted

to be the art editor and have Beardsley for contributor, but they did not see it that way and, after endless discussions and an equal or greater number of drinks, for nothing decent can be done without drink, an inspiring quantity of it, *THE YELLOW BOOK* was born. It was to be a quarterly, and the title was taken from the cover, a different design for each issue by Beardsley, who made half, if not more, of the drawings in the first volume and they were the basis and backbone of it all. There was some sense in the covers and some character, just as there is no sense and no character in the covers of most magazines. The yellow of the binding was a telling note on the bookstands and in the bookshops, and it was a book and not the hybrid—neither newspaper, magazine nor book—that most periodical publications are. It was by no means the first attempt in England at artistic expression in book or magazine making by artists and literary people, in distinction to publishers and editors, or shopkeepers and sweaters, which is all many editors and publishers are to-day. The first of these art journals was *THE GERM*, artless though, save for its illustrations, and they did not amount to much despite the cackle over them. The literature was much better, but the get-up was hopelessly commonplace. It is widely sought for by collectors—so-called in America—incited to collect not for beauty, excellence of craftsmanship, but because the book is rare and, therefore, “tink vat it vill pring in de auction ven yer has to sell it!” If our American system of collecting had always been practised there would have been no literature or art, for the collector of this sort pays no attention to his contemporaries, and without contemporary work there can be no old work. His method of collecting is only senseless dealing, with no end or aim

but money, the stock exchange and the bucket shop applied to art and literature both old and new. There were also *THE HOBBY HORSE*, more or less founded on the Pre-Raphaelites and their beliefs; and *THE DIAL*, founded to boom Messrs. Ricketts and Shannon; and *THE BUTTERFLY*, founded by Edgar Wilson, which fluttered occasionally but was mostly in a chrysalis state, though it produced Phil May, Sullivan, Max Beerbohm, Edgar Wilson, Hart-rick and myself, and published authors like Arthur Morrison, though most of them were not like him at all.

THE *YELLOW BOOK* was to contain the best of everything that the editors knew was the best, and it did, and so was an immediate success, though I did not believe it would be. The financial side did not matter to us so long as John Lane paid the contributors—that is, us—and he did. But success brought dissension. Everybody wanted to be in it, the editors, too, wanted to get in with certain people, and the end came quickly. Though Beardsley kept up the artistic current, the literary rivulets ran low. Harland, hunting round for more authors, secured Henry James, the most distinguished or one of the most distinguished of the day, and then asked Mrs. Humphry Ward, extremely popular in this country, who said she would write for the book if she could be shown copies of it, because, though she had heard of it, she had never seen it. Harland sent her a volume and then it was understood that she made it a condition before writing, that Aubrey Beardsley should be dropped as editor. If he was not, she would, through her beloved Gladstone, invoke the Public Prosecutor, for in one or more drawings she—and she alone—found something she did not approve of, or rather understand. I have lately seen it stated that the protest came from Sir William Watson. Here

was a case for John Lane to decide, and he was in America. He was cabled to and he cabled back to let Beardsley go; and once again the face of British respectability was washed, and all the contributors, decadents they were called, or most of them, went too. Harland did not; but the magazine thereafter was seen on every middle-class drawing-room table in England, and that was the end of it. Keats and Beardsley did more for the British than any authors or artists of modern times and both were really killed by their critical compatriots. When Beardsley illustrated Oscar Wilde's *SALOME*—another scandal in Bloomsbury, though artists knew this work to be a masterpiece—his drawings or the prints were edited, those in the last volume of *THE YELLOW BOOK* suppressed. Then there came sad, hard days for Beardsley, who was ill, stranded, almost bankrupt. He had to depend on other publishers, Nichols at one time, and at another, Smithers, who issued *THE RAPE OF THE LOCK*, his best book. About this time Beardsley was seeing a good deal of Arthur Symons, and *THE SAVOY*, also published by Smithers, was the result, and I was in that, too, with both an article on "English Illustration of the Sixties," and my own drawings. *THE SAVOY* died soon, though Beardsley did some of his finest work for it. He was now a skilled craftsman. But not even his designs, dinners, and Henry James could keep it going, for decadence, which in it had meant good, even great work, disappeared in the Wilde débâcle. Good work is always hated by the bourgeois and the middle class, and the whole Anglo-Saxon race, which loves banalities, boorishness and buncombe. *THE DAILY MAIL* and *TIT-BITS* took its place, and we have now sunk to *The Ladies' Mothers' Home Saturday National Weekly Journalism*, cubism,

futurism, expressionism, the radio, the movies, the comics, the delight of the vulgar Americun-speaking world, which wallows in the slough of filth it has buried itself in and is happy. All I want is in this book to make some record of what was done when the world was worth living in, as it was in those days.

As to Beardsley, it has often been said that I made him, though at the present moment historians and critics ignore me—or try to. I did nothing of the sort; he had made himself before I met him; and I met him in this way: One day in the early Nineties, Robbie—Robert—Ross, executor and biographer of Oscar Wilde, looked me up and said: "I have found an artist, at least I think I have, and I should like you to see him. Would you care to come to a dinner I am going to give in a few days and meet this artist—Beardsley?" I went and, so far as I remember, George Moore was there—he got in somehow—and Justin McCarthy and Lewis Hind, and Gleeson White, editor of *THE STUDIO* that was to be. And there came into the room where we all were a boy, a child, and this was Beardsley. He looked less an artist than a swell. He carried a portfolio, not an artist's portfolio, but something a young lady would carry, prettily decorated on the sides. He always had the little portfolio under his arm when he, alone or with his sister Mabel, dropped in at our place in Buckingham Street. For somehow he took to us. In the portfolio that evening were a number of drawings which he wanted to show. They were not his earliest, because like all geniuses Beardsley's early work wasnt worth a cent, but those he was then making for the *MORTE D'ARTHUR*. I was very much struck by one of men in armor, a headpiece combining in a remarkable manner the work of the Pre-Raphaelites and that of modern designers. When

he had shown the drawings and we had praised them, he told us Burne-Jones liked them, which rather staggered us, and Morris also, though he was reproducing them by process instead of by wood cutting. After seeing the drawings, I agreed to write an article on Beardsley for the first number of *THE STUDIO*, about to be published. It was an intensely hedging article, all I said being that Beardsley might do something if he went on and did something, and to my great surprise he did. But with the publication of the *MORTE*, the world admitted that an artist was born. Later he became much more influenced by the Japanese, by their line, than by the Pre-Raphaelites. His designs, mostly, were in pen and ink, and his work in that medium has set a standard for his imitators everywhere. In it there was, and is, character, observation, technique that no one has been able to surpass, though many in many lands, have tried. But Beardsley knew and saw and did and succeeded far better than any one.

INSTEAD of being satisfied with clichés or repetitions, Beardsley never repeated himself, or stupidly imitated, as most of the great and good illustrators do; he did something different each time. There were posters for John Lane, Fisher Unwin, *THE YELLOW BOOK*, theaters. A very few designs were in color but they were not used until some time after. A number of title pages, end papers, and head and tail pieces for the *BON MOT* and *KEY NOTE* series, published by Lane, date from this time. His fame spread to the cheap magazines; his drawings were printed in them because they were talked about in *THE YELLOW BOOK*. They even appeared with "he and she pictures," photographs and as advertisements.

BEFORE long I got to know Beardsley as well as you get to know most people.

More than once we went to Paris together. We were there in 1893 when I was spending my days on the towers of Notre Dame, and Beardsley climbed up with me two or three times. That was about all we saw of each other by day, but he made me into a gargoyle in the place of Méryon's Stryge, and the drawing was printed first in *THE PALL MALL BUDGET*. It was then we went to the palaces and gardens of St. Cloud and St. Germain and Versailles. These he got not on paper but in his head, but they did not come out until two or three years later in *THE RAPE OF THE LOCK*. We stopped at a hotel, well known to artists in those days, with an incomprehensible name, the *Hôtel du Portugal et de l'Univers*. It was as incomprehensible and insignificant as its name was magnificent. At the entrance all guests were appropriated by the concierge. I remember Beardsley was rather shocked when he had to undergo being properly embraced by her. The New Salon was still really new, and Stevenson, MacColl, Robbie Ross, Whibley, Furze and Harland were all in Paris, most of us doing it for our papers. At the Vernissage Beardsley wore his little straw hat, a light suit and a golden tie, and the English stared and wondered—those who came in caps and hob nails, as they never would dare at the Royal Academy. There we saw Madame Aman Jean, the first woman of modern times who showed the world how the ladies of the Middle Ages hid their ears in their hair, and all the other celebrities—the President, whoever he was, of the Republic, or the Salon, and Carolus, Whistler, Harpignies, and the other chers Maîtres, and people climbed on chairs to see Zola walk by, and actually looked at the pictures between times. The crowd then came to see the pictures. To-day they come to see each other, and drink tea, but in those days their interest was in the ex-

hibits, and the celebrities were an interlude in the restaurant, as they filed in for lunch, which was not a business man's cold-storage gobble. Business men of our sort did not then exist in Paris or even here.

ONE day that year a professor of architecture came over and we gave him a lunch. The place we chose was outside the Palais Royal. The architect wore a top hat and a frock coat, and we were all dressed for a formal affair. R. A. M. Stevenson sat at the head of the table, and the table was in the gutter. It was ordinarily used by cabmen quietly—but we had such a crowd around us noisily in five minutes that we were moved by the police and the table taken away. Then we drove to Lapérouse to finish the lunch. Another day we went to Versailles, and near the little lake opposite the Trianon, we all lay down on the grass. There were ladies in the party. Mrs. Pennell did not come. She was in Paris. I left her in the hotel to work while we played. As we lay and loafed, there arose in the background a whole troop of real Americans from the western world, out with their keeper. And he said, "Naw, friends, if you look here, you will see the Tri-I-an, yon." And Furze, the painter, who was a big man, stood up and said, "Friends, I'm going in swimming." "Me, too," said the ladies. All the Middle-West gents started staring and the Middle-West ladies all promptly got out their kodaks. Furze took off his coat and his vest, and had gone further before the keeper could drive his crowd away. Things became so intimate that the intelligent tourists thought it was no place for them and left, and then we invited our souls for the rest of the afternoon. In the evening we started home and, after singing all sorts of patriotic songs up and down the station platform, we were shut in the waiting room by the shocked station master. On the train from

Versailles to Paris we took the top of one of the funny little double-deck trams with seats on the roof right in the smoke, and it is a pity we could not have been photographed when we arrived at the Gare St. Lazare as black as real nigger minstrels. Another day we went by *mouche* to St. Cloud, and our straw hats blew off, and we tied handkerchiefs around our heads, and we joined a wedding party, and posed as gods and goddesses on the empty pedestals of the park, and even then were not photographed, though all of us were celebrities, and not the nonentities who grin for the Sunday papers. Thus much of our time was passed, but all the while we worked, looking at pictures, writing about them, talking about them, trying to make them.

ONE night I took Beardsley, or he took me, to the Opera, to hear LOHENGRIN. We sat on the side of the parquet, on the steps. Beardsley, without drawing a line, studied the whole thing, and evolved "The Wagnerians," first printed in THE YELLOW BOOK, one of the designs to which he owed his great reputation, later republished in LE COURIER FRANÇAIS, as a patent medicine advertisement, and finally sold at the Hotel Drouot for the enormous sum of fifty francs, and now in an American collection. After the opera we crossed the street to the Grand Café, and as we were walking by the terrace, we saw Whistler with Arthur Jerome Eddy, considered quite correct by Whistler, who agreed to paint his portrait and so, he said, make Chicago, which was Eddy's town, remembered. Whistler noticed Beardsley, but that was all, and then Beardsley went home, and Whistler said to me: "What do you make of that young thing? He has hairs on his head, hairs on his hands, in his ears—all over." "You dont know him," I said. "Do you mind my bringing him to your



THE DEVIL OF NOTRE DAME • LE STRYGE • ETCHED IN 1893 ON THE TOWERS
OF NOTRE DAME • FROM THE PROOF IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. W. H. FOX



A DEVIL OF NOTRE DAME • PORTRAIT BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY OF
JOSEPH PENNELL ETCHING ON THE TOWER • MADE WHILE WE
WERE IN PARIS TOGETHER • FROM THE DRAWING LOANED BY
THE LATE JOHN LANE • PRINTED IN EARLY WORK OF BEARDSLEY

place Sunday afternoon?" He answered, "I dont know about that." But finally, after much talk, I got Whistler to let me bring Beardsley to his beautiful garden in the Rue du Bac. That afternoon I dont think Whistler cared for him at all. Puvis de Chavannes and Mallarmé, who were there, showed much more interest and Puvis asked Beardsley to his studio. There was an Englishman, too, with pots of money—something we were not blessed with, and he invited the Whistlers and us to dinner at a café in the Champs Elysées. We went, but Whistler never appeared, a way he had sometimes. At dinner Beardsley worked out a drawing of Whistler. He offered it to me, Walter Sickert got it, said he left it in a cab, and now it has turned up in a volume of UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

WE had other adventures in Paris. We went one night to Montmartre, to one of those places run not for the benefit of intelligent tourists, but for artists, by artists. To get back, we climbed in, on, around, on top of a four-wheeled closed cab, about ten of us, and as we came down the hill of Montmartre, a steep street, there was a crash and the bottom fell out. The horses went faster and faster. Those of us nearest the bottom fell out, too, and those who could put their feet on the ground ran inside the bottomless cab and kept up as best they could with the rocking upper works. Finally the cocher steered the vehicle into a solid wall, and it stopped with another crash. We untangled all who were on top, and all who were in the bottom crawled through, and the few still left on the seats climbed from the inside, and we stood around until Harland, who was a generous and beneficent person, said, "Oh, the poor cocher! We must help him; he may get sacked and fined besides." So Harland took the coachman's leather top

hat and passed it round, and we contributed. The coins fell with a clang into the hat, several five-franc pieces among them. All this time a sergent de ville was watching the whole proceeding. Finally when the coachman realized that no more contributions were coming, he took his hat, emptied the contents in his pockets, said "Merci," and went his merry way. Then the policeman spoke. "It seems strange that gentlemen such as you, who seem to be acquainted with the ways of Paris, and who seem to understand things here, shouldnt know that the coachman was insured. Now he has not only earned his day's pay, but twenty-five or fifty francs besides."

BEARDSLEY made a place for himself not only by drawing, but by writing. He used both talents in illustrating his romance UNDER THE HILL. His knowledge of old French as well as modern was great, and he is said to have been able to help and correct Andrew Lang in the use of it. Besides this, he had commenced as a musician and, with Mabel, his sister, gave concerts in his very youthful years. As he was eager to go everywhere by day, he usually worked by night. His studio was the drawing room of his house near St. George's Square, Pimlico, where he drew by candlelight. He began his drawing by making the pen lines which bound it, two or three of them sometimes, a pencil sketch in the space within and then he went at the subject in ink. He never depended on a model, he only attended an art school a few weeks. He was an artist, and could do what he wanted—that was all. He drank in every drop of the beauty of all the ages—the costumes of fair ladies, the dignity of parks, the grotesqueness of dwarfs, the swagger of gallants.

HIS master work was THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. He brought the drawings to my

place one evening. He had not seen Whistler in a long time, for he usually came to me when he thought Whistler would not be there. But this time Whistler was with us. Beardsley brought the drawings in his ornate portfolio, wearing his yellow tie, his gray suit, his little, very little, straw hat fitted just on the top of his head, and said: "I want to show you what I have done." He did not speak to Whistler at all. Whistler sat at one end of the lounge and I at the other. Beardsley walked up and down between us, and brought out and handed me one drawing after another, and Whistler took them one after another, and looked at them. And when Whistler had seen them all, he looked at Beardsley and said, "Aubrey, you know I never thought much of you, but I was altogether wrong. You are a very great artist." That was the kind of man Whistler was and none but his friends knew it really.

ONE Christmas we went, with Whistler and the Fisher Unwins, to Bournemouth, where Beardsley was staying, but the end was coming and he was too ill to see us. He spent that spring in Paris, all the time drawing, afraid to lose a day. Like Whistler, he was always working, always playing against death. In July, Mrs. Pennell, Whistler, Boldini, Kennedy and I cross-

ed over from London to Dieppe, where Beardsley had gone for the summer. We had forgotten the number of his lodging, and we gaily passed without knowing it. He was at the window, watching for us and thought we did not want to see him, but I found out a little later where he was and we hurried back and explained. He had begun the illustrations for *VOLPONE* and had made the frontispiece and one or more drawings, besides the initial letters, and he showed them to me. There was a certain richness he never got before, and this was the last work of his life. In the autumn, with his mother, he went south, stopping in Paris, to Mentone. From there he wrote me that he was "passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death." It was the last letter I had from him and, with his others, his books dedicated and inscribed to me, and the drawings he gave me, all went in the cursed, useless, waste-

ful War. All I now have is the photograph of this painting sent me by his mother with her love. At Mentone he had not long to wait. In his hotel room, surrounded by his books and the drawings he loved, he died like Keats in a foreign land, but the name and fame will live of Keats and Beardsley, two boys whom the Gods loved and took while they both were very young.



AUBREY BEARDSLEY · FROM THE PAINTING
BY M. JACQUES BLANCHE NOW SHOWN IN
THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY LONDON

[1898]

CHAPTER XXV: GETTING INTO RUSSIA · I START WITH
A WORTHLESS PASSPORT · AT BRODY · I ENTER RUSSIA · GO
TO KIEV · SEE THE LIVING DEATH AND OTHER SIGHTS



STREET IN BRODY · PEN DRAWING PUBLISHED IN THE JEW AT HOME · W. HEINEMANN LONDON

ONE day in the summer of 1891, while E. and I were riding our bicycles from Berlin to Budapest, doing the articles for THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS on our ride which I have referred to, we were lunching at the Friederichshof in Berlin, when up turned Harold Frederic, full of Jews. Except for the vague, unformulated dislike to a Jew felt instinctively by every properly constituted person of my generation and race, I had never thought of Jews as Jews, outside the Bible, except as a peculiar people, for I have friends among Hebrews. But the persecuted, down-trodden Bolshevik, Tartar, Polish, Slo-

vac, Russian, world-wrecking, American-coddled-to Jews I object to with reason, and so do the genuine old Jews—Hebrews—who know them. Frederic was all for the Russian Jews. They were admirable, they were martyrs; they were persecuted. He would avenge them in SCRIBNER'S and THE NEW YORK TIMES, and the Rothschilds and Goldschmidts were back of him—the latter a mere incident. And I must come along and we would do an article on Kiev, the holiest place in Russia, and another on Berditchev where, it appeared, there was a bigger horse fair and more Jews than anywhere else for its size in creation; and we talked Russian Jew with

[1891]

German Jews for a day or so, over lunches, with champagne paid for by the real Jews. And Jews began to interest me, and when we got to Budapest, we were right in the midst of them. There was Vambéry, a Jew, sitting on the fence; Hirsch, a Jew, ready to save them via Argentina and New Jersey, so long as they were kept out of Hungary, and by doing so he was to be white-washed for his work on the Hungarian railways; and Pulski, though he declared that, after three generations, a Russian Jew becomes a good citizen. "But what of the previous generations you have to endure?" he always added. The Jews were even their own greatest enemies. And then the Russian Jews, he was always telling us, were not Hebrews, but Tartars who, at some remote period, had become converted; the lot of them, in South Russia and Mesopotamia by missionaries sent out—the only time—from Palestine. And everybody, from peasant to prince, was against them; yet Jews they were, all the same, Jews by religion, but not Hebrews by descent, and the Russians would not keep them and the Hungarians would not have them, so they were to be shipped anywhere they could be sent—and that was the way we got them. The real Jews—Hebrews of Europe paid the bill. On the way down I had seen at Carlsbad some appalling caricatures of the human race, creatures in antiquated stovepipe hats, or large slouches, or furry caps, and short-cropped hair, with a long ringlet hung in front of each ear, a straggling beard, a greasy, dirty, ill-fitting long coat or gabardine, in the sleeves of which they hid their hands decorated with nails like claws, as you could see when they came out to blow their noses, without handkerchiefs; under their arms were battered umbrellas; their trousers frayed;

and many slouched in slippers, and most of the rest wore boots. We were told during the hour or so we stayed there that they were rich Polish Jews, drinking the waters. External application of water, it seemed to me, would have been more useful. There was no Poland then, no little nations, no little peoples to ruin and wreck the world, as they have done. We found too, in the Judengasse of Vienna, the same types. But it was not till we got to Transylvania and saw and heard that the entire country was in the clutch of these creatures, that they controlled the liquor business, owned the peasants, and were beginning to own the land; not till we saw that the quarter of every town they were in was sunk in the dirt, decay, and grime of the old Ghetto; not till we heard that the peasants were ousted from their markets and their arts and crafts supplanted by machine-made trash; not till we saw that though the peasants not in their clutches lived in their own houses covered with flowers, each in its own walled enclosure, the Jews swarmed like rats in the filthiest houses, or under them, in the center of the towns—it was not till then that we heard that the Jew of Russia, Hungary, Galicia, Slovakia, and Polakia is a blight and a plague. And we felt that if the prejudice against them is strong, if they have been persecuted and shunned, it is largely their own fault. Now America has got them, or rather the Polish, Russian and Greek Jews have got us, for we are cowards and afraid of them. We are the worst cowards in the world—and we call ourselves uplifters, idealists, altruists—only we do not know that real Jews, American Hebrews who do know them, dread their coming here. I do not believe that any sane person who has seen the Jews in Russia and Hungary, and most of those who come to America, can think anything else about

them; and, as a Brooklyn policeman said to me one day, as I was drawing in Judea—at the end of the Passover—which are the local names for New York and the Manhattan Bridge—"I kin stan' anything but them Juce. What they wants is a bath, and in the biggest bathtub God A'mity's ever made—der Atlantic Ocean; and some day we'll get 'em in an' then yer bet ya life, there'll be few'll get out, and only on the other side. Der biggest Yeudenhetze of Russia wont be in it, nope! Sure!" In fact, we want, in our treatment of Tartar Jews, most aliens, elevators and uplifters, to go back to the great Dark Ages. We are now dictated to by fools, fanatics and females. The life of the Russian, Polish, Rumanian Jew, in all its filth and degradation, can be seen in "this great Jewish City," as Zangwill kindly called New York, and all America, but I, was afraid to answer him. I told him he ought to be sent back at national expense, then his play failed and he ran away to what he calls home, but no Englishman would call him a Briton.

I WAITED as long as possible for the vintage in Transylvania, and it was only a day or so before I had to start that I went to the United States Consul in Budapest and asked him about getting my passport viséed for Russia. He looked at it and said it was no longer good. I asked why; he told me because it was more than two years old. This rule I did not know, as it was not stated on the paper. I asked the Consul to get me a new one by telegraph from the American Minister at Vienna. He said it was not possible, and he doubted if the Minister would issue another. So I told him the story of this passport, how I had asked for it in London a few years before, and the Minister had refused me. I told the Minister that it did not matter, for I should go to Cook's Tourist Office

and get a British one—they were passport agents—and he said all right, that did not matter either. And then I told him that, as soon as I had got it, I should give a lunch to all the American newspaper correspondents in London and tell them the story. The passport was handed me, signed and sealed, before I left the Legation. I have found, or used to find, American diplomats more ready to be polite to foreign refugees or renegades than to those citizens whose ancestors have been Americans for centuries. But it appeared that a passport wanted abroad was only granted on personal application at an Embassy or Legation—such is American red tape—and there was not any time for me to go to Vienna. To get into Russia, a passport must be viséed, for without a visé, it is worthless. Outside Russia and Turkey one could then travel freely without any papers. Now, that Consul was a man of ideas and, knowing the importance of the case, he said, "The Russian Consul in Pest is a friend of mine. I will give you a letter of introduction to him; and if you, when you call, choose to ask him to visé the passport and he does so, though I wash my hands of the affair, you can go to Russia. But, mind, if you get into trouble there, and you most likely will get into trouble, you can claim no protection from the United States." We dont have Consuls like that, I fear, any longer to represent us abroad—not since we have become a world power. The Russian Consul was charming and viséed the paper at once. I also was furnished with official documents from the Hungarian Government to the authorities at Brody on the Russian frontier, where the customs bar between the two countries crosses the streets. As soon as I got there and commenced to draw, I was arrested. And as the officials would talk nothing but Polish or Slovak or Russian,



A GENTLEMAN OF BRODY • PEN DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW

and could not read Hungarian or American, and insisted on my taking my hat off when I came into their mighty presence, though they kept theirs on, and as I forgot more than once to do so, for there was no place to put my hat but on my head, I came near being sent back to Budapest. But finally, I not only arranged matters with them but made a number of drawings in this big Jew town where the Russian Jews who have escaped wait for their ringlets, cut off by a cruel government, to grow again, meanwhile "shaving" the new arrivals.

AT the Russian side of the frontier—the frontier station was a little way out of the town and we took the train there—my passport was examined, my baggage was examined, and I was examined. As everything seemed in order, I was allowed to go on, and went slowly on in the Pullman, the only excitement being that the night before I got to Kiev some tremendous Russian official boarded the train—his greatness required an entire compartment—and so the Russian lady who was in the one next me was put, in her nightgown, into mine. And he was given hers. I can only say she conducted herself with perfect propriety and not as in a Russian novel, though she did smoke big black cigars.

AT Kiev, after I had given up my passport to the hotel porter and been given a room, I went to the monastery I had come to draw. It stands high above the city within the walls of the fortress. Long before I got to the gate I saw the pilgrims, on their last day's tramp to it, and I saw how fine it all was. One of the great festivals of autumn was about to be held and from all over Russia the pilgrims had come. Some, from Siberia, I was told, had been eighteen months on the way. They were in rags. They car-

ried, not scrip but tea kettles; they all had staves or clubs. Some were penniless; but none were tramps or tourists. At the gate many fell on their faces and crawled all the way to the church. I walked, and then asked if I could find a monk who could speak English, as I was told at the hotel I should. The brother sent me, an Irishman, was charming, said the life was holy, and at once went to ask permission for me to draw, which he assured me before he went would be refused—and it was. But I had provided myself with tiny sketch blocks and bits of paper, and on these I made notes of what I could not remember. I can never forget the crowd of silent pilgrims, stretched upon the church floor, waiting for the service; the monks, each like a Christ in his stall beneath the tiny gem-like windows of the dark interior; the great lamps, the glittering icons in the gloom, and the great gold gates reaching to the roof, on which the only light from the jeweled upper windows fell. All day I stayed there and in the other churches of the city, and when the evening service came and the choir chanted at their great reading desks and the responses came back from the boys in the dome, it was too beautiful for this world; and now it is gone. Next day was the feast, and I was early at the church. It was crowded; the pilgrims, ragged and smelly, lay prone upon the floor, and among them, erect and motionless, in dazzling uniforms and court dress, stood the generals and officials. Again there was even more beautiful chanting and, at last, the great gates slowly opened and generals and officials and I fell on our knees, and, one by one, curtains of blue, of rose, of gold, were wafted aside amid cloud masses of incense that filled the cathedral, the holiest in Russia. In the midst, for a moment, in glory, was the Metropolitan, who blessed

us. Then the curtains were slowly wafted back, the gates closed, the chanting ceased; it was over. But as I looked, a great stone in the floor was rolled away and leading downward was a flight of steps. One by one, the worshippers near descended and, as I too was near, I went with them. The stairs ended in a small crypt, lighter than the church above. In the center, on a great stone slab, covered with tapestry, lay a richly robed Metropolitan, wearing his crown, holding an icon. He was very still. By his side, reading a book, also on the slab, was seated a monk, who soon was brought a plate of food by other monks. He moved slightly and as he moved there was a clanking and I saw they were chained together; and then I was touched and motioned to rise from my knees and leave to make room for others descending the stairs. And by dark passages, through horrid catacombs filled

with dead monks in their robes, chained to the walls till they moulder to dust, I came out. When that night I told the British Consul what I had seen, he gasped and said, "My God, you have seen it! It is the living death! You have seen what we have only heard of. The live monk chained to the dead priest will stay with him until he too dies. That place is only opened once a year."

DAYS I spent in the churches, in the market, on the river bank. I saw the pilgrims, coming on great boats or being ferried over, climb the steep bluff on the top of which the convent stands, topped by its green and gold domes, a landmark that glitters from afar. In the town I saw half-shaven prisoners chained together, driven through the streets by armed men. I lunched in gorgeous cafés, filled with glittering officers and beautiful ladies. I bought rich furs in the great



MARKET AT BRODY • PEN DRAWING FROM HOTEL WINDOW • PUBLISHED IN THE JEW AT HOME

[1891]

fur market. I saw mounted Cossacks gallop with swords drawn and leveled lances through a wide avenue, filled with crowds, and I could get no explanation from the people into whose house I rushed before they slammed and bolted the door. I saw Jews beaten and driven to the railway station, and when I came up on the train at midnight, I heard wailing and I saw on the platform, before I was pushed back again into the car, a crowd of prisoners, off, I suppose, to Siberia, though many were Jews. I saw a great military funeral

in the fortress church, and I saw, though I hardly dared to draw it, the beauty of the town piling up on the river bank. I saw the starving, penniless pilgrims fed. I made a number of sketches, and for the first and almost the last time, a number of photographs, using a kodak, then a new toy. But Harold Frederic never turned up. Nothing I ever saw in my life approached the glory of the midnight Mass or the mystery of the living death. I had seen them and I made ready for Berditchev. But of the next adventure I had no warning.



IN THE PARK · BRODY · CITIZENS TAKING THE AIR · PUBLISHED IN THE JEW AT HOME 1892

[1891]

CHAPTER XXVI: THROWN OUT OF RUSSIA · I GO TO
BERDITCHEV · ARRESTED · DETAINED IN THE CITY · THE SPY
EXPULSED FROM RUSSIA · JOSEPH CONRAD'S BIRTHPLACE



EVENING SERVICE IN A SYNAGOGUE · BERDITCHEV · SEEN THROUGH A WINDOW · PEN DRAWING
OWNED BY D. S. MACCOLL · PUBLISHED IN THE JEW AT HOME · W. HEINEMANN LONDON 1892

AFTER some days in Kiev, I found out that if I wanted to see the fair at Berditchew I must go there at once. I went with a letter from the British Consul—there was no American representative in the city—to the Governor-General, to ask permission to go. This the Consul said was necessary. I did not tell him my passport was worthless. With firm but polite frankness, the Governor-General told me I could not go. Incidentally, the sentry at his door begged a ruble from me before he would let me approach it. I started as soon as I could get my passport viséed by the hotel porter, your passport being taken by that

functionary when you arrive at a Russian hotel and only given back when you leave it, or that used to be the custom. Eighteen hours of steppe, pine forest and morass succeeding morass, pine forest and steppe were only relieved by the Russian ladies smoking big black cigars and the long stops at the excellent railway restaurants, where there was time to dine, but if the Russian trains ran as much as they stand still, they would arrive sooner. When the train stopped, a muddy, rutty track led to a copper dome on the horizon. Crowds were at every station—Jews, peasants, soldiers—and the most charming sight was to see great, bearded, dec-

orated officers meet and kiss with tears. Towards evening of the next day at a station, I too took a droshky and with others raced across the fields to the distant town of Berditchev in which I found there was a decent hotel. After dinner I walked out to the bazaar crowded with Jews and flaring with lights. I went into a synagogue. It was the eve of some feast, and the fur-capped or top-hatted figures, covered with prayer robes, reading from scrolls and tablets, praying and chanting, were unforgettable. As soon as I got back to the hotel I put it all down, though I made notes through the open iron-barred windows. This drawing even Doctor MacColl, the arbiter of British taste, was good enough to approve of, and I gave it to him when he had the sense to appreciate me. It used to hang on his walls, and he gave me one of his water colors in exchange, which used, before the War, to hang in our rooms. I saw other things that night—Russians driving chained Jews through the streets and Jews baiting a mad Russian, half naked in the cold.

NEXT morning I went to the market and started a big drawing of it. I had not been at work an hour when a Jew came to me and told me, in French, I must come with him. He took me to a carriage which had drawn up with three horses and two mounted Cossacks. Away we went, stared at by the Jews, who did not dare to form a crowd. We stopped after a short drive, at the office of the Chief of Police, I found out, and there were all my things which had been brought from the hotel. I was very contemptuously asked by the Jew what I was doing and why I had come to Berditchev. All my things were examined, and the drawings were seen to be only sketches of Kiev, pilgrims and Jews, and dismissed as worthless, or with a laugh because they were true. I had

the kodak with me, as I knew from experience in Hungary that the Jews would not, if they could help it, pose even for money, or only for big money. They will do anything for that, as we now do. The negatives, I was told, must be developed, and in the carriage, but alone, I was sent to a photographer. Now, among these films I knew were some taken in the fortress at Kiev, as the monastery is within it, and probably I had, in snapping a pilgrim or a monk, taken a bastion as well, as the ridiculous machine will do. But the photographer, who also talked French, was human, and whenever anything that looked like a fort was developed, we destroyed it. When the prints were made, the Chief of Police found them quite harmless. I supposed I could go when I wanted, so I went on drawing for several days, waiting for the great fair to be held in about a week. I made several drawings, but wherever I went, I was followed either by Cossacks or the Jew who had arrested me. As I was getting tired of this, I went myself to the Chief of Police and asked him what was the matter. He told me at once that I was in Berditchev without permission, which was no news. I asked him if I could return to Kiev and get it. He said yes. I asked when the trains went. He knew nothing of the trains, but if I wanted to go, I could go with a chain round my leg, on foot, escorted by four Cossacks, and it would take fifteen days, and I must pay all their expenses and my own. Then he ended by saying that he did not talk French, which he had spoken all the while, and addressed his questions to me through the Jew who was with him who began to speak fluent Whitechapel Cockney, which he used on me and then translated to the Chief. I went back to the hotel to find the landlord in tears. His hotel would be ruined because I was in it. I told him nothing

would give me greater pleasure than to get out of it if he would only get my passports back viséed. Then he broke into fresh tears and fluent Russian. So, to relieve the landlord and myself, I made up my mind to start that night without the passport. The only thing that bothered me was the beautiful fur coat I had bought in Kiev, too heavy to run away in. So, after a good dinner, always watched by the Jew, I went upstairs to bed, lay down dressed, on the warm stove bed in my room, for it was cold, and toward midnight, when I knew the train would start, got up and looked out the front window. In the front street the lamp-light shone on two Cossacks, muffled up in great coats, resting on their rifles. I went to the back window, overlooking another street, and there, by the moonlight, I saw two more Cossacks, muffled up, resting on their rifles. I undressed and went to bed on my stove, but I did not sleep. I knew for the first time in my life what a genuine funk was. In the morning I went to the station, always attended, and wrote out two telegrams in French, one to E. in Budapest and the other to the American Ambassador in St. Petersburg, and handed them in. A superior official, who was called, told me in French that they did not accept messages in that language. I humbly asked him to translate them; he sternly refused, but put them in a drawer. I had more attacks of fright—more serious ones—I went back to the hotel, looking out on the way for a letter-box which I at last found. I wrote letters to the Ambassadors in St. Petersburg and Vienna, got stamps from the porter, and, going out, walked away from the box, followed by my Cossacks. I easily evaded them and dropped the letters in the box. Now I knew I was safe. I stayed for days at my own expense and nothing happened,

save that not a person in the hotel would speak to me or come near me, and the landlord wept often and copiously, and in the stores I could scarce buy a thing. I got no answer to my letters. The fright went, but I was sure I should spend months in the place, and years in Siberia later, till I escaped, for if I could not do as creatures of the Volskofski, Stepniak and Kropotkin type could, I should be ashamed of myself. I had seen them all in London. For a week nothing happened. E. knew where I was. I had written her from Kiev before I left, and she would not worry.

ON the eighth day, I think it was, at lunch, a man came up to me in the hotel, the first person for a week who would talk to me, and he spoke American. He said he had heard how I had been treated, and it was all over the town; people were afraid to do anything for, or even speak to me, but he was different. He had studied in the Dental College in Philadelphia, and the photographer was his brother-in-law, and Russia was an awful place, but his brother-in-law was very good. I cross-questioned him and there was no more doubt that he had been in Philadelphia, than that many of the Jews with their side ringlets cut off had been in London and New York. If I would come that night to his brother-in-law's, he thought things could be arranged. He took me, there was a good supper, and after supper the Chief of Police came and found his French again, and told me that if I would give him five hundred rubles I could leave the next day. As I was sure in a few days I should hear from the United States Minister in St. Petersburg, I refused, and still refused when he came down to fifty. Then he said that the next night there were two trains, one at twelve and the other at three, for Austria and Hungary; which would I take?—for I must



THE MARKET • KIEV • JEWS AND RUSSIANS BARGAINING • PUBLISHED IN THE JEW AT HOME

leave the country. I said I would take the first. He seemed relieved and told me that my passport would be at the station. I packed up the next day, paid the landlord, who, with smiles and tears bade me good-bye, and long before midnight was at the station. There a charming officer of Cossacks greeted me in French, asked me what class I was going, bought a ticket and a berth for me and himself in the Pullman—at my expense—got into the compartment with me, and off we went. Repeatedly that night and the next day the train was boarded by officials who either saluted him or whom he saluted. They looked at my passport, some marked it, and we went on. There was a final examination at the frontier, one or two people were stopped, the train started again and we were out of Russia. But the officer stayed—it was late at night—till we came to Podwloczyska, the first Austria-Hungarian station. I got out and so did the officer. On the engine were two Cossacks. At the Austrian Customs office, in the café, we had a drink at my expense. He saluted and jumped on the train, which backed out. I was free. The first person I met was a Jew, after I had passed the customs, and when he had carried my bag to my room in the hotel, he whispered that he had two charming daughters who had heard of my misfortunes and were anxious to console me—for a consideration. But as the correspondent of the *PESTER LLOYD* turned up at the same time, I spent the rest of the night with him. All the way to Budapest I was the subject of a mild ovation—and there was E., more reporters, and the Consul at the station, and a wire from the Minister, Colonel Grant, to come to Vienna at once. When I got there, it was to be told that the United States had taken up the matter of my detention and expulsion, that he had heard from Washington; but when

I showed him the passport, his only remark, besides asking E. and me to dinner, was, "You should thank your stars that you are coming to dinner here, rather than going to Siberia." The fact that American passports are only good for two years is now stated on them. While I was in the Embassy, my letter from Berditchev was delivered to the Minister. He opened and read it. "Well," said I, "now you have the facts before the Russians." Without a word, he took an unopened letter, held it over a tea kettle and the envelope opened itself. "I thought you knew that trick," he said. There were more interviews and I was supposed to have injured my health, though there would be no damages for that, but even the doctor was disgusted when he found that the shocking cough only came from my tonsils and did not mean galloping consumption. I wrote the facts to Scribner's, the reason why the article was not illustrated. Harold Frederic was too scared to go to Berditchev, so the article never appeared. The only real Jews he saw, when not personally conducted to them by Jews, were those I showed him in the filthy—now reformed—Judengasse of Vienna, for we met again in that city, and he admitted he had seen nothing like them until I took him there. Even Poultney Bigelow was frightened by the sight of the two conductors in the Russian train he traveled on and thought they had come to arrest him. Scribner's never answered my letter, never paid my expenses. The first Berditchev drawing was published in *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, after the Editor, Clement K. Shorter, had asked me to "finish it", he being, of course, unable to appreciate that it was a record of fact; it was the first sketch ever printed in that paper and had much to do with revolutionizing and freeing illustrated journalism from "finish." *THE NEWS*

also printed a series of articles on the Jews I saw which nearly lost them their circulation. A book, *THE JEW AT HOME*, was issued by Heinemann, for which, I was told, Heinemann's father, who knew nothing of Tartar Jews, almost disinherited him. The British Consul in Kiev nearly was dismissed for helping me and I had to explain to the British Government that I alone was to blame. Joseph Conrad, who came from Berditchev—he later came from Warsaw, and after his death was said to come from the Ukraine; he changed his birthplace as well as his name to become the pride of English literature and English Seamanship, by way of writing on a tramp steamer to the Congo—told me in Professor George Sauter's studio, number one Holland Park Avenue, London, when Sauter was painting his portrait and Conrad was staying with him, and I happened in—it was after I had written *THE JEW AT HOME* which waked up Judea—that he, Conrad, had just returned from Berditchev in little Russia where he said he was born, a little Jew in what was then the biggest Jew city in the world. He never said whether his father was a noble, a rabbi or an old hat dealer, the latter the two professions of the town—he never mentioned him or his family—but he did say to me that my book had been seen there—many of the inhabitants like Conrad had been in London, most stayed in Whitechapel, and also said, I remember, that the people of Berditchev, his native city, told him, to tell me, that if I came back again to their town, they would crucify me—for writing the articles in *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* and publishing *THE JEW AT HOME*. I have not been to Russia since, though George Kennan once suggested we should go together, for he said they could do nothing but throw us out. But we did not go. Kennan

told me one Russian story which I do not think is in his book, though, to tell the truth, I never got through it. He said he was in St. Petersburg and, calling on some Minister or the Chief of Police, and the official said, "When were you in Russia last?" And Kennan answered, "Ten or twenty years ago." "What day of the month," said the Minister, "did you arrive?" Naturally, he could not remember. "Bring Mr. Kennan's dossier," the official remarked to a minion, who appeared in answer to his bell. In five minutes it came and there it all was, after twenty years. "Wonderful!" said he. "Very," said I, "but however was it stage-managed?" The Russian police, before the Revolution, could do things, could impress you, and I now believe all the escaped convicts escaped because the government was glad to get rid of them, and not by their own cleverness; anyway, those I met in London I am sure did. I saw the stupidest of all, Kropotkin, and told him that patriots in my country did not run away to save it, but stayed at home and did so—or used to, we are now worse than Russia. He went back after the Revolution, but I understand they did not appreciate him when he got there. All this happened before the wrecking of Russia. The Bolsheviks concocted the Revolution in the Bronx and in Switzerland, and no one bothered them; but this country will pay for it soon. England caught signing a treaty with the Soviet is trying to escape—the Bolshevik terror. Poor forlorn France intrigued into it by a desire to grovel to England and fear of the Soviet Jews. We go on helping them "idealistically" and ignorantly. Other nations have to endure them—for they are always with us, but never of us, and when the Bolshevik Jew tries to dominate us—remember Russia, for this sort of Jew does not forget and is out to-day for revenge.

CHAPTER XXVII: WHISTLER · FIRST MEETING WITH
HIM · STEVENSON AND I WORK FOR HIM · HIS TRIUMPH
PRINTING ETCHINGS WITH HIM · HIS LITTLE JOURNIES · HIS
ILLUSTRATIONS · HIS CATALOGUES AND HIS OTHER BOOKS



THE RUSSIANS · SCHUBERT · PORTRAIT · JOSEPH PEN-
NELL ON HIS RETURN FROM RUSSIA · LITH-
OGRAPH BY WHISTLER · PENNELL COLLEC-
TION LIBRARY OF CONGRESS WASHINGTON

THOUGH many of the men and women with whom I have adventured have already been called great in their various ways, and most of them will be remembered, it was my good fortune and good sense that, from the very beginning, I was able to appreciate Whistler's work and to recognize, years before I got to know him and came to love him, that he was a great man, the greatest I have known, the greatest artist of his day. His fame is sure, his place is fixed for all time. It is only in his own country and among his artless successors in this mid-Victorian Main Street land, through the envy and jealousy of the little Babbitts,

mostly blustering, bellowing, Middle-West bores, who lord over the old maids in pants and petticoats, busy running our art to uplift it for its moral good and their cash profit, that Whistler is not acknowledged to be America's greatest artist. But no prophet is without honor save in his



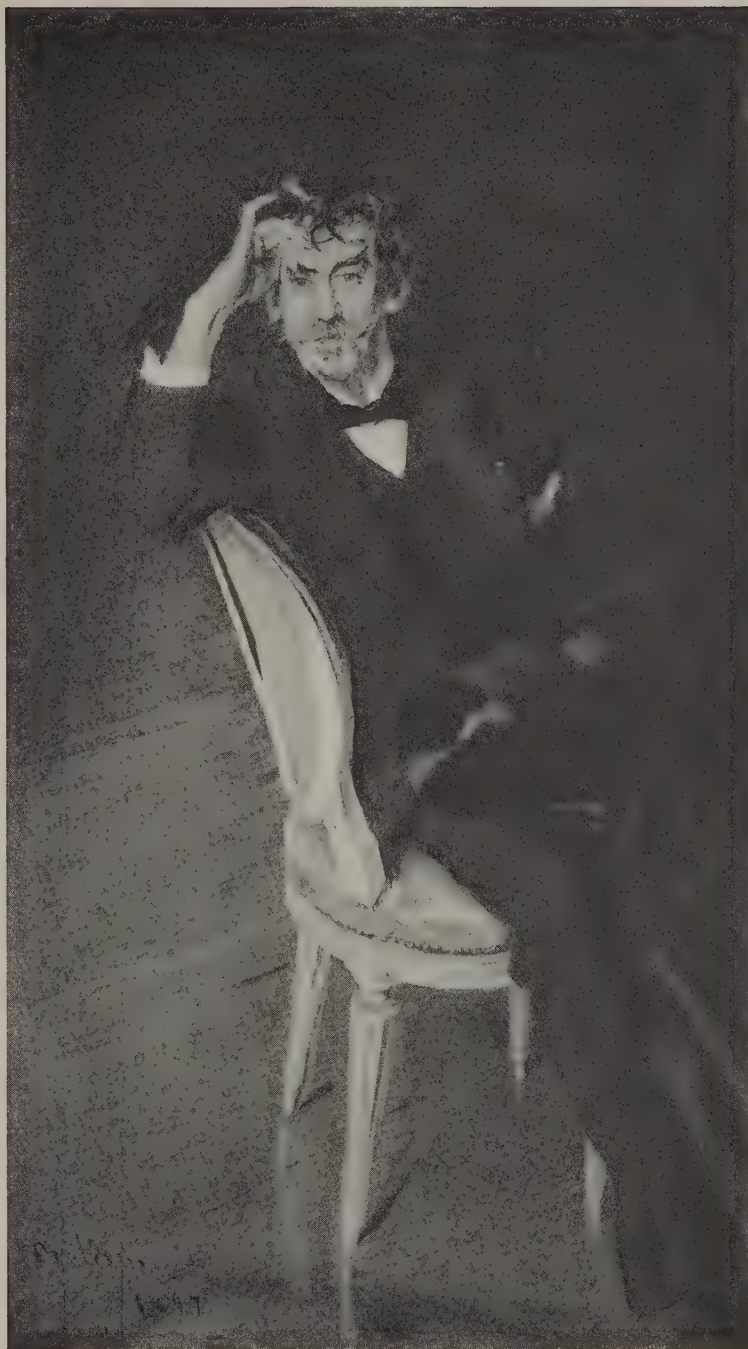
JOSEPH PENNELL · LITHOGRAPH BY WHISTLER
IN THE PENNELL COLLECTION OF WHISTLER-
IANA LIBRARY OF CONGRESS WASHINGTON

own land, and most of those we think prophets are foreigners, fakes, fools. America and American art and literature are in the same blind alley, run by the same business men, where England was in the mid-Victorian Age, only we are worse—we are dry too, and there can be no art in a dry desert or a Bryanized land.

My love of Whistler's work dates from the First Day afternoons I spent at James L. Claghorn's in Philadelphia, looking at his prints, and my love of the man did not end when I saw him laid to rest in the little churchyard at Chiswick. Of course, there were interludes of trial and of temper, but, as a whole, these years were the happiest, best of my life, and I can never cease rejoicing that the few I really cared for were called before the world was wrecked, Whistler and my father among them, and both hated hypocrisy, lying, humbug, on which the world stumbles and blunders along today, made safe for delusion and deceit.

I SUPPOSE I got on with Whistler because we were both Americans, but how many Americans did he not fight with. Most that he knew, however, were of the hyphenated variety, and he could not stand them—no decently constituted American can—nor the uplifters and do-gooders who rule us to-day. And then another reason. I always stood up to him as I did the morning in July, 1884, when I first went to his studio in Tite Street. As we have told in *THE LIFE OF WHISTLER* and *THE WHISTLER JOURNAL*, I made this first visit to Whistler, whom I had never seen before, armed with a letter from Gilder, to ask him to do some illustrations with me for Dr. B. E. Martin's articles on *OLD CHELSEA*, published in *THE CENTURY*, and after as a book of the same name. He refused, but that meeting, though neither of us realized it, was the beginning of our friendship, which only ended with

his death. When he said he could not make the drawings, he stirred up Mortimer Menpes, working in a corner of the studio, and said, "but he can." "No," said I, "if you wont, I will." I did not like Whistler then, though I was amazed at the "Sarasate" on the easel, and delighted with the house in Tite Street, the lunch to which he asked me to stay, and my visit with him to his show at Dowdeswells' in the afternoon. Nor did I like him when I saw him a few days later, carrying his long cane, the only time I ever saw him with it. I hid from him, though probably he would not have remembered me if I had spoken to him at the bookstall in Charing Cross station. That was the year he and Chase painted each other. Only on our rare descents on London, did I see him during our early years in England, the years of the *TEN O'CLOCK*, which we did not hear, and the dinner to him to which I did not go. Once in a while I met him, but never quite liked him—was afraid of him, as every one was—at the dinners at Solferino's of *THE NATIONAL OBSERVER* staff, still later in Henley's or Whibley's rooms, where he sometimes went. Once I remember his taking me after one of those dinners to the Arts Club, then in Hanover Square, and again Bob Stevenson took us to the Savile and made a night of it, though for hours we tried to get Whistler to go home. Then Bob and I, after we had got him at last into aansom when the Club closed, and wondered who would pay for it, walked across the street to the cab stand, by the Green Park, the Club kitchen long before shut, and ate boiled potatoes in their jackets and drank coffee and talked with the cabbies and then walked about till dawn and the first train to Chiswick, where Stevenson lived. But I remember really nothing of those talks, though they were the most brilliant



J. McN. WHISTLER • FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JEAN BOLDINI IN THE
BROOKLYN MUSEUM • BY PERMISSION OF THE MUSEUM TRUSTEES

I ever heard. Stevenson too wrote of my DEVILS OF NOTRE DAME ten years later, but I have not seen that book, limited to seventy-five copies, for years. I do recall a dinner at the new English Art Club, in honor of Fred Brown, just appointed Slade Professor, and he made me instructor in the Graphic Arts. Whistler sat on one side of the chairman and Wedmore on the other, and Whistler, in a speech, discussed Wedmore as though he was not there, and "Freddy Weddy" had neither the courage to run away nor the brains to refer to Whistler when it was his turn to talk—"the silly, piffing ass," as Whistler called him. Fred Brown and the New English then cared for Whistler, but he frightened poor Steer who said he did not like always to be kicked, and Brown, who has since declared Whistler out of fashion at the Slade School. I have heard that same statement here from the same sort of professor. Fred Brown, I do not know if he still lives, is nearly forgotten as an artist and a teacher. I remember too, the dinner to which George Moore came, after criticizing a rejected picture at the New English, and the rumor was that somebody wanted to thrash him, and on my way home I stumbled upon him in the street and took him in a cab to the Gate of the Temple, where he lived. And I remember the exposition of Herkomer as an etcher of photographs to illustrate his musical play AN IDYL, and that I went, the only time, to Whistler's house at 21 Cheyne Walk and found Sickert waiting to be sent out to post letters, and Whistler stood up for me for the first time against Herkomer and we drove him, by calling on the Queen in THE NATIONAL OBSERVER, from the Slade Professorship at Oxford—or was it Cambridge? It was not till I succeeded George Bernard Shaw as art critic on THE STAR that I really got to know Whistler. For along with

Bob Stevenson, though my name is always omitted by the honest British authorities, I began to tell the blind Britons what an artist was in their midst. D. S. MacColl chipped in ponderously, and George Moore, also wanting as usual to be on the right side, floundered about clumsily. But Bob Stevenson, E. and I, day after day, said Whistler, wrote Whistler, and we made him known, we and none else, for we wrote and always wrote Whistler's name in every article we printed, he in THE SATURDAY REVIEW and THE PALL MALL GAZETTE, and E. and I in THE DAILY CHRONICLE, THE STAR and THE NATION. We made him known as a great artist, but we had nothing to do with making his reputation. That was made, made from the beginning by his work. But we forced "The Islanders," the Britons, to realize that the greatest artist of the modern world lived in their midst. Here, that he was great and an American is not realized yet.

ALL this was long before the Goupil Exhibition of 1892. Then he was still friendly with some of the New English Art Club men—Starr, Sickert, Roussel, and the artists who came out of the Royal British Society for which he got the Royal Charter. They even helped him hang the show, even put some of his work in a corner at the recent celebration of the Club's Fiftieth Anniversary. As Stevenson and I had backed him, it was to us that he came to be congratulated on the day of his triumph, for it was our triumph when we found we had caused the honest critics of Great Britain to swallow themselves, their notions and their writings of thirty years, and accept us as well as Whistler. This has never been and never will be admitted in God-fearing, time-serving England; but it is true, though the knowledge of it has not reached America, where, when he is praised, it is by stealing from us and not acknowledging

[1892]



FIRELIGHT NO. 2 · JOSEPH PENNELL · THIS AND THE OTHER THREE LITHOGRAPHS BY WHISTLER WERE MADE IN OUR CHAMBERS AT NO. 14 BUCKINGHAM STREET ADELPHI FROM A TRIAL PROOF IN THE PENNELL COLLECTION LIBRARY OF CONGRESS WASHINGTON

it. All this grew out of our press campaign, our log-rolling—it was nothing else—we were rolling logs for the biggest artist of his age, and it only was telling the truth to a blind world. It was the right thing to do and Whistler, as a big man, acknowledged it. Sometimes he wanted us to do more, to shout from the house tops and through the press agencies for him and about him. As he said, "When a general wins a victory, does he sit down and mope? No, he lets the world hear all about it and himself." And what Whistler wanted was that we should be his press agents, his war correspondents, and we would not. Many before—Sickert among them—had succumbed, been squeezed dry and cast aside. Sickert, who brought on the lithograph case, tried to retaliate, and it has taken him

a lifetime to recover from that catastrophe. But his past is forgotten and he has been gathered into the fold, made an Academician like Herkomer. Sheridan Ford was another who tried to be his press agent and failed and was also cast out. And Menpes was a slave and a slavey and went out also. But we kept on praising Whistler because we knew we were right, and not to please him, though we were glad when we did, which was not always by any means. Our attitude made him respect us. And we both still praised him till Bob Stevenson died, and I kept on till the final triumph of the Memorial Exhibition in 1905 in London, when, at the end of my last article on the triumph of the Exhibition, I said, "The last word I shall write in this column is the name of Whistler." And the next week a hack, to whom Whistler and his work were anathema, succeeded



FIRELIGHT NO. 1 · JOSEPH PENNELL · FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY WHISTLER · DIPLOMA PORTRAIT · NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

me. But Whistler's name and his fame had been secured everlastingly, and all, save the mongrel mid-Victorians of this Main Street, blind-alley land, know it now; and if it pays they will turn, as the British did, and they will swallow Whistler, too. They won't like it, they won't know why. But the American art lover hates art, he only endures it because it pays, or he hopes his investments in it will pay.

WHISTLER went to Paris in 1892 and I followed in 1893. He settled in the Rue du Bac and I on the towers of Notre Dame, to make my drawings of the cathedral, and then Bob Stevenson wrote *THE DEVILS OF NOTRE DAME*, as I have said. We have written in *THE LIFE* how Whistler climbed up there to find me and tell me that he wanted me to help him print his Paris plates, as Menpes had helped with the Venice series. Whistler had another side which I have also—things must be done the way he wanted, the way I want. There was a scene after a few days of my waiting, when I told him I would only be too proud to be allowed to work with him and learn from him by helping him print, but I would not hang round and waste my time with him doing nothing, even though that included trips to Fontainebleau, to St. Denis, and lunches at Marguery's and dinners in the Rue du Bac. Most people would have succumbed and been thrown out. He took me to work at once in the studio when I gave him my ultimatum. That was the only way to get on with him, to stand up to him as to any other big man, and if the man is really big, as Whistler was, he will be big enough to admit the right, as Whistler always did, though sometimes only after a battle. He never won one of those battles with me, but there were doubtful moments, and so I stayed with him and by him to the end. There were happenings that summer in and out of the studio and

the Rue du Bac—the printing of the etchings, the good dinners, and the Sally Brown row, and that was an adventure. It is told in *THE LIFE*. Those long days in the studio were full of hard work, always for him, with interruptions for me, for he would turn from etching to painting or drawing while I loafed. At the end of the day he was less tired than I, but he was trained and, as he used to say, "it took better training, harder work, to paint a nocturne than to win a football game or a prize fight. Besides, anybody could get the concierge to do that for him—What?"

ALL the while a shadow was approaching, and at last it touched him—his wife's illness—and the apartment in Paris was closed and the studio was shut up, and he started on those pilgrimages to find her lost health that ended only with her death. And during her illness at the Savoy, where he was staying, he would come to us in Buckingham Street where we moved after I came back from Russia. And it was then that he made the lithographs. "The Russian Schube," that was his name for it, was one of them and a few days later he said, "I want to paint your portrait in that Schube, and so I have taken a studio in Fitzroy Street and there we will do it, and maybe the Pennsylvania Academy will buy it, and we will go down together." "But I have to go to Italy," said I. "Oh, well," said he. And that was the end of it, for the moment passed. After his wife's death his journeys were renewed to escape from his memories, either alone or with "the ladies" or Freer or Heinemann, and with us. Over and over he wanted me to go with him to Holland, to Madrid, to Algiers. I never had the time, or the courage, for I feared there would be a break. I knew his ways too well and many of them were not my ways. It was best for both I could not go.

[1893]



WHISTLER'S APARTMENT 110 RUE DU BAC · SKETCH MADE 1923 · HE LIVED ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE CENTRAL HOUSE · THE ENTRANCE WAS THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR ON THE LEFT

These trips were those of a broken-hearted man, his wife's death shortened his life. But from every one of them and on every one of them, he made and brought back some lithograph, painting, drawing or etching, by which he lives and through which his fame grows. He could not be idle, he could not loaf, this charlatan, this loafer, this humbug—"for there is so much to do and the time to do it is so short," was the creed and the cry he repeated over and over. There would be afternoons in London sketching, he in his top hat and long coat sitting on his little stool in the street which became a reception room—every one knew him, and now they wanted to prove it, the people who had ignored him. It was when he had to admit that his wife's case was hopeless, while they stayed at the Savoy, that E. and I began to know him well by seeing him daily. On one of those days, as we were walking back to the hotel, he had a glorious encounter with "the enemy." Somebody suddenly rushed up to him. "Hello, Jimmy, old man, I havent spoken to you for thirty years!" A sweeping look at him from head to foot, the never opened umbrella pointed at the already fright-overpowered object, and Whistler slowly said, "Joseph, what is that?" It ran. "H'm," he said, "hasnt spoken to me for thirty years. I guess it will be another thirty before he tries again. What?" Another day he did get left. We were coming from the studio; it began to rain. He never would undo his carefully, tightly rolled umbrella. He called a coming hansom. The cab drew up and we saw "a fare" inside. The cabman looked Whistler all over and said, "W'ere did yer buy yer 'at? Go git yer 'air cut," and whipped up. "Joseph," said Whistler, "we will take an omnibus." And we did to Frascati's and had an absinthe. But he liked cocktails better, and

what arrangements he could make in Heine-mann's big glasses. At this time, too, he had his collection of châteaux and pieds-à-terre—the apartment in the Rue du Bac, the studio in Notre Dame des Champs, a suite at the Hotel Chatham, Paris, and in London a room at Garland's and at Heine-mann's and the studio in Fitzroy Street, and he mostly dined with us for months.

ANOTHER reason why I should write of Whistler here is because he, too, was an illustrator from the time of his first etching of Anacapa Island, done as an illustration for the Coast Survey Report, to the last pen drawings made in Algiers and Corsica. His work for GOOD WORDS and ONCE A WEEK is well known and he was as proud of it as of his paintings. His illustrations for the rare CATALOGUE OF BLUE AND WHITE NANKIN PORCELAIN are as fine as any Japanese work, his Butterflies and his little sketches in his books are works of art, and so are his drawings for THE DAILY CHRONICLE, his designs for invitations and posters, the seal and catalogues of the International Society and the lithographs which in THE WHIRLWIND sold for a penny and in THE ALBERMARLE and THE STUDIO and ART JOURNAL for a shilling. In France the GAZETTE DES BEAUX ARTS wanted to print one of his etchings for nothing, saying he would then be born an artist, but he replied he could not afford to be born that way—and Hamerton wanted another for ETCHING AND ETCHERS, but said, instead of printing it, that the artist asked the price of a good horse for a plate. But both these matters were arranged and the plates printed—and why, I impressed on him, should he not be paid, instead of helping with his work to make the fortune of publishers? Though if any one was poorly paid, he was for his prints, even up to the last asking most modest prices. Fifteen guineas he told me was the highest price he ever



TURNER'S HOUSE ON THE RIVER AT CHELSEA • FROM PEN DRAWING 1884 • NOW IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE WASHINGTON • ILLUSTRATION FOR B. E. MARTIN'S OLD CHELSEA

got; but it was a long while before I could convince him that his work, which was wanted, was worth paying for. He was a many-sided artist, not a lop-sided painter. Finally, the reproductions from his paintings and his etchings, original plates for the Junior Etching Club and the Memoir of Cecil Lawson, those published in *THE STUDIO*, *THE ART JOURNAL* and *L'ART MODERNE*, prove he too was an illustrator and took illustration as seriously as any other form of art, as all great artists do. His own books, *THE TEN O'CLOCK* and *THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING ENEMIES* are his own in design, so are his posters.

WHISTLER was also among my authors, for he wrote the Introduction to the Catalogue of my show of lithographs at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, which re-

sulted in the Sickert case, really an attempt to injure Whistler. But Sickert left England and *THE SATURDAY REVIEW*, in which the article appeared, was sold despite the threat of Frank Harris to kill me as an artist. I shall not forget his ordering a lunch to celebrate his victory and Whistler and our lawyer Poole of George Lewis's and ourselves eating it in another restaurant. And I introduced in his Catalogue, Whistler's first exhibition of lithographs also at the Fine Art Society's rooms. Both exhibitions were financial failures, though Whistler only asked a guinea for some of the prints, and those in *THE WHIRLWIND* were given away. I showed my Alhambra prints, and he his life work in lithography. And because of his Introduction to my lithographs, he is of right among my authors.



OLD CHEYNE WALK CHELSEA · WITH THE LITTLE SHOPS WHISTLER PAINTED · FROM OLD CHELSEA BY B. E. MARTIN · WASH DRAWING 1884 · ENGRAVED BY ATWOOD · UNWIN 1886

[1893-1903]

CHAPTER XXVIII: ILLUSTRATED DAILY JOURNALISM
 I WANT TO BE AN ART EDITOR · THE BIRTH OF THE DAILY
 GRAPHIC · BECOME ART EDITOR OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE
 WHICH PRINTS LARGE ILLUSTRATIONS SUCCESSFULLY AND
 MY SCHEME IS ADOPTED HERE BY THE NEW YORK TIMES



THE UNREFORMED LODGING HOUSE · PEN DRAWING BY A. S. HARTRICK FOR THE DAILY CHRONICLE OF LONDON · PRINTED IN 1895 DURING MY ART EDITORSHIP OF THAT PAPER

I ALWAYS wanted, and yet did not want, to be an Art Editor. I knew I should make a good one and I did. It happened this way. THE DAILY CHRONICLE of London, about 1895, under the editorship of H. W. Massingham, was not only violently reform—really radical, though not red—but in his reign also violently literary and artistic, and for several years E. and I did art criticisms for it. From the

beginning I was keenly interested in engraving and printing. I even owned a printing press, but this interest became acute when Drake made us illustrators work with the wood engravers and process men and with De Vinne, the printer, with whom I did the book on the Plantin Museum for the Grolier Club. Meanwhile, in many lands, on many occasions, I had worked with engravers and printers. I

[1895]



LONDON EAST END GROCERY • PEN SKETCH BY PHIL MAY • FOR THE DRAWING PRINTED IN THE CHRONICLE 1895 • MAY ALWAYS BEGAN HIS DRAWINGS IN THIS FASHION MAKING PRELIMINARY SKETCHES THEN PLACING A SHEET OF TRACING PAPER OVER THE SKETCH AND DOING THE FINISHED DRAWING ON THAT • AND SOMETIMES SEVERAL WERE MADE BEFORE HE WAS SATISFIED • TIME AND TROUBLE WERE NOTHING TO MAY • THE RESULT EVERYTHING



THE BALLET COSTUME APPROVED BY THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL • PEN DRAWING BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY • PRINTED IN THE DAILY CHRONICLE 1895 • DRAWING FORMERLY IN THE PENNELL COLLECTION • THIS DRAWING AND MANY OTHERS WERE DESTROYED IN THE WAR

even assisted at the birth of the London DAILY GRAPHIC. That was a function, an event, an adventure. One night we were all invited to the birth of the paper, and artists, engravers, editors, reporters, and a selected public assembled in the old GRAPHIC press room off the Strand—or was it in the new one in Tudor Street? The magnificent W. L. Thomas, proprietor, editor, manager, director, was there, and there was the new press, a Marinoni, and Marinoni himself came over from Paris to see it start, and Sir Edward Clarke, our lawyer in the lithograph case, was to start it and make a speech after he pulled a lever or pressed a button, and we all crowded round the delivery end of the machine to grab the first copy of the first modern illustrated English daily paper. Slowly, and then faster, the cylinders revolved, but there came a sudden shriek and from the machine, instead of the paper, a stream of paper ribbons and showers of ink filled the place and we fled, but as we ran we saw Marinoni rush and stop it. In the adjoining room we recovered over champagne and oysters and later went back and found the press this time turning out the paper as it should, and then there was more champagne and speeches. But once THE DAILY GRAPHIC was started it stuck to its original method and scheme, small illustrations by big men. Among them, as among the original staff of the weekly GRAPHIC, were the best artists Thomas could get. He even had a sort of school in the place and in it Hartrick and Sullivan were trained, and Phil May worked, but they were kept to a standardized method of expression by the masterful Thomas.

ONE day Massingham came to me with a secret and a suggestion. There was to be a London County Council election and he would run it with art as an aid, if

I would help him as art editor and form a staff. It was like forming a cabinet, but I did it. I got Whistler, Walter Crane, Burne-Jones, William Morris, Phil May, Bernard Partridge, Alfred Parsons, Raven-Hill, Maurice Greiffenhagen, E. J. Sullivan, A. S. Hartrick, and Aubrey Beardsley to make drawings, Carl Henschel to engrave them, and all were large and reproduced large, some a half page. Then came trouble. No one knew how they could be printed. But, with that illustrative genius that has never deserted me, I got the entire page on which they were to be printed electrotyped at a cost that, even with the advertisements, on which and by which all American and later do good to the poor people English uplifting papers flourish, was ruinous. Then I placed the electrotyped page on the cylinder of the Hoe machine, a new one—after the edition had been printed about three in the morning, and in the presence of Frank Lloyd, the managing director, Massingham, the editor, the printer Mr. Bugg, and the engraver Henschel, the press was started at thirty thousand an hour. The first copy came out splendidly, but in thirty seconds the page and the facing page were solid black ink. We heated the cylinder and put a blanket on it; but in a minute the blanket was an inch deep in ink. We took the blanket off and then the ceiling got a coat of ink. And then we sadly, Massingham and I, walked home up Fleet Street in the dawn. We left the printer swearing and the proprietor raging, for it is not safe to play tricks with a Hoe press, especially if you have a paper to bring out on it at the same time—and that the proprietor assured us was the case. Between naps and visits from my staff with drawings, I evolved a scheme from my inner consciousness and small experience with big presses, and



THE ART EDITOR AT WORK • PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH PENNELL PRINTING HIS ETCHINGS ON HIS PRESS IN HIS ADELPHI TERRACE STUDIO • BY J. MCLURE HAMILTON

putting the illustrated page on a hot cylinder and running it exposed for the whole length of the press before we printed the back, the scheme worked, and English illustrated daily journalism was invented. There were troubles, of course. The paper could not stand the expense, so the copper plates were screwed on to the stereotyped page where blank spaces were left, though that broke the stereotyper's heart, and the printer was sure a screw would come out and ruin the press. And finally, after I believe the stereotyper died of it—at least I heard so—others learned to make good stereotypes of illustrations, but it was in this way all newspaper illustra-

tions are printed now. And I, with the printer Mr. Bugg, and the engraver Carl Henschel, invented the method. I got no real reward and Henschel took the credit. But it succeeded and no such illustrations had ever been printed in a daily paper before, nor have they ever been made by such a distinguished body of artists since. Though the system was copied universally, no such results have been obtained, and it is all forgotten, though all dailies are illustrated now. But there was another result. The drawings glorified the work the County Council—the Progressives—had done for London and were going to do. Only, when the votes for the new



THE STONE BREAKER · PEN DRAWING BY E. J. SULLIVAN FOR THE DAILY CHRONICLE 1895

[1895]



GAILLARD CUT • LITHOGRAPH DRAWN ON THE ISTHMUS • PRINTED IN THE NEW YORK TIMES 1912 • FROM THE PROOF IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM • PRESENTED BY J. B. BISHOP • SECRETARY PANAMA CANAL COMMISSION • PROOFS ARE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM LONDON • LIBRARY OF CONGRESS • GOVERNMENT BUILDING BILBAO • BROOKLYN • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • PHILADELPHIA AND MANY OTHER GALLERIES

Members were counted, it was found the Progressives had lost twenty-five seats and we had published about that number of drawings. Such was the power of art in England. I was told Beardsley lost us a lot of votes. But we had a fine time, some good dinners, as well as the satisfaction of having done notable work and making the use of the the big drawing universal in English daily papers. The method was adopted in the United States and, from 1885 till 1913, here too remarkable work was done, especially by THE NEW YORK TIMES, which printed many of my drawings, including the supplement containing the lithographs of the Panama Canal which were syndicated by THE TIMES. Clichés were printed in about one hundred papers

all over the country. Soon after this the rotogravure and the offset press were introduced, photography replaced the artist—save in the comics and other vulgarisms—and original illustration has been mostly driven from the daily papers. This is progress—backwards. There is no evolution in these United States any longer, but devolution, degeneracy and decay. Rotten work has replaced experiments, the cause is the Union, and the fact that no artists, engravers or printers are taught their crafts and trades. Business men have succeeded them, conventions and cackle sustain and applaud the rubbish spewed out to-day—and, in our blind ignorance, we are content, rejoicing in the depths to which Progress has stupidly led us to-day.



BUILDING HELL GATE BRIDGE • CHALK DRAWING PRINTED IN THE NEW YORK TIMES 1912

[1912]



CHOIR OF SAN JUAN DE LOS REYES TOLEDO · CHARCOAL DRAWING FOR CASTILIAN DAYS
PUBLISHED BY W. HEINEMANN · FOR TWO OR THREE SUMMERS BETWEEN 1900 AND 1905 I
WAS WANDERING IN SPAIN FOR MONTHS ILLUSTRATING WASHINGTON IRVING'S ALHAMBRA
AND JOHN HAY'S CASTILIAN DAYS · THESE TWO DRAWINGS WERE PRINTED IN THE LATTER BOOK



THE TAGUS AT TOLEDO • CHARCOAL DRAWING 1905 • MADE FOR CASTILIAN DAYS • W. HEINEMANN • MOST OF THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS FOR THIS BOOK ARE NOW IN THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE • THE ALHAMBRA DRAWINGS PUBLISHED BY THE MACMILLANS IN THEIR CRANFORD EDITION WERE EXHIBITED AND ARE MOSTLY SOLD AND SCATTERED AND DIFFICULT TO TRACE

CHAPTER XXIX: HENRY JAMES · I MEET HIM · THE
 FAUST ARTICLE IN THE CENTURY · ILLUSTRATE A LITTLE
 TOUR IN FRANCE AND TWO OTHER BOOKS BY HIM · JAMES
 PLAYS IN LONDON AND WAGNERS OPERAS AT BAYREUTH



CIVITA VECCHIA · PEN DRAWING MADE FOR JAMES' ITALIAN DAYS · W. HEINEMANN 1905

I AM not sure where or when I first met Henry James, but I remember the first important letter I got from him, but it is gone. It went in the War. Had I been able to find it, I would have offered it to the editor of the very unintelligible volume of James' Letters. They were unintelligible because they had no connection and no explanatory notes. The letter to me was of many pages and of much interest. I had made a series of drawings for an article of his on London, and from the train, somewhere between Lyons and Paris, he wrote me, that getting out at a station for a cup of bouillon, he picked up *THE CENTURY* on a book-

stall, and that he liked the drawings so much he had to tell me so, which is a great deal more than most authors do; but then James was more than most authors, that is, more of an artist, for he did try, moping in Hunt's studio, to become a painter, but, like his brother, failed. A little while after I received his letter I ran into him in Macmillan's office in London, and he asked me to lunch at his flat in De Vere Gardens. It was hot when I got there and James was standing at a high writing desk in a dark room, in a red undershirt, which was not exactly the usual idea of him. He told me he was setting Daumier in his place in the Art World by an article,



HENRY JAMES BY J. S. SARGENT · THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY · SUBSCRIBED FOR
BY JAMES' AND SARGENT'S FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS AMONG WHOM WE WERE NUMBERED

and I, with one of those inspired bursts of cheek which come to me sometimes, told him that he was not able to do so. He was somewhat surprised. I do not think the lunch was a great success and I do not know whether the article ever appeared; but I do know that no author who is not an artist has any right to discuss the Fine Arts any more than an artist who cannot write should criticize literature. But writers on art, though there are no authoritative critics in America, save John Van Dyke, do not understand things of this elementary nature and prove their ignorance by their endless blunderings. Most of the so-called critics do, however, fool the ignorant cultured classes who take them solemnly, and the new art most of them boom seriously. Off and on, at various times and places, including our own and Gosse's, James used to turn up, and one afternoon I found him at Keats' grave in Rome, on another walking the Calli of Venice. On these occasions we would go to a *caffe* and we would have—or I would have—coffee, and he would not, and then he would disappear. It was not until 1889, when Heinemann suggested bringing out an illustrated edition of *A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE*, that I did anything but articles with him, and even then, as the book was already published, he only rearranged the chapters and wrote a new Preface and did not seem very keen about that, or me either. But I think I made a pretty book of it, and as it has gone through several editions, people must like it. The last edition has been ruined by the publishers. The color blocks were all burned during the War, I have just learned. I visited every one of the places he mentions, on a bicycle, doing every drawing on the spot.

BEFORE this, even before the London article, there was an event which produced rather a sensation and has never

been told. It was arranged that I should draw the scenery of *FAUST*, which Henry Irving had produced with great success at the Lyceum, for *THE CENTURY*, and that James should write of the production. Irving and his better half, Bram Stoker, were enthusiastic and the theater was thrown open to me. To cut the matter short, I never did the drawings and James did not write exactly the article Irving looked for, and the situation became somewhat strained. It was my only experience of the stage, though with Anstey Guthrie I once did the London Music Halls and with P. T. Barnum his circus. Anstey and I used to take William Archer to East London in his frail list shoes, and Barnum put us in a box with two-headed twins and bearded infants, and horse-faced men. Anstey's article came out in *HARPER'S* and the Barnum one in *ST. NICHOLAS*. There was lots of fun in the Music Halls and Anstey put some of it in *PUNCH*, strange to relate. I hate the theater because, having been brought up a Friend, I was taught to avoid it, and it was not till I was grown up that I ever was in one; and I never go now. The first time I went I saw, and was extremely bored by Salvini in *OTHELLO* or *HAMLET*, I forget which. He had no interest for me. Later I saw Aimée in *MADAME ANGOT*, and just before I went to Europe, *THE ROMANY RYE*. I was with some wicked youngthings and when the villain jumped apparently into real water we demanded an encore to see if he was wet, and we nearly were thrown out. As I have said, I saw Duse in Florence for five cents, long before the world heard of her. I always wanted to see *SWEENEY TODD*, *THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET*, at Sadler's Wells in London, the play which is given once a year in that theater, in which the hero goes in a city gent to be shaved and comes out sausages. I did, however, see

in York a dissected house with six murders going on in six different rooms at once, and I loved the "Penny Gaff" with *Pepper's Ghost*. And when *FAUST* came out in the Lyceum, I went to the Elephant and Castle on the Surrey side of London, and saw the play up to date with *Pepper's* effects. In that version, Margaret marries Faust and Mephistopheles weds Martha, and they live happily ever after.

IRVING'S *FAUST* was different; it was the real thing, and Blake Wirgman was to draw the actors and I was to draw the scenery. Irving had sent Hawes Craven, the scene painter, to Nuremberg and Rothenburg to make studies for the backgrounds, and the play was as real as it could be when the curtain was up from the front, but from the O.P. box and opposite it was another thing. I used to sit in the little corner behind the proscenium, and I was told to keep my head back so I could not be seen. Ellen Terry used to squeeze in beside me and her comments, when off, were as interesting as the play, and when on, her asides were more so. One night, when Alexander was telling her in the garden scene how he loved her, she told him, so I could hear, that he did not, and that if he kissed her she would slap him; and another time she bet Tyers in the duel that he did not dare kill Irving, who, between frightful lunges, kept telling her to shut up. And when she entered sometimes she would, if she was late, slide down the banisters from her dressing room as the quickest way to get on; and when there had been great applause, as soon as the curtain closed, she would start a follow-my-leader round the stage, jumping over chairs, and dragging Irving growling after till the curtain began to open for the bows. But the finest scene was her death when the angels appeared. The stage, the dungeon, was strewn with straw and made

ready, and a thing like the top part of an eight-oar outrigger was brought on, laid on the stage, and eight lovely little lady angels lay down on it and were strapped to it; and when they were strapped tight, Ellen Terry would go round and tickle them with straws, and then they were furiously, but slowly, wafted to Heaven; but the language those lady angels used was not heard by the audience in the solemn death scene. I am afraid that this side of the play interested me so much that I scarce made a drawing, and I do not know what Wirgman did. But I do remember the article came out without any drawings but it made such a row the illustrations were forgotten. After that I was never again asked to the Lyceum, but, as I never go to the theater, it did not matter, though I believe Irving thought it did. Bram Stoker was more intelligent and forgot it all, and I used to go and see him and Poultney Bigelow in Tite Street.

THOSE were in the days when Poultney ran OUTING and London and, like Roosevelt, the Kaiser. Poultney had the Imperial Signature written with a diamond on the front window of his drawing room, and an offset of it framed on a blotting pad in his library. And there were legends in the street that when church was letting out, though I do not think many went to church from those parts, Mrs. Whistler being the only one I ever heard of, Poultney and the Kaiser, who came over to spend week-ends with him, used to dance Highland flings or Czardas for the multitude, or maybe for Oscar Wilde, who lived there—or was it in Beaufort Street these things happened? Otherwise, how Mrs. Abbey and Mr. Sargent must have been shocked! Speaking of Oscar, I went to his sale to buy the alleged portrait of Sara by Whistler—only it was not a portrait of Sara—but when it was bid up to ten pounds



FOUNTAIN IN THE CLASSIC CITY PARK AT NÎMES • WASH DRAWING MADE
FOR JAMES' LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE • PUBLISHED BY W. HEINEMANN 1900



CHARING CROSS STATION • WASH DRAWING FOR JAMES' ARTICLE ON LONDON • IN
THE CENTURY 1888 • WOOD ENGRAVING UNSIGNED • DRAWN IN THE OLD STATION

I stopped, and got what I believed was a water color for ten shillings, for Whistlers were mostly not wanted then. The sale was diversified by fights and I had to call in the police, who were in readiness to be called in, and help to carry off, under police protection, the admirers and defenders of Oscar who were there, as always, eager to defend or attack for him.

AFTER THE LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE, which is the best guide book to that country I know, was published, I did a series of books with James, *ITALIAN DAYS* and *ENGLISH HOURS*. I do not think he liked them very much either, but Heinemann, the publisher, seemed to; I did my best, and they are much better than any one else's. In the same series also are Hay's *CASTILIAN DAYS* and Howells' *ITALIAN JOURNEYS*, and the making of these books took me all over England, France, Spain and Italy in the most delightful fashion, and occupied the spring months of three or four years. If James did not altogether like the books, I think he eventually got to like me, for he used to ask me down to stay with him at Rye, only I never stayed with him or anyone else over night, and take me all over the town. He had a lovely old sea captain's house, with a garden looking out on the deserted river and harbor, or where they used to be, and all of Rye was pictorial, though it was beginning to be overrun with arty and theatrical females described by James as "sad wantons, one of whom was not without a pale cadaverous grace." But I was always afraid of him and nervous with him, and I made him nervous too, or his dog did. It was always running out to investigate motors tearing through the town, and, at last, came to a sad end. I, like every one, tried to hurry up his stories and give him a word, but that was impossible. He told them in his own time, in his own way. Later there was a scheme that I

should illustrate his *AMERICAN SCENE*, but that never came off. The pair of us were too expensive, so I was dropped, though I did give him some points of view from which to see New York—the Rubberneck Boat, the Jersey City Ferry, and the top of the Singer Building, then the highest in the world, and he thanked me afterwards for suggesting the first two. But the last—skyscrapers—were not for him. "But for you, they are yours to draw, but—ah—oh—just to think of it—difficult, yes, no, impossible, forty skyscrapers—each forty stories—each story forty windows—each window forty people—each person forty tales—My God—maddening—what could I, or am I—yes—certainly, no, of course—do with such a thing " I cannot get any nearer to it, and only those who knew him will understand. I saw more and heard more of him in the last years, when he would come to us and sit by the fire in the twilight in our flat in Adelphi Terrace, Barrie under him, Shaw in front of him, Galsworthy to left of him, Temple Thurston and the Savages near. Those were our neighbors. Or I talked to him, in the balcony of the Reform Club, or saw him tramp round the big lower hall where he used to take a constitutional. At that time he was living there and he and Sargent and Abbey and Doctor Willie White and I were the American members. One of the last times I saw him was at a Christmas dinner in 1912, at Sir Frederick Macmillan's, when he sat beside Lady Macmillan, eating haggis which he described as the stomach of some strange animal, cut open, stuffed and then sewed up, on his head a foolscap which he had pulled out of a Christmas cracker. But the proper way to eat haggis is that at the Royal Scottish Academy dinners, every one in costume, and the thing brought in heralded by trumpeters—and eaten with tumblers of whisky. These are some traits

[1891-1900]

and facts about James which have been ignored or omitted by others who never worked with him half as much as I. The *LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE*, of which a new edition has just come out, is not only the best guide book to that country, as I have said, but the best travel book about it. Still, *OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY* and Sterne's and Stevenson's are not so bad. But how many Americans know ours? How many Americans read? How few can read? Fewer do read. They leave it to the radio!

IT WAS also arranged that I was to illustrate a book on London that James was to write, uniform with those by Hewlett and Crawford, but this was never done. Some of the drawings came out in *LONDON* by Sidney Dark, which Macmillans issued in 1924.

IT WAS somewhere about the time of the James-Irving-Faust affair that E. and I cycled from Calais to what is now called, I believe, Czecho-Slovakia, or some such idiotic name of a country invented by idiots of politicians, for *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*; and on the way we passed through Bayreuth, and E. there, as in several other cities on the way, made a sensational entry. She had a fashion, in the beginning of her bicycling, not of dismounting from her wheel, but letting it run down in smaller and smaller circles, and then sitting down herself in the center with the front wheel sticking up in front of her. There is a drawing of this feat in *THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS*. She performed it before the *Sun Hotel* at Bayreuth, right in the face of Mark Twain, who could only remark, by way of greeting, "Lord Almighty!" and fly. We stayed, however, and saw *PARSIFAL*, its management, and Frau Wagner. We took seats in the front row of the balcony, and the performance before the curtain went up

was magnificent—the hidden music in the great darkened temple. But after! the march of the chorus entering from the ambulatory or aisles of the Romanesque church, the perspective so violent that the first and only part of the chorus you could see was its feet, then its knees, then its stomachs, then its manly bosoms, and finally its faces; and then the death of the swan, which came falling down, stuffed and starched, screeching on a wire at the feet of the hunter; and then the forest which walked, only this day it wouldn't, and the people in it had to run to get out of it. And then Materna was shoved in on an inflated rubber couch that palpitated, not to say wobbled; and her encounter with Parsifal, who would have nothing to do with her but called on *Die Mutter*, and strode shouting away; and as he waved his arms, a button caught his wig and sent it sailing away up the stage. Still calling on his mother, he strode after it, picked it up, put it on his head, and triumphantly invoking his mother, turned to the audience—the wig was on hind side before. There was a sound never before heard in those halls. Soon we went to dinner, and all too soon gents in top hats, umbrella in one hand and trombone in the other, called us to the next act. And when it was all over, we walked back through the pine woods, vocal with the voices of the nightingales and the cackle of the Cook-arranged departing audience. As we came down the hill to the town, we ran into David Bispham, and he took us to Frau Wagner's, where, so far as I remember, all we did was to look at photograph and autograph albums, and then to a bier kellar, where we had a far better time. It was a question of spending sixty marks on another performance or on old beer mugs instead. We never used the mugs, and they are gone. Then



THE BRIDGE AT LUDLOW 1904 • CHARCOAL DRAWING MADE FOR JAMES' ENGLISH HOURS 1905

we left, and shortly after the performances were stopped too, and were not resumed for a year or so; and again they were stopped by the War. And that was my only other theatrical or operatic experience, save a strike at the opera in London, on one of the rare occasions I went, when all the company came out on the stage at Her Majesty's and begged and got showers of pennies. But I did see Henry James at the play in London—a play written by Langdon Mitchell, with Miss Lea and Bernard Partridge in the cast—and everybody was there, and so we were, in the stalls. I only remember two scenes. In the first a slave was escaping from some cruel persecutors by crossing an icy river, and we were given to understand the bloodhounds

were on his trail, for Mr. Partridge kept telling us so; and as if to prove it, a small pup set up a fearsome yelping in the street outside as the curtain fell. And in the last act there was to be a signal—a most important signal—given, and Mr. Partridge kept asking himself and the others on the stage and us in the audience if we could not hear the signal; but we could not till tootity, tootity, toot went the horn of the coach coming back from Brighton, and that signal brought the play to an end. James' own play, which had the distinction of being hissed, I never saw.

JAMES' renunciation of his American citizenship was a curious performance very much appreciated by the British; but then it is only what we advocate the

[1904]

dagoes, Russian Jews and mongrels who have overrun this land should do. James was a valuable asset to Great Britain; these degenerates are a curse to us. The War caused him to do it; and if it had not been for the duty on works of art escaped by American artists remaining Americans there might have been more distinguished British painters than there are. But James' plea was, I have been told, that England

had done so much for him he must give himself to her, and shortly before his death he did. The Government, to show its appreciation, sent him, through Lord Bryce, the Order of Merit; he received it when he was barely conscious; he made no sign. But later when the nurse came to light the lamp, as if half aware of the imposing honor, he said, "Pray spare my blushes." These are my memories of James.



MENDING NETS AT MARTIGUES · PEN DRAWING 1890 · WHEN ON A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE

[1905]

CHAPTER XXX: THE ROAD IN TUSCANY · MACMILLANS ISSUE A GLORIFIED SERIES OF TRAVEL BOOKS · THEY SELECT MAURICE HEWLETT AND JOSEPH PENNELL TO DO ONE OF THEM · OUR ADVENTURES IN THE MAKING OF IT



THE ROAD FROM THE ALPS TO ITALY · THE APPROACH TO THE LAKES · CHARCOAL DRAWING 1901

ONE day Sir Frederick Macmillan sent for me to ask if I would like to illustrate a series of big travel books they proposed to issue. They would start with two—one on Tuscany, which Maurice Hewlett would write; the other on Venice Marion Crawford wanted to do. Crawford had already written the first volume in the series on Southern Italy, a great success, illustrated by some friend of his, whom he thought wonderful and we did not. But Crawford, for the son of an artist, was more magnif-

icent, and more innocent of the Fine Arts, than any author I ever met. The Hewlett book would be the next. There were lunches and dinners arranged by Macmillan, by Hewlett, and by me. We worked out a definite scheme, where we should go, what we should see, and what we should do. I have no hesitation in saying that I paid no attention whatever to Hewlett's part, and he naturally ignored my suggestions. I knew that my point of view was quite as important as his and, as always, I intended to draw what

I wanted, and he could write up to the drawings or not as he pleased. I must give him the credit of always having a definite idea where he was going, and then never going there. So, by carefully concealing what we really meant to do, we got on, and by means of an ancient road map of Tuscany that I picked up and Hewlett finally appropriated, we arranged in London our route—and if only the ancient highways and byways had existed where they were marked on the map, everything would have been perfect. There were only two other matters: Hewlett did not want me to do the illustrations and I did not like his books. I never tried to read but one or two, and gave them up. He started for Florence in his big car before me. I purchased a fiery motor bicycle and rode after him. It was arranged we should meet in Pisa and there I stopped, though I had been doing that all the way out, owing to breakdowns; but that is another story. I was as usual at once arrested, this time for running over a boy on The Lung' Arno, but I arranged that, or the landlord of the Nettuno Hotel did; besides, the boy was not hurt.

ONE afternoon, as I loafed, and worked, on the embankment, waiting for Hewlett, who for days had been promising to come, a gorgeous carriage and pair passed with feathers on the horses' heads, bells on their necks, and a peacock plume in the driver's hat. Inside, a lady and a gentleman lolled—the real Ruskinian "Milors Inglese" turnout up to date, for the gentleman wore Edward Carpenter openwork sandals. The carriage turned in to the city. After the Angelus, after the glow had left the marble mountains and the lights had drawn the curve of the winding river by their reflections in the water, I went back to the hotel and dined and then found Hewlett's card. He was at a

hotel round the corner, and round I went. There, with him, were the Milors, and the carriage was Hewlett's and they were his guests. We—I because of having been arrested, he because of his turnout—were the sensations of Pisa. They had driven from Florence by way of Empoli and Lucca and were going on to San Gimignano. I was to cover their route in the reverse direction. Again, after nearly twenty years, I took the same road to Lucca I had driven over with Howells in the early spring morning of 1883, and again before noon the red-walled, tree-embowered town came out of the plain, the hills behind it, then the marble mountains towering over all. That day there was life in Lucca. It was crowded as I had never seen it. It was not a festa. All the hotels were full, nothing but a tiny room to be had; the cause, the trial of Mussolini, the last—and I believe the first—brigand who ever really existed, at any rate who ever was captured and tried in Italy. The hero of a hundred illustrated tales by modern Homers, and the savior of the cinematograph. So famous is he that he is kept in a dungeon as a warning—or an attraction—at Volterra to this day. Not long ago I saw the announcement of a new picture play, or history of him, placarded all over Venice. I wonder what relation he is to the Dictator? I did not attend the trial. All I remember of it is the answer the journalists who filled the hotel said he gave, when asked where he slept, "Between the soft breasts of fair women,"—a poet of a brigand. Days were tranquilly passed, for every one was on the piazza or in the courts, and I was not bothered by the boys of the town. What I did may be seen in the book, *THE ROAD IN TUSCANY*, or some of it, for, as usual, I did many more drawings than were used. And though it amused me to make the drawings, I should not have



PORTRAIT OF SIR FREDERICK MACMILLAN • PAINTED BY SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER • IN THE
POSSESSION OF SIR FREDERICK AND LADY MACMILLAN AND REPRODUCED BY THEIR PERMISSION

shown them, for energy is a curse. Then I came back by Empoli, crossing a fortified bridge over the Arno that I had never seen and rode on to Certaldo, Poggibonsi, and up the long winding high road to San Gimignano, and in the middle of the piazza ran into Hewlett. Changed was the towered city; a big hotel jammed with those British one sees only in Italy and those Americans who make one ashamed of one's country by aping the English. By judicious whacks instead of soldi, one may escape the pestiferous plague of boys after a day or so. And once the people get to know you, they take your side and hammer the children themselves. San Gimignano is best from the hills round—at least I like it best, and that is the important matter—and from a convent out the Volterra Gate, a mile or so, it is wonderful; and so it is from an old cross on the short cut down to Poggibonsi. I found this out when I first went there. And, now, seeing them again, I found the pictures by Gozzoli wonderful too. But it had taken me twenty years to really see them. There was a relief for sale that kept Hewlett longer. The town people, the padrone, the mayor, the doctor, the owner, and the milors were insistent that he should buy it; but he neither got the relief nor got rid of the owner.

WE made up our minds finally to leave the hotel, and the watchman who still cries the hours of the night, and the Gozzolis, and climb to Volterra. I started on my bicycle and found a short cut down the mountain. As I left, in the early morning, the valley was filled with a great sea of fog, the waves of it rolled in and broke below the walls, and as I climbed again to the Volterra high road, the fog opened, and away above was a golden, glittering city, more glorious than any save New York—and New York is San Gimignano

glorified. There was a wine shop by the way and I chalked on the wall a sign for Hewlett, and after the hot, damp climb up the mountain road, the half liter, the fresh bread and goats' cheese were a banquet. Later, Hewlett stopped the carriage and he raved about it too. The road up to Volterra is the wildest, most desolate in all Tuscany. On the horizon, high on its mountain top, is Volterra. The silent road winds toward it through bare red hills, then, as on an arête, it stretches from plateau to plateau, gulfs on either side, and ever above, far off, the high-walled, grim city. There is only one riven ruin of a tower, one lone farm on the way. After hours ever up the twisting, turning, bare road, there is a tiny poplar-shadowed valley under the towering town. The straightest, steepest stretch of road in Italy leads up to it. On one side a precipice below; on the other, prisons, palaces, madhouses above, and if you are lucky, you may encounter a herd of driveling, gibbering idiots, driven by a keeper with a big stick, out for a walk. I waited at the foot of the mountain for the carriage which I could see coming far away, winding among the crevasses on each side the narrow road. And when it came, we climbed the long, straight incline to the gate, the great plain spread out way below, and then the Maremma appeared, and further off the silver Mediterranean. A sharp turn, the gate, a little piazza, and in it the hotel, sad and grim. No one met us at the door. We found a weeping maid at last, the dining room was full of official looking men, but it was not till we had taken our rooms that we learned the family had typhoid fever, smallpox, cholera or worse, and some of them were dead in the house, and the officials were doctors and coroners. As it was growing dark, the horses done up,

and no other hotel within twenty or thirty kilometers, we stayed, keeping mostly out of doors. But Volterra is not cheerful. If we went in one direction, it was to be greeted from one barred window by the curses of convicts, from another by the shrieks of a mad woman; a little further it was to fall almost head-long into a yawning gulf, down which a good part of the mountain top has gone. If we went into the churches, it was to see life-sized carved martyrdoms and crucifixions, so real they frightened us. And when we came out, it was to meet muffled, cloaked creatures. We could not tell if they were men or women, for they all wore the same hats, long cloaks and shoes. Early morning saw us off. Still, I made two or three drawings, for I was up at dawn. I went first—and the memory of that long coast down to Colle is with me still. The wind was behind, and I sailed. I had come to do *THE ROAD TO TUSCANY*, and I did it, but not with charcoal that day. At Colle, an endless street of palaces falling down a hill, a storm was brewing. I pushed on to Siena, up the long climb E. and I had shoved our tricycle twenty years before, and I marveled at what we had done—just as I marvel that any one still reads or remembers our cycling journeys. Just by the Casa del Diavolo, the storm caught me, and by the time I reached the Albergo Toscano—I should not have told its name if Hewlett had not and so ruined it—the bicycle, I and everything were soaked. But in the landlady's blouse, the landlord's pants, and the waiter's coat I was able to greet the carriage full, quite as sodden as I. The feathers and the plumes draggled and dripped. Trombino, the driver, drooped, the only time I ever saw him do so, for was he not the biggest man in Ponte a Mensola, hired by Hewlett because he had killed more people than there

were left in the place—quite a Little Novel out of Tuscany. He and his stories would have been most useful to Hewlett, only the famous author's Italian more or less stopped short with the Cinquecento period. And that was one reason why Giacomo and the Signora, the Milors, had places in his carriage. The great event in Siena was the arrival of Mrs. Hewlett. No, it was the advent of the Siene Anglo-American historian. He was a wonder. We saw him looming up on a specially built bicycle. We could not miss seeing him. He was huge, immense, colossal. We met him as we were coming back from a picnic in the country where we had gone to see a battle field. There were no evidences of the battle field, save what Hewlett could get out of the historian's account of it, and to this day I have not the faintest idea whether it was on that occasion the Florentines conquered the Siene, or the Siene captured the Florentine Car, which comes out in the Palio. All I know is that the book contains a drawing of the battle field, almost the only one I did as an illustration of anything that Hewlett wrote about, and I suppose there is a description of the battle in it, but the book was not written till afterwards. But I do remember the picnic we had by a spring, the charming day it was, and that we met the historian by the Porta Romana as we returned, mounted on his bicycle.

WE stayed days in Siena, and were fêted every evening by the historian who, at a certain hour, used to announce to Hewlett and me, one after the other, that we had saved his life, but how or when or where we never knew, but I do know his Chianti and Siggare Cavour were good. And we were found and followed by the owners of the relief, who came all the way down from San Gimignano with it. Luckily for them, owing



FLORENCE FROM THE PIAZZA MICHELANGELO 1901 • CHARCOAL DRAWING IN THE UFFIZI COLLECTION • MADE FOR HEWLETT'S ROAD IN TUSCANY • REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL

to a difference of some few francs, they failed to sell it to Hewlett, for, later, I heard they got as many thousands as Hewlett had offered them hundreds. And it is now the glory of some gallery if, in this safe world, it has not become the property of some other gallery or been destroyed or stolen. From Siena we went to Monte Oliveto by Buonconvento. There is now a new and excellent road to the monastery, up the steepest part of which Mrs. Hewlett shoved my machine—the same track I had shoved our tricycle up long ago—while I made notes. But the beauty of Monte Oliveto is gone—gone is the Abbate di Negro, though his name is on a tablet in the guests' refectory—a tablet signed by a number of people, all of whom put together knew him less well than E. and I. But all that is in our *TWO PILGRIMS' PROGRESS*, ridden and written years ago. Gone is the gateway. Gone is the pharmacy, the phials, the vases and the scales lie in a heap in a lumber room; gone many of the cypresses; gone the wine press and the farm; gone the old brothers in their white robes. The library is in disorder, the prey of a German professor, whose noisy German-Italian spluttered through the empty corridors. We did not like it, nor the young monks either, who, like the small boys of Siena, begged for "franco bolli esteri", nor the Abbate who told us sternly we could only stay a day, and then presented a bill. We went out and sat down by ourselves and Hewlett unpacked our luncheon, intended for the day before, or the poor, and we ate it. The next morning they left, but I stayed on. Never was I allowed to dine with the monks, scarce to see them, save in the one unspoiled place, the great white-washed chapel—probably that whitewash covers frescoes. But the glory of Monte Oliveto is gone, never to return. Gone is

my Italy. I climbed up to desolate Castagna and tried to make a drawing of the great crater on the far side of which the monastery hangs, the fertile fields hidden, all save the ragged avenue of black cypresses leading to the ruined battlemented gate, ruined, they told me, to admit the motor of some globe-trotting royalty.

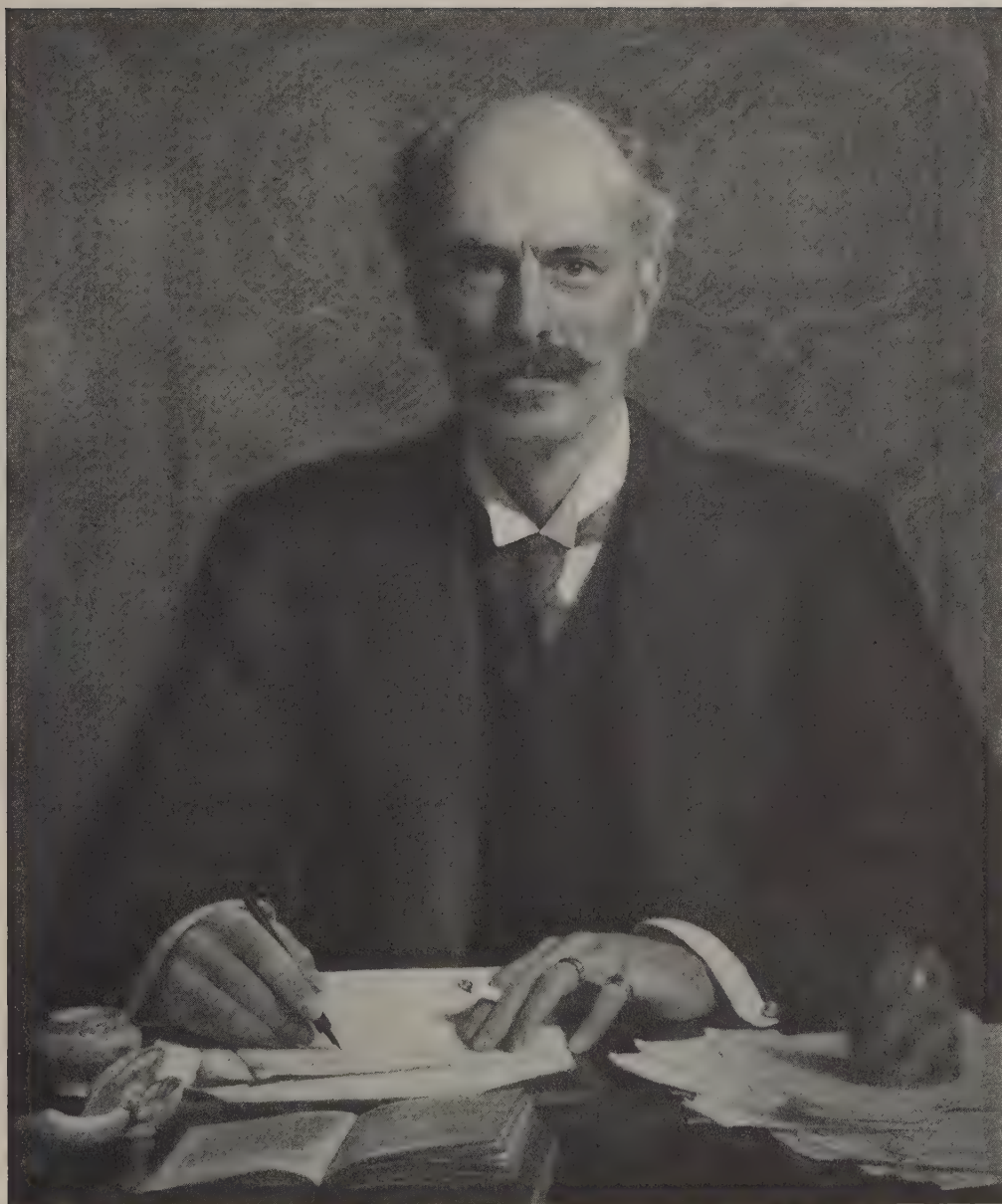
SADLY, in the twilight, I coasted down to San Giovanni d'Asso, and put up at the inn—one of those on the third floor of a house. There are few left now. To the late supper came three or four local celebrities and drummers, eager to know about "gli ski scapi" of New York and their friends, of whom they had not heard for ages, not since they had left for fortune and America. Had I met them? Something was said about other foreigners having been there and been ill in the place, but it was not till the landlady, bursting in, announced that "might an apoplexy seize her if she could make out what the Signora upstairs was saying, and that the doctor could not make the Signorina understand that there was absolutely nothing the matter with her at all," did I realize they were still there? Were they in the house now? I asked. Of course they were—*accidente*—why, they might die, that would be bad enough, but what was worse, they did not seem to have any money; at least, none anybody at the bank had seen, and there they would not touch it. And maybe I could talk to them, for she couldnt and the doctor couldnt, and would I try? And the next thing, a middle-aged matron walked into the room and began, "Say, can you talk English? Because we cant talk Eytalian, and here we are, Sue, my niece, and me. We were just going from Florence to Rome and they sent us to Siena, where we didnt want to go; nothing but pictures and old houses and it made Sue sick. We didnt

want to see Siena—nothing but Florence and Rome—and so we took the first train for Rome right away, but when we got to this depot, Sue was just done, so we came up here—and can you talk English?" I said I could talk American if that would do. "Well, sakes alive, sure; now, if you dont mind, will you come and see Sue?" Sue was in bed, and very pretty she was too, and I must say I proved to myself and the doctor that my Italian was very useful for translating his advice and directions into American. It was something new to me; still, I believe I succeeded, and, after arranging their money affairs and telling the bankers how to cash American Express checks, I left and saw them no more. I sincerely hope they are not still in San Giovanni d'Asso—that is, for the sake of San Giovanni. Next morning I went up to San Quirico and next day to Pienza and then over the mountains to Montepulciano where, in the inn that looks over the valley of Lake Trasimeno, I found Hewlett. They had had a splendid ducking again at San Quirico, and discovered a noble landlord, though I had missed him and stayed in a dreary inn. Then we jogged on to Arezzo and I had another good look at Piero della Francesca, and down the Arno to Florence; and then we dined and that was the end of the first journey.

THE Hewletts went back to London, but I stayed on for months in Florence, and the results are in the book. To me it is delightful to learn to know a city intimately, to tramp its streets, to climb the hills about it, to walk along its quays. It is quiet; peaceful, endless work, this drawing of cities, endless hunting for subjects, endless trying to get their look, some days finding too many motives, others none at all. Starting early every day, lunching where I found myself, working

all the afternoon, trudging back to a good dinner, then the *caffè* and bed; and so day after day, trying to get the character of the place. Whether I did or not, the book is the proof.

THE next year, just after Easter, I started on a motor tricycle which broke down completely at the foot of the pass before Spezia. So I left it in pawn and took an ordinary push bicycle. This spring we were to do the outlying parts of Tuscany. Hewlett had at least a dozen times planned the route from the old road map and other maps and guides, but when he changed it for the thirteenth or the thirtieth time, I determined to give him a route. Some one had told me of the wonderful mountain road between Carrara and Lucca. There was nothing about it in the guide books. No one in Spezia knew. So I determined to go that way. From Carrara, inhabited apparently altogether by the representatives of American sculptors and architects, and where, if you climb into the quarries, you get the most amazing subjects, I walked the next day up a pass, or rather a road clinging to the side of a mountain, coming out at last on a great castle, a perfect ruin, dominating the plain, a thousand feet below. After that the road, winding higher and higher, turned into the mountains and at last got so high that one could look down on the right to the Mediterranean and on the left to the Adriatic. Then it wound down to Fivizzano, a little known city in the mountains, and then up and down, over pass after pass, a splendid broad road, till late in the evening I came to Castelnovo di Garfagnana, at the head of the valley that leads down to Barga and Lucca. Nothing more picturesque, yet unspoiled, have I seen in Italy, and I imagine it is unspoiled yet, for the tourist or motorist of to-day never looks up anything for himself,



MAURICE HEWLETT • FROM THE PAINTING BY THE HONORABLE JOHN COLLIER • BY PERMISSION OF THE FAMILY OF THE LATE MAURICE HEWLETT AND NOW IN THEIR POSSESSION

never explores, unless Hewlett has spoiled it for him. To us of yesterday, the joy was, and still is, in discovery, in the unknown road and the untried inn. For the motorist of to-day all is charted, certified, known; even if he camps out he camps in a crowd. From Castelnovo I zigzagged about through the Apennines, and came out at Lucca, and eventually the whole of Tuscany, from Orbetello to La Verna, was covered. La Verna is wonderful, but it is only an inn now, and I do not like Franciscans, their ways or their food. The road is appalling, the climb horrible, the views of the tiny Tiber, and smaller Arno lovely, the forest divine, filled with nightingales. Monsignor Stonor, who was there with me, and who smoked most excellent cigars, did not like the monks, either, and, apparently, they did not like him or me. So I took my way down the mountain track, after a couple of days, and on to Florence by the ever-growing Arno which, like so many rivers, I have followed from the source to the sea.

HEWLETT was a difficult proposition, as nervous and sensitive as I am. After the second trip, I saw little of him. As to Hewlett's books, I found them all—all those I tried—unreadable, as I have said, and one I treated as I treated a performance of Hall Caine's—chucked it out of the window. It was something about Mary, Queen of Scots, I believe. I know that very superior people and very inferior people pretended to like his writing, for I have seen most superior persons follow him into the hotels in Italy, where he stopped, and rave over him. And I have read in the *LONDON TIMES* that copies of one of his books were "given in place of small change in big stores in America." Well, there must have been a slump in that shop if they had to give literature away, when probably the customers wanted

BRINGING UP FATHER OR IF WINTER COMES. I never read *THE ROAD TO TUSCANY*—only bits of it. I have a standard of literature of my own, and Hewlett did not fit it. I do not like plovers' eggs, anchovies, grapefruit and cepes, and that's what Hewlett's writing was: hors d'œuvres, appetizers and exotics, though not really exotic and not really anything; that is why it was liked. He knew mediæval Italy, but he did not know his way about the land he described and had to have a guide when he went there. Personally, some days he was decent and some evenings he would be gay, as once in Siena, getting hold of the card of a great professor of art in a small American college and having it sent up to me in the sitting room, to see and enjoy the rage that came over me when I thought of the professor's adding himself to our company, and then twitching and winking and spoiling it all, he said, "I suppose you don't think you can write?" "Oh no, not like you anyway," I answered—I can answer now. But mostly he was wrapped up in himself and he was often far from content with the things he wrote about when he encountered them in reality. He was always having new schemes which he never followed, either on the trip I took with him or when he suggested something, as when he proposed—he having a motor—that we should, in a second volume Macmillans wanted us to do, walk across the Lombard plain from side to side; or on another occasion in midwinter, when he rushed in to my place in London and wanted to carry me off for a walk in the forest of Fontainebleau. After these refusals I saw little of him, and when he gave up his house in London, nothing. I had a number of his letters; they all went in the War.

THE book, especially my part of it, was extremely well noticed, and I do not

think the author was too well pleased—they never are. Sometime afterward Commendatore Biagi, the Laurentian Librarian, came to see me in London and complimented me on the drawings, whereupon, to return the compliment, I said, if he would care for them, he should have some of the Florentine series for his library. He was delighted and said he would write me. For some time I heard nothing. Then came an official letter from the Director of the Uffizi, Doctor Ricci, asking for the whole collection for that gallery. As I was the first modern artist to be so honored, I accepted the invitation, sent the drawings, and they are now in the Uffizi. Naturally, I expected something to be done for me in

return. But, save an acknowledgment from the Italian Government, I have never received anything, though most of my colleagues, contemporaries and imitators sport stars and ribbons that belong to me. However, my works are in the Uffizi, some hundreds of drawings, and if I am not covered with decorations, I am covered with the glory of knowing that the drawings will remain forever in that great gallery, or as long as it lasts, with the works of the great of the past. I worked on the Florentine drawings two springs, and during the summers and autumns of the same years I was in Venice, making drawings for Crawford's book *GLEANINGS FROM VENETIAN HISTORY*, next in this series.



CASTIGLIONE DEL LAGO FROM THE HIGHWAY BETWEEN MONTEPULCIANO AND CORTONA
CHARCOAL DRAWING MADE IN 1901 THE ROAD IN TUSCANY · MACMILLAN & CO. 1904

[1902]

CHAPTER XXXI: MARION CRAWFORD AND VENICE
DAYS AND NIGHTS DURING TWO SUMMERS IN THAT CITY
THE LIFE OF THE ARTISTS WHO CAME THERE AND THE
PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE · AND WHAT WE DID THERE



THE HALL OF THE GLOBES · SALA OF THE GRAND COUNCIL DOGE'S PALACE · CHARCOAL
DRAWING 1901 · PRINTED IN GLEANINGS FROM VENETIAN HISTORY · MACMILLAN & CO.

MARION CRAWFORD turned up soon after I got to Venice in June, 1901—just after the Campanile fell. This year and the next I spent the spring in Tuscany, working on the Hewlett book, and when it got too hot I came up to Venice and passed the summer and autumn there. Crawford was a magnificent giant who lived up to his magnificence. Still, he was one of the

expatriated who, though they pass their lives in Italy and talk the language perfectly, know nothing really of the country and the people. How many of these sad cases have I seen. I had met him once or twice before. On one occasion he dined at a little club and amongst the other guests were—and—, of whom Harold Frederic who was of the same type, said, "Well, after I had a few drinks I could not tell

[1901]



F. MARION CRAWFORD • PASTEL BY C. M. ROSS • BY PERMISSION OF MACMILLAN & CO.

which was myself and which was either of the others, for we were as like as four twins." I lunched with Crawford in his hotel, when he arrived, and I saw at once he did not approve of me any more than I liked the tourists' hotel lunch—and how well he could have lunched round the corner. Afterwards he introduced me to his gondolier who knew everything about Venice and would take you to exactly the spot where the Cavaliere Cook, or the Illustrissimo Ruskin, or some other bore, had made his drawings, and bring prints and volumes from under the seat to prove it. Crawford was impressed by this gondolier. I hated him, and to my great satisfaction one day in a storm we were shipwrecked on a log near the Casa degli Spiriti and I saw him no more, save once steering one of the bissoni in a regatta. Crawford too tipped all the people with boat hooks at the landings, when the Venetian tradition is to thank them, and that branded him. But he got it one day. A boy begged from him in Venetian which Crawford did not understand, and Crawford retorted in Neapolitan, whereupon the boy replied in good Italian, "What's he trying to talk, the ugly, big foreigner?" Crawford made a list of things for me to draw, as all authors do. I did those I liked and ignored the ones I did not. Some were impossible, others ridiculous—to have a sculptor for a father does not make one an artist, though it did produce a successful story-teller. Crawford, in the few days he was in Venice—though he had scarcely been there before, he told me, and he was quite surprised when he went to Murano, the scene of one of his stories—rarely came to the Piazza or, if he did, foregathered with Hop Smith, I cannot say F. Hopkinson Smith.

ALL those hot afternoons after lunch we loafed in the Piazza and had our

coffee, till it cooled off, till the shadows crept across the pavement and up the church where the flags flew and the mosaics glittered in the setting sun—and those hot evenings too, every evening, for the Piazza in summer was a great salon, a great drawing-room, and everyone went there save the tourists who think they do and the Americans, like Crawford, who are superior to it. But after dinner, when the band played we sauntered over from the Panada and walked with the Venetians, in the old days the men with their big black hats, the girls with their long black shawls, both in their clattering wooden shoes, if they did not wear slippers. Round and round they went, an endless procession, the whole evening. We passed by Florian's—we never had our coffee there, that was left to the English and the Germans—on round the end of the square, and then back till we came to the Quadri, tables spread out, up and down and all about, and there at one table would be Duveneck or Bunce, and we would join them, and others would join us, and two or three tables would be filled. And the music of the city band would crash and echo as music does nowhere else, and some nights the Duke of Abruzzi would stroll out of the palace and the band would start up the National Anthem, or a Garibaldian would appear and we had the "Inno," and in those first years they used to tell how Wagner would come and when the conductor saw him the band would either play something of his or stop and salute him. And in between were the cries of the caramei men and the roses of the flower girls. And the crowd at our tables would get bigger and bigger. And, once in a while on his way further north, Vedder would turn up from Rome and tell us how he painted flying angels. When they would not stand and



CAMPIELLO DELLE ANCORE • A STUDY OF THE REAL DAILY LIFE OF VENICE • PEN DRAW-
ING 1901 • PRINTED IN GLEANINGS FROM VENETIAN HISTORY • MACMILLAN & CO.

fly, he laid them on a mattress on the floor, posed with their drapery as he wanted it, and then he rigged up a hammock over them, got in, lay down on his tummy, his canvas on the floor too, and with long handled brushes painted away, and so well did it work that the models went fast asleep and he had to prod them with his mahl stick when it was time to take a rest. And Larkin Mead would journey up from Florence and dear old Burns over from Philadelphia, for the summer when, in those years, the tourist never came—Burns with his “Cheer up, the worst is yet to come,” when anyone was blue. And the stories—it was there I heard the tea story: how someone’s train was held up in the West in a blizzard till the drink ran out, and then, just as the passengers thought they must starve, they saw an ancient native with two big market baskets wading towards them. And, finally, he got to the train, and climbed aboard, and said, “Friends, this is a prohibition state, so seeing how you are fixed I brought you some tea in bottles, and its real good tea and costs one dollar a bottle.” And instantly the baskets were emptied of the bottles, and his pockets were filled. “Now, friends,” said he as the corkscrews came out, “as this is a prohibition state I hope you wont drink this tea till I am out of sight.” And he started home through the drifts, never looking back till he reached the last rise, there he turned, waved his hand, disappeared, and every cork was drawn. And it was tea. “Oh, well,” said someone, “lets drink the health of Mrs. Pennell.” “Hum,” said Burns, “I never thought to see Mrs. Pennell drunk on the Piazza.” And between times we talked shop and settled the affairs of the Art World till the music stopped. A couple of years ago I went back. There was not a soul I knew, no music but once a week

the band, jazz and tourists everywhere. As I had been running round Italy each spring, doing the Hewlett and James and Howells books, I would arrive with adventures of my own, and these also were all told between the music. We were quiet enough when the band played, and the Piazza was a dream on festa nights, after a great affair like the Redentore when we had crossed the bridge of boats to the Giudecca, or after a regatta, Venice all gorgeous color, every old family hanging its tapestries from the windows, the bissoni, the city boats sweeping by, clearing the course once the firemen, with their hose squirting at the crowded gondolas, had opened a way, and the racing boats followed, and after dark there would be illuminations, colored fires in the campanile or behind San Giorgio and the Redentore, or in the lagoon rockets. Or we would walk in the Piazzetta and along the Riva, the music of the city band and other bands mingling with the songs of singers afloat and ashore—not done for the tourists, but by the Venetians for themselves because they loved it. And then to bed—though the caffes kept open all night and the singing went on till dawn brought the fishermen in with their endless yells and endless clatter on the pavements. And then we started another day, working from our own rooms on the Riva where we lived.

CRAWFORD naturally did not like my drawings and rejected one of the Bridge of Sighs at night. After he left Venice, where, for his book, I spent two summers, I do not think I ever saw him again. He never wrote me a word about the book, but the Italian Government bought some of the drawings, among them, the rejected Bridge of Sighs. As I have said, all this was just after the Campanile fell, and in all the years while it was down Venice

was dead or dormant, and did not wake up till it was rebuilt. Though the same Hop Smith offered to put in elevators for nothing if they would let him have the returns for ten years, the Venetians put in the elevators themselves and they and the Biennial Exhibition have resurrected the city. Changed is it from the time when the Syndic allowed a flowery island to be turned into a powder mill, and when the artists protested, said he hoped soon no artist would want to come there. Then the authorities tried to make it a railway center, a manufacturing town, a naval base, but it was not till they turned to art that it revived again. Hop Smith—F. Hopkinson Smith, whom I never could stand personally nor his writing either, save COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE, was always turning up in Venice to make water colors each summer. He never associated with mere artists, but he worked, at any rate, after his lights, and very cleverly, and he had another redeeming quality: though he prided himself, I believe, on having passed twenty summers in Italy, I do not think he had twenty words of Italian, half of Bunce's "linguistic acquirement" and half of his artistic feeling also. One day in a brand-new check suit and a helmet, a Turkish decoration and spats, Smith arrived in his gondola at the Piazzetta and the gondolier unpacked Hop's—the only name he was known by—paint box and water bucket and sketchblock, and put them down by a lamp-post, and as Hop moved his camp stool so as to have the lamp-post as a rest for his back, a policeman came and waved him off. I was passing and Hop cried out, "What's the matter with the Dago? I've been here twenty years and never been treated like this. What's he saying?" I asked the policeman, who replied, "Yes, we all know the illustrious and distin-

guished foreigner who was probably here before I was born, but I noticed that he has got a new suit of clothes on to-day, and as the lamp-post was painted this morning, why, if he leans against it, the clothes will probably be spoiled." As somewhat of a crowd had gathered, Hop departed, when I translated the policeman's advice, amid applause in which he did not join. It was almost as good as Bunce's reply to the Englishman who found him early one morning on the Public Garden wall, painting moonlights by sunrise. "Why, Mr. Bunce, how long have you been here?" said the Briton, on his way to fall out of the sandola he was learning to row. "Forty years," said Bunce. Or the story of Bunney, living there like Bunce, painting for years San Marco for Ruskin from the top of a high stool, and a wicked artist one day pinning a card on his coat tail, "I am totally blind," and there are endless other legends like these.

BUT if I was to start telling Venetian stories, I should never stop. E. has told many in her NIGHTS. But not many read that book. Will they read this? Those two summers were delightful. I would wake and look out of my windows on the Riva to see what sort of a day it was going to be, and if I liked it, I went up to the Caffè Orientale and read the Venetian papers—they were a proper size, four pages, and contained more news than an American blanket sheet. One morning I saw in them the shooting of McKinley, and another that the Kaiser had arrived, and, to me most important, that the King of Italy had bought my etchings at the Exhibition, but even then they gave me no decoration—only cash. After my caffè latte and little cakes, I started for the spot I had determined on the day before, either afoot, or on the steamboat, the vaporetto; no one, unless he owns it, ever takes a

gondola in Venice to work from. When I reached my previously chosen spot, if the light was right and I felt right, I began and if possible finished my charcoal or pastel or etching. I knew exactly what I wanted to do, but rarely knew whether I could do it, and I never did it as I wished. When I had finished, it was time to lunch and in some trattoria, with great brass cauldrons in the window behind the curtains or green lattice screens, great brass plaques on the walls, I would lunch, and lunch well. There was always a *caffe* near, and after another hour there the light was right to start another subject, maybe from the *caffe*, if not I walked till I found one. And so I have walked and worked all over Venice. As evening came, I turned towards the Piazza, dining either at the

Bella Venezia, Città di Firenze or the Panada, but if far away, stopping at the first restaurant I liked the looks of, and then, after coffee again, either on moonlight nights wandering and drawing the magic city if I found something; or coming back to the Piazza if I found nothing, where I knew there would be a crowd of artists at the Quadri, and so I passed my days—and often at night when I got home there would be at midnight even more wonderful subjects on the lagoon to do out of my windows. And often it was as the dawn came that I found it was time to begin another day's work before I went to sleep. But one can always sleep in a *caffe* in the hot noontime after lunch. It was a lovely little life which I lived those years—in the dear dead city in the sea.



THE BUSY LITTLE CANAL THAT ONLY THE VENETIANS KNOW · PEN DRAWING 1902

[1902]



THE HARBOR GENOA • LITHOGRAPH • COMING BACK FROM ITALY I WOULD STOP AND WORK AT
SUBJECTS I HAD SEEN ON THE WAY OUT AND THIS PRINT WAS MADE FROM MY HOTEL IN GENOA



BUILDING THE WOOLWORTH • LITHOGRAPH • I WOULD RUN OVER TO NEW YORK AND FIND
MOTIFS LIKE THIS • DRAWING STONE AND PRINT IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

CHAPTER XXXII: KING EDWARD'S FUNERAL · THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF HIS MAJESTY · DRAWING AND PRINTING THE SCENES IN THE CHRONICLE · NEWS · TIMES

ONE night there was a ring at the doorbell and there was the Assistant Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. "The King [Edward VII] is dying at Buckingham Palace. Will you go and draw the scene outside the Palace?" It was dark and rainy but, grumbling that kings should die in such weather, I went. There were few people about—not a crowd—in the true English fashion, no excitement. The Palace was black, only one or two lights behind windows. The flag was flying. There was a bulletin on a gate—the last doctor's report. Frequent carriages came and went. The King had died hours before, but his death was not announced till after I left, about midnight; for though kings and queens of England may have birthdays when they choose, they must die when it suits the Government. The drawing, made by the lights of the cab, was finished and turned in that night. Of course, the Editor did not like it, the photo-engraver said he could not reproduce it, the printer that he could not print it. Knowing, however, what I was about and more than the whole lot put together, I told the Editor he must pay for it and give it back to me. Then he took it. It was reproduced and printed perfectly, and was the only record of the scene—or the best one by far—made at the time on the spot. Next day the bell rang again. First, there came THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS for other drawings of the lying-in-state and the funeral procession; THE DAILY CHRONICLE for the interior of Westminster Hall; and then THE TIMES and THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS for the funeral procession. I accepted all the commissions and all had to be done within the

week—the lying-in-state in a few hours, the funeral procession in a few minutes—and all were to be double or full pages. Of course it was a compliment that, despite the fact that Great Britain possesses three Royal Academies, a system of Government education, and endless schools for training illustrators, when anything was wanted they had to get Paul Renouard or myself—a Frenchman or an American. Now they mostly use photographs to record important events. This was not my first experience of royal funerals. When she who is known as "the Old Queen" died, or rather when it was known she might die, THE DAILY MAIL came to me. I was to do the scene in St. George's Chapel. They said I could not get in before the ceremony, so I started the big page from a photograph of the Chapel. I had never drawn the interior or only a bit of it. Previously a room was taken for me at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor, where I could see the procession from the station to the Castle; there was to be a seat for me in the organ loft of St. George's Chapel; as soon as the ceremony was over I should rush back to the hotel, finish the drawing, and a swift motor would fetch it and me to the office in London. The only hitch was that THE DAILY MAIL could not get a seat in the Chapel. I did not do the drawing, but I believe somebody else, who was not there, did a "pure genius work", as we used to say, "out of his head." And I have no doubt the DAILY MAIL readers were better satisfied with that feat of faking than they would have been with my rendering of the real scene, if I had drawn it.

THE first thing at the King's funeral was to get into Westminster Hall. I



BUCKINGHAM PALACE * CHARCOAL DRAWING MADE THE NIGHT THE KING DIED MAY 6
1910 • PUBLISHED IN THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS IN THE NEXT ISSUE MAY 14

wanted to have my drawing ready as soon as possible, an hour or so after the public lying-in-state began. I rushed round to the Lord Chamberlain's, the Earl Marshal's, the Herald's, the Garter King-at-Arms', and other such people, but they could or would do nothing; the papers could do nothing; so I had to do something. Within a few hours I alone among artists in England was in Westminster Hall and at work, and, well, I may as well say it, as an architect's assistant and sometimes as a British workman. But the drawings were done. There were two of them completed as the workmen got on with the great bier and the decorations. I knew the effect would be fine and had two days to get it. When the Earl Marshal or the Duke of Connaught, or the Archbishop of Canterbury was about, and they came frequently to rehearse their parts, I played, when I had time to take my coat off, a British workman standing round; when I had not time to get my coat off, an architectural person, with a T square and a sheet of clean paper over my big sketch block. But at times a mysterious whisper came to get out, to hide, for not a single other artist had permission to come in. This was, for some reason, the doing of Queen Alexandra, who had refused all artists permission to draw in the Hall. It became known, however, that I had been inside, and I was inundated with requests to see my drawings by people who had not been in, yet had done theirs. The cards for the Press came, for the Press was to be allowed to see the coffin being borne into the Hall, and they were, as usual, all jammed into a pen, in a corner. I was made to give up my ticket for the function, yet I was there all the same—how, is my affair. I had already made two drawings, one from either end of the great Hall, so I could use the more

effective, and they were both finished all but the figures. This is the only way to do such drawings; but how many artists have the brains or the ability to work in this way? The same afternoon the public was to be admitted; but an hour or so before the crowd of artists and photographers stood at the closed doors of the Hall. Every little while they opened to emit some Royalty, Nobility, Excellency or Member of Parliament, for the ceremony of the arrival of the coffin in the Hall had been preceded by a big lunch in the House. Finally the doors were opened and in rushed the most disgraceful rabble of reporters, artists, photographers, Royal Academicians, illustrators, I ever saw. It was scandalous, undignified, shameful, yet permitted. Like a flock of sheep they made for the press pen, then they rushed at the coffin, all trying to get the same point of view at the same time. Not a single one had an idea in his head, and they tumbled over each other in the hope to steal some one else's, for they had to do something in an hour; but not one of them had the brains to try to get an impression of the bigness, the dignity, the solemnity of the great bier on which the coffin lay, guarded by the silent, rigid figures of the soldiers, Gentlemen-at-Arms, and Yeomen of the Guard, the only living actors in the great Hall which holds so much of English history. All these artists tried for were the petty details of uniforms they could have seen, or got photographs of, at any time. I simply had to put the figures in place in my drawing. I only brought a tiny sketchbook and did this at once, then for twenty minutes plagued the hard-working artists and got in the way of the photographers, went home, put the figures in my otherwise finished drawing and in an hour the boy from THE CHRONICLE, who was waiting,



EDWARD VII • FROM THE PAINTING BY BASTIEN LEPAGE • PERMISSION OF AD BRAUN & CO.

was off with it to the office. I followed him soon. The drawing was photographed, reproduced and printed in the next morning's paper—and printed excellently at thirty thousand an hour—and was admitted by all to give by far the best idea of the ceremony. It was copied all over the world, stolen mostly, for though *THE CHRONICLE* paid me well, neither they nor I got anything from the thieves who stole it, with acknowledgment or without.

BUT there was more work. Two or three days elapsed during the lying-in-state, and then the funeral would be held. *THE TIMES*, for the first time in its history, wanted a full-page drawing, and *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* a double page. As I said, I took both commissions. I had no time to think, only to act. As to positions, I was offered rooms and balconies and windows, and refused them. I knew what I was about. There was only one place and there I was going—the Local Government Board Office, at the foot of Parliament Street, overlooking the whole scene. And the Local Government Board was administered by John Burns, and I knew him, as I did almost all the rest of the Government, and so would have no trouble with Earl Marshals and Lord Chamberlains, or rather no trouble in outwitting them. So I went to John Burns and he at once told me I could come to his office, and just where I should see the funeral the best. John Burns I have found, after many years, to be a very amusing and interesting person; but like one of his predecessors, Gladstone, one who knows everything about everybody's business, except mine. I told him what I wanted—to see Westminster Hall and the House of Parliament, with the Palace Yard, and the procession starting up Parliament Street, and that I wanted to see it from the corner tower. He said

he had nothing to do with that, it was out of his control, but he knew no one could go there. So he took me to exactly the window from which he said I could see everything. Naturally, I could see nothing; but I said nothing. I waited till he left and then went up to the top of the building, to the Government architect's office, and there I worked quietly for a whole day, drawing all the architecture; and save for the procession, everything was finished. Meanwhile, I found the window I was at would be filled with all the sisters, cousins and aunts of the architect, and that I would see nothing. In the corner of the tower was a stairway leading to the roof. This, I was told, belonged, not to the Local Government Board but to the Board of Works—such is British red tape; but I had not the time nor did I mean to take the trouble to unknot it. I cut it. And the next morning at five I was up and on my way down Parliament Street, already filled with soldiers backed by the crowd. As I had tickets and passes I got through into the building upstairs; as I knew there would be, crowds of clerks and their families were at every window. A seat had been reserved for me quite at the back, where I could see nothing; but certain people were climbing the winding stairs to the roof. There was a narrow trap door to squeeze through at the top, and one British matron ahead of me stuck. I thought that was the end, but she was eventually pulled down and I got up. Only a few others came up and they lay flat, afraid of being seen. Of course, we were seen, and up came the Government. Everybody, including myself, was ordered off, and everybody, except me, went. I threw *THE TIMES* at the Government and said I would not stir for them, or the entire British ministry, and if they wanted to try it on, they could bring up John Burns,



PREPARING WESTMINSTER HALL FOR THE LYING IN STATE • FROM THE ORIGINAL
CHARCOAL DRAWING • MAY 14 • PUBLISHED IN THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

who was rushing about in a cocked hat and feathers, looking very uncomfortable, or another gentleman, even more gorgeous, who really had charge of all Government roofs, and for them alone would I go. And again I threw *THE TIMES* at them and, for once and only once, it had an effect and I stayed, guarded by police, to see that the British roof was not insulted, stolen or tampered with, and I had the whole tower to myself. I alone could have done what I did. That is why I, an American, was asked to record this chapter of British History.

Now I had time to look about me. It was eight o'clock, the troops were forming up round the Square and in Parliament Street. The crowds, too, swarmed everywhere; as usual, the police lost their heads. At one moment the people would be driven away and the next permitted to run all over the place. Finally, however, save a few, they were driven out of the Square. Slowly the Royalties and Envoys, mounted and in gorgeous coaches, began to come in groups; then came the Queen and the other members of the Royal Family in state coaches, in one of which, I believe, was the most unpicturesque figure of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, the only figure in plain black; but then nothing would make Mr. Roosevelt either dignified or picturesque or enable him to play his part properly in a spectacle. The mourners all passed into Palace Yard and then entered the Hall, where a short service was held. Finally, at eleven, after six hours of waiting, the coffin, borne by Guardsmen, was brought out and placed on a gun carriage, and then the chief mourners came and grouped themselves round it. Meanwhile in the middle of Parliament Street, the massed bands gathered and, as the gun carriage started, broke into a wailing dirge, and, over all, tolled the mournful bell,

Big Ben, of Westminster every minute, while guns boomed between. As it started, the procession was but small and most impressive. First the bands, the pipers playing a lament, a few Admirals and Generals, the Earl Marshal of England, the gun carriage, a Battenberg prince, the King's charger, the King's dog; then the new King, the German Emperor and the Duke of Connaught riding abreast, the German Emperor the only one every inch a king, followed by a crowd of glittering Royalties; last the state carriages, first the Queen's, a few Life Guards; that was all. And slowly the cortège passed up toward the Horse Guards, the wailing dirge dying away as the band turned under the arch. It was so impressive that I hardly did anything, for my heart was in my mouth, as it always is at such times; but I made notes and, on comparing my finished drawing—I mean the details—with a photograph taken in Parliament Street, find I made only one mistake—I had the officers' swords, saluting, point to the ground, when they were presented, but I changed that easily. It was an extraordinary feat to get that whole procession in my head, for of its formation I knew nothing, as it started and passed out of sight in five minutes; it was simply a prodigious feat of trained memory. I forgot one thing. I forgot all about doing the double page for *THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS*, and only remembered it when I found the boy waiting at home for the drawing. But the thing was to get home. Parliament Street was impassable. The police, maudlin, kept the people on the narrow pavement and allowed the soldiers to bivouac all over the broad street. I forced my way to Storey's Gate and got into the Park, crowded with officers, Army, Navy and Reserve forces, especially the latter, in any sort of uniform, from George IV to Johannesburg



Wm. H. Furness
Westminster Hall
May 17/1900

THE KING'S COFFIN IN WESTMINSTER HALL • JUST BEFORE THE PEOPLE MASSED
AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS WERE ADMITTED • LITHOGRAPH MADE MAY 17 • EN-
GRAVED AND PRINTED IN THE DAILY CHRONICLE AS A FULL PAGE THE NEXT DAY

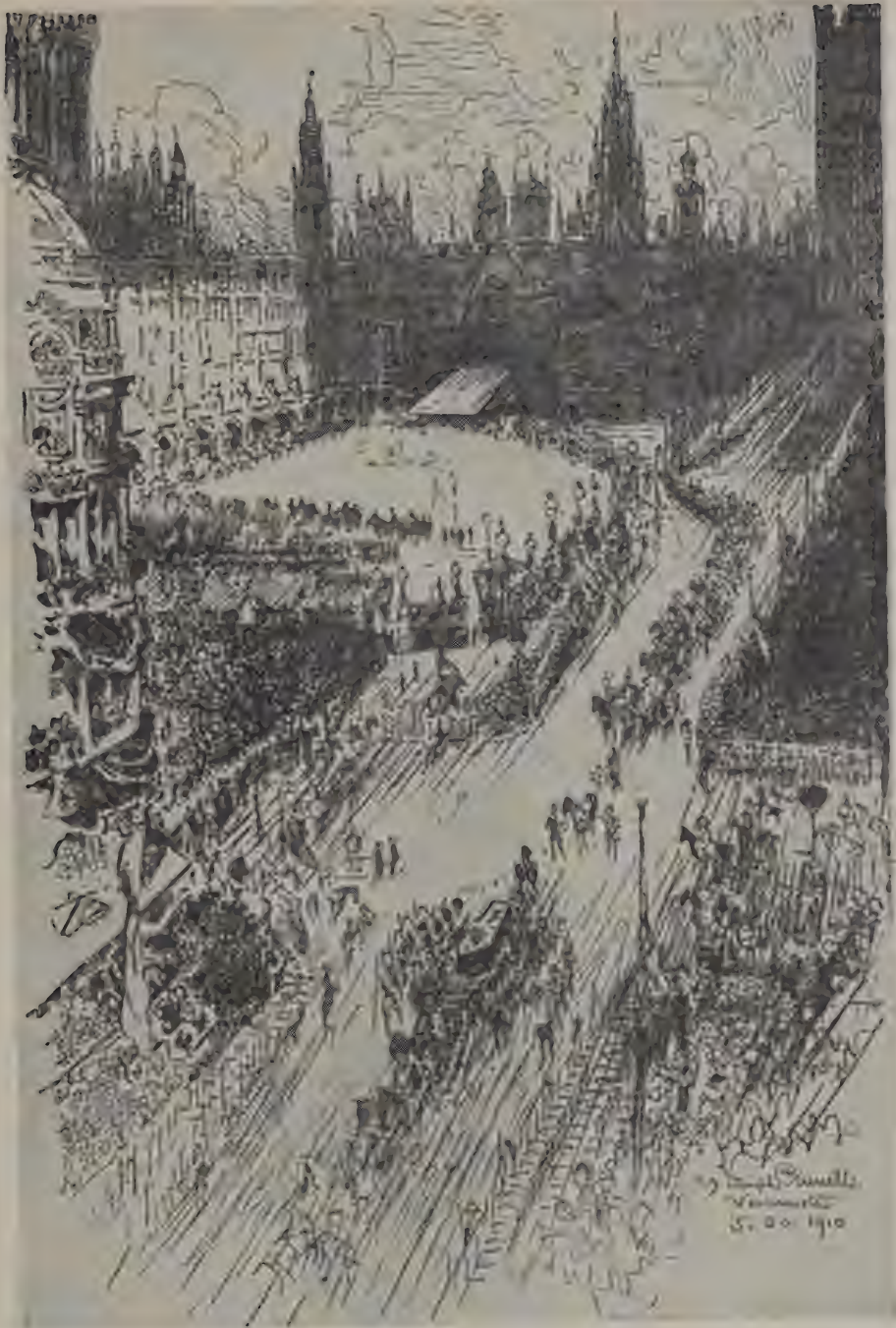
Jägers, all, like myself, trying to get out; but the Horse Guards were closed, the Duke of York's steps shut, the road by Marlborough House barred. I could not even push towards the soldiers lining it or get near enough to ask permission to pass, so great was the jam. Back I worked my way to the narrow gate, alone open, where is now the Admiralty Arch. Thousands of people were jammed there, for no reason save police stupidity, when suddenly a column of police, the pipe major of the Scots Guards, the pipers, the Colonel and the regiment, came up. By sheer weight they forced the mass of people aside. As the pipe major passed, I jumped in behind him, and before the police could get at me or the Colonel recover from the shock, I was through the gate into Charing Cross. When I got home, it was near three; the drawing had to be done by six,

and the boy from *THE TIMES* was waiting. I had a glass of port and a biscuit. I sat down to put in the procession and fell fast asleep. They let me alone for an hour, but the drawing left the house when promised. There was a row with *THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS* for my failure to do theirs. *THE TIMES* certainly was gamey, but, as certainly, their page reproduction was the worst I ever saw. Naturally, I was blamed for it, but the fault was altogether at Printing House Square, where, despite all their machinery, time and paper, they did the worst printing of illustrations in England, as may be seen, when they used them in those days. Now they print their illustrations very well. I have not the faintest idea who wrote the description. I had enough to do those days without being bothered with authors. Besides, an illustration should illustrate the subject.



WHITEHALL UP WHICH THE FUNERAL PASSED ON JUNE 20, 1910 · ETCHING

[1910]



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING UP PARLIAMENT STREET • PEN DRAWING MADE
MAY 20 • PRINTED IN THE LONDON TIMES MAY 22 THE FOLLOWING MONDAY MORNING

CHAPTER XXXIII: THE KING'S CORONATION · I AM INVITED TO ASSIST AT THE PREPARATIONS REHEARSALS AND CORONATION OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FIFTH IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE DAILY CHRONICLE

SOME months after the funeral of Edward VII came another ring at the doorbell, and there again was the Assistant Editor of THE DAILY CHRONICLE, wanting to know if I would do the Coronation of the present King George, the date of which was not fixed. He would commission some big man to write it up. But would I draw it, and for them alone? After much parleying, it was arranged that if I was in London I would, provided I could see everything, go to the rehearsals in the Abbey and attend the ceremony, having a seat in the organ loft so that my drawing could be made on the spot, at the time, and be historic. I bothered no more about it for months, and only a few venturesome papers bothered me, for the idea spread abroad that I was an expensive luxury. I know nothing about this; all I know is that I am worth what I ask and will not work unless I get what I want and the way I want it. The months went on. I did not go away, and I cared less and less to be bothered with the affair, which seemed to grow more and more difficult, and no permission apparently could be obtained to get me into the Abbey. At the American Embassy I heard they were receiving a thousand applications a day for invitations and they had none to give out. The newspaper offices were flooded with requests from people ready to pay fabulous prices to be allowed to write descriptive articles, and the editors were running around trying to secure seats for themselves and their families. The entire American Press, I was told, had three seats, and three thousand applications for them. I simply waited. One day came a

card to view the Abbey, nearly ready for the ceremony. I went there, passing through a narrow wooden door. I saw the outside wooden stairs, galleries and annexes which only needed a match to set the whole history of England in a blaze. Then I passed through the robing room, put up by the Board of Works, really fine in its way, despite the sneers of Academic architects and architectural experts who could not have done it half so well. In the nave from the west door to the choir were raised rows of seats on both sides. Above them galleries extending back to the walls had been built in the aisles, and that was all. The broad passage up the center of the nave was covered with heavy, blue carpet, leading to the altar. Blue and white hangings with the Royal Arms on them were on the fronts of the galleries. The floors of these were carpeted with creamy white stuff and on them were placed copies of Chippendale chairs. The dark red columns of the nave were not hidden, nor were there banners, flags, or hangings to break the tracery of the roof; save for the simple blue and white, the nave was decorated only with its own majesty and mystery. The choir stalls were not touched at all. The organ loft, however, was more than doubled and towered to the roof, completely preventing those who would sit in the nave, some thousands, from seeing the ceremony. In the transepts, seats mounted to each rose window; in the crossing stood the two thrones, facing the altar, the King and Queen thus having their backs to their people. Both were raised above the pavement, the Queen's seat a step or two lower than the King's, the steps outlined by



From the copyright photograph by H. A. Judd Co.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V IN HIS CORONATION ROBES • PORTRAIT BY C. R. SIMS

golden rods. In the choir were a few tapestries hung from the clerestory in the last bays, and there were some gorgeous rugs, and in the center the stone coronation seat brought from behind the altar. On the right side, two other seats and prie-dieux for the King and Queen faced by two wooden benches. The impressiveness was in the simplicity, while the deep rich blue of the carpets and hangings made the proper background to the glittering, gold, rose and ermine spectacle that was to be given on them. I carried with me four large sheets of lithographic paper, my chalks and a drawing board, and when I got into the choir I found it filled with the artists of the universe. In the midst, behind a six-foot canvas, was Tuxen, the Danish Court Painter; at his side the English Academic Bacon, in black skullcap, making a six-inch sketch for the official British picture, and looking as if he was wound up, though I was sure when the Royal record was finished it would contain a portrait of every one, so intensely correct that all the feeling of the function would be gone; and Gillot, the official French Painter, in the stalls—in the seat of the French Envoy, but he was thrown out of that at the ceremony—was half done already; he had probably started his work in Paris.

EVERY paper in the world with a London correspondent was represented, and crowds came from all over the world, and every one was following like sheep a member of the Earl Marshal's staff, who was explaining what the King would do and where the Queen and the Archbishop and the other Royalties and Envoys and Excellencies and Dignitaries and the rest of them were to stand. Every artist had a little notebook which he took out of the pocket of his frock coat and made dots in; putting down his top hat to do so. Then they all stood in a line in front

of the altar to get the King's face from a point from which they never would be allowed to see it. Of the hundreds of artists, the official three were the only ones who had any idea of composition, of making a record of the function in its bigness and grandeur. The method of the crowd was to listen to statements from a Court official as to where people would stand, where thrones would be and what would be done, then go home and draw these things, as they were told they were going to be, from models and photographs, or out of their heads. As a matter of fact, few of the people stood where they should, fewer wore the robes they ought, and no one did as we were told he would, and the daylight managed the whole affair in its own way. Of the hundreds of artists there, the only persons who did anything of any importance that day were Sir Benjamin Stone, the photographer, and the cinematograph people, but they were not artists. As for the remaining two, E. J. Sullivan, also working for *THE CHRONICLE*—I got him the commission—climbed on to a tomb and made a sketch, and I, well, I was as usual the only person who had any sense, for as I have said, my conditions were that I should have a seat in the organ loft, and that I should attend all the rehearsals and the Ceremony from the same seat. My scheme was to give the scene as I saw it with the King and Queen from the choir as it was, as those in the choir saw it, as the envoys who had the best places saw it, and not more or less flattered portraits faked from photographs of Their Majesties and half a dozen other people doing things they never did. I climbed into the organ loft and in three hours I had the choir sketched in. I did not touch the pavement or the galleries, for I had no idea what the people would be like, or where they would stand, or what they

would do. A few days later we were admitted again. No official could tell us any more so I finished the architecture, the exact size of *THE CHRONICLE* page. Then I sent to *THE CHRONICLE* and demanded seats for the rehearsals. None came; there was a rehearsal; I struck. There was despair; no drawings of the Ceremony; they would be ruined. But I had not the imagination nor the intention to do a thing I had not seen; they could either keep their promise to get me the seat for all the rest of the rehearsals and the Ceremony, or get somebody else to do it. The Editor pointed out to me that no one, except those actually engaged in the Coronation, could be admitted. I pointed out to him that I was very much engaged and he was very much entangled and must do it; it was too late to find any one else. If you treat an editor like this, he collapses, and a permit, a personal one, came for me from the Earl Marshal, admitting me to the triforium. Through ranks of saluting police and detectives I passed, seeing Lords left standing without and Envoys sent sadly away, and not in the triforium—naturally, for I know Westminster Abbey fairly well—but in the organ loft, I chose my place. But beside me was now a regiment of drums, and I left it and took a seat in the gallery. Only one mysterious other person was there, in the corner of the transept and the nave, and there I too stayed. I came rather late for this rehearsal, the second, and it was in full swing. In the midst of the crossing were the two thrones, now in place. So I drew them as I saw them, for the seat I chose was on the same level as the organ loft and at the same angle nearly. And that was about all I did for an hour, but soon, from behind the Coronation chair, came slowly to the throne a strangely familiar figure: Mr. L——, the King's understudy. He was

dressed in black, if possible more solemn than usual. In his hands he held the sceptre and the orb, or rather two pieces of lath. Pinned to the shoulders of his ample black frock coat was the Royal robe, a sheet torn in strips about a foot wide and twenty feet long, borne by a dozen or more of the awkwardest, clumsiest boys in Eton and Harrow jackets, Norfolk jackets, and gray pants, I have ever seen. They proved by their nervousness and the way they tripped and stumbled that they were real pages. Between times they sprawled over the throne. The performance was stage-managed by the Earl Marshal of England and the Garter King-at-Arms. If I had not known the Earl Marshal was a Duke, I should have thought he was an able-bodied, bandy-legged sailor man who needed his hair and his whiskers cut. On this occasion he wore gray trousers, spats, a short black jacket, and a coronet, many sizes too big for him, and carried a wand when he did not carry his hands in his pockets, and he waddled terribly. Sometimes he wore an ermine robe that sailed away behind him, but after some one trod on the tail of it and tore it off him, he threw it away. On the chairs of the north transept sat and talked some specimen Dukes, Earls and Marquises, Viscounts and, in front, Knights of the Garter. These were selected to make their homage to their newly crowned King. There was a dwarf Duke and Lord Rosebery and Earl Crewe and Viscount Curzon—I hope I have them right—and one who looked like a farmer, and a lot more without any character at all. In front of them and nearer the throne were three great chairs. In one was a top hat which I soon found out belonged to the Duke of Connaught, who had got mixed up with other specimen Royalties and British workmen finishing up the decorations. "Now," said the Earl Marshal, when he had seated the

understudy of the King and given him a sounding kiss on the forehead, to the Duke of Connaught, "You must do your homage." "But what do I do?" said the Duke plaintively. "If Your Grace will be good enough to take your Coronet," said Garter King-at-Arms, "and——" "But I havent my Coronet," said the Duke flatly. "Where is it?" said the Earl Marshal severely. "Home," said the Duke meekly. "Here, take mine," said the Earl Marshal, and he pulled it off his head and the Duke took it by the big ball on top. "Now, what do I do?" "Here, read your homage," and he was given a sort of card of the words. "And, now?" when he had read it. "Get down on your knees, and then get up and go up the steps, kneel again, and kiss the King," commanded the Earl Marshal. "But I cant get down on my knees, or I'll never get up again." "Youve got to," said the Earl Marshal. But he did not, and when he did at the Ceremony he tumbled over and had to be picked up. He bobbed at the King. "And next?" "Be good enough to kneel down, Your Grace, and then walk down backwards from the throne," pleaded the Garter King. "I wont," said the Duke, and he did not, and turned his back on the King and stalked down. "Here, here's your Coronet. Thank you so much. Now, what do I do now?" to the Earl Marshal. "You go home," answered the Earl Marshal; and the Duke took his hat and went; and I saw him no more that day. Then it was the turn of the understudy Queen and her ladies and attendants to pass before the King and acknowledge him. But the procession did not please the Earl Marshal, and, after trying it twice, he made a speech to them. All I heard was the ending, "Now, then, do it over, and Duchesses, hustle!"

I GAVE up the Editor after this and took matters in my own hands and had my

permit extended, and, with difficulty, got in the next day, when Dukes, Ambassadors and Princes were excluded altogether, save those rehearsing. This was with music and much more costume and I began to put in the figures, for the rehearsal was full dress. The Clergy, the great Officers of State, and the specimen Peers and Peeresses were all there in their robes. No other artists, save the three Royal and National painters, were in the Abbey—Tuxen, Bacon, Gillot—and they were now placed in a tomb in the choir, with the lid raised a little—it was from that Abbey did his painting of Edward's Coronation. Below the effigy on top of it one could see their heads and their easels. Soon after, the processional march for the entry of the King commenced, even where I sat deafening me. Then came the Archbishops, the Bishops and Clergy—they were all real—the Officers of State, the Peers, the Army, the Navy, the property King and his pages, and the alleged Queen and her ladies. The first part of the rehearsal was the Coronation in the Saxon chair. After the robing and unrobing had been rehearsed, the Archbishop approached with the Crown. He took it in his hands, looked at it, turned to the Dean of Westminster, and said: "This is not the Crown!" There are two. "Where's that other Crown?" said the Dean; and it looked for five minutes as though it, like the regalia at Dublin, had vanished, and there would not be any King of England after all. Bishops and Vergers and Dukes ran to and fro, and finally found it, and the Archbishop, taking it, said: "With this Crown I Crown Thee." At this moment Peers and Peeresses should assume their Coronets and the Abbey be bathed in a glowing, gleaming, diamond blazing glory. As a matter of fact, the Peers broke into a giggle and grin—what at, I do not know—but the

Archbishop, dropping the Crown upon the momentary kingly head, strode toward them, remarking as he came, "As the Peers of the Realm do not appear to be acquainted with this portion of the Coronation service, I will read it to them." And he did, though it took fifteen minutes. At the end, he said: "Now put on your Coronets." And they did, and he turned his back upon them and left them. Then came the triumphal: "Vivat, Vivat, Vivat, Georgius Rex!" shouted by the choir and the Westminster boys—a bang from Sir Frederick Bridge's, the conductor's baton, "Is that the way you cheer your King? Try it again. Cheer!" They did—another bang—"If you boys cant cheer better than that, I'll go out in the street and hire some who can!" Somewhere about here there was a sermon, but that was skipped. Then came the homage and Sir Frederick Bridge, though he did not know it, walked over and stood by me, and said: "If I was stage-managing this show, it would be different! Now, look at that Duke—look at him," said he, with his watch in his hand. The Duke knelt—he was a little old Duke—he mounted the steps of the throne, he knelt again, read his part, he rose, he kissed at his temporary sovereign, he spread out his ermine robe and stepped back right into the middle of it. Slowly he toppled backwards, and if all the Kings-at-Arms and Heralds had not been waiting for just this to happen, there would have been one less Duke present at the ceremony, and in the Peerage too. "He's taken five minutes," said Sir Frederick, "not counting the fall—five Dukes, five Earls, five Marquises, and a lot more; thats two hours for this act; and all the while Ive got to keep my anthem going!" The next did his homage in a minute. "Well, thats better," said Bridge, "I give em two minutes each, but even then, its going to take two hours for

this scene!" Meanwhile, gathered round the throne upon the steps were the great Officers of State, among them Kitchener in an ermine robe and a top hat, carrying a lath sword a boy would be ashamed of. Near him, Lord Roberts, though nearly hidden by Kitchener, also with ermine and toy sword. Kitchener, erect, a Guardsman, was glared at by the Earl Marshal who stopped in front of him. "Now, you may know how to direct men, but you dont know how to direct yourself. Turn round the other way. Dont turn your back on your Gracious Sovereign." And I made a lithograph of all this, the property King, the Dukes and the Generals all mixed up with British workmen on the job and charwomen cleaning up, and I showed it to the most all high and he begged me not to print it. It and he too went in the War. The only other unrehearsed part was when an Earl stepped on a Duke's robe and tore it off his back, and I thought from their looks there would be a tournament at least. One Marquis sat down on the floor and took a nap with his head against a pillar. That day I put in nearly all the figures, for the Gentlemen-at-Arms, the Yeomen, and all the rest of the officials and menials were in costume and the groups that were composed by Garter King and the real stage manager, Sir Schomberg MacDonell, told, as it was meant they should tell, against the deep blue carpets. I felt now that all was right, though to keep me quiet I was given another drawing after refusing three others by THE CHRONICLE, but even I could not be in Parliament Street, on the top of St. Martin's Church, and in Westminster Abbey at the same time or during the day. The entire British system of art education had only produced two or three illustrators, so they had to come to me. The gentleman who did the procession from St. Martin's turned his

drawing in to *THE CHRONICLE* some days before it started.

FINALLY, the great day came, a gray day. We were up at five. On such occasions London loses its head, the police become maudlin, and the authorities barricade the streets to control crowds that never gather. What they would do in New York, I do not dare to think. We were told by maps and plans just where we could and could not go. What I did was to walk quietly to the Abbey, carrying a foot-square card in my hand. So did all those who had not carriages or had not lost their heads. The card went in the War. My entrance was through the cloisters and up the stairs to the triforium, just over where I had been all the time. On this day alone I did not take my big drawing, for it was finished, all but the crowd of spectators in the galleries of the choir. I had during the four rehearsals, seen and drawn—the only person who did—the whole function. Details of that crowd were what I wanted, and I got them in a sketchbook—that went also in the War. I saw that all the ladies wore feathers, three small ones, in their hair; that the Gentlemen of the Guard did not stand in the choir as I was told they would and as they did at the rehearsals, while Archbishops and Bishops sat on a wooden bench; and the real King and Queen were there. Before I went up, as the seats were numbered and reserved, I stopped to speak to friends, some in Court dress, others in plumes, or blue and gold, gorgeous and conscious. There was one little group of which I formed a part, disguised as gentlemen in top hats and frock coats. We were so few as to be conspicuous. Through the cloisters, where we were, swept an endless procession of the most extraordinary costumes: Knights of the Garter in great Spanish hats above which waved towering

plumes, the blue velvet mantles gathered about them, most with chains and crosses of other orders, their under-costume white and round their knees the golden garter, their trains borne by pages; towering German Life Guards, all in white, with gold and silver helmets, the most striking figures there; Turks, Bishops, Envoys, Dons, Judges, Sailors; every one in full dress, and through the wonderfully appropriate surroundings of the Dean's Yard and cloisters, they rapidly passed to their seats. But the procession seemed endless, and, not waiting for the end, I made my way to my place. Here I found myself among enemies and friends, alongside Marie Corelli in feathers and court dress. In the triforium there were but a handful of people and we could walk about. And now I found how sensible I had been and how lucky I was, for I had not chosen this place, but of all the eight or ten thousand people in the Abbey, not four hundred, probably less, saw the Ceremony, only those on the western angles of the galleries, as I was, the Envoys and Ministers of State and the Choir, could see it in its completeness and splendor. Those in the nave saw nothing but the processions entering and leaving; the Lords and Commons only saw the King and Queen when crowned; Judges, Sailors and Soldiers in the nave saw nothing at all. I do not know who were the people in the two bays near us, but they and we alone saw the entire Coronation. All the rehearsed ceremonial was carried out. The greater part and the most solemn part took place in the choir. Only once or twice did the King face his people: when presented to them, turning to the four corners of the earth, and when he walked to the throne. At all other times he turned his back upon them. Such, however, is the custom followed in almost every detail.



CORONATION OF GEORGE V • WESTMINSTER ABBEY JUNE 22 1911 • LITHOGRAPH DRAWN IN
THE ABBEY • REPRODUCED AND PRINTED THE NEXT DAY IN THE LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE

THESE were gorgeous processions, first to bring the Crown and the Regalia; the arrival of the various Royalties, including the Prince of Wales and the Envoys; finally the coming of the King and Queen, who passed into Edward the Confessor's Chapel to be robed. The presentation of the King followed and the Herald's demand of the people to accept him. Then they undressed him to a red undergarment—I do not know its official name—and, after they had cut a hole in it, anointed him with oil, and then dressed him again. But it was all very quiet. Everything was as it should be, only the diamonds did not flash when the Peers put on their Coronets. It was all purple and ermine and ivory on the deep blue, and, in the ranks of Peers and Peeresses, court dresses and official costumes, some of amazing color, crossed with ribbons, covered with stars, or rows of pearls above the white gowns, and three small feathers in each lady's hair. The strongest notes of color were among the Envoys and they were dominated by the Ethiopian, or Abyssinian, black as night, in a green top hat, lined with red and covered with a crown strewn with diamonds, which he wore all the time, the rest of him arrayed, as far as I could see, in cloth of gold. From his screaming splendor one gradually descended to an acquaintance disguised as a Colonel of Italian Infantry, in blue, representing San Marino, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid in solemn United States black and white which, at any rate, was a telling note in the discordant riot of color. The Indian Princes, if they could have been seen, would have been splendid; they seemed all gold and glitter. But they were hidden away down the nave and hundreds of Major Generals and hundreds of Admirals made two big blocks of red and blue, lost in its shadows. All this we had time to see from the tri-

forum, for we could walk about. And after, came anthems and rejoicings and finally the prayers with their heavenly responses, too beautiful for words; then the homage. More processions under canopies and benedictions; it went on for hours. We luckily had brought some lunch and I believe there was lunch—anyway there certainly was at Victoria's Coronation, for she talks of it coming from a tomb—and for a while nobody paid much attention to what was going on. Then there was disrobing and a change of Crowns and the King and Queen departed, and as the King stepped down from his throne he might have fallen over his footstool if his prompter had not grabbed it out of the way. Then the Princes and Princesses left, and as they went, the Peers carefully grabbed the prayer books and programs they had used, and, I believe, carried off their chairs too. At last, we all got out. Still, one could not help thinking that had there been a panic, British Aristocracy would have ceased to exist and Lloyd George too, for he and John Burns were there. But the latter had no means of distinguishing himself. In the Dean's Yard the sight was wonderful: Royal carriages, Ambassadorial equipages, the Peers' great gold, silver, white and blue coaches, the horses with colored plumes on their heads, their manes plaited, the fat drivers, the crowds of footmen hanging on behind, seen probably for the last time. The mess of it was unbelievable. One Lord could not find his coach, and when he did find it he had lost her Ladyship, and when he found her the coach had been moved on. Then it began to rain and the want of dignity combined with the canniness of the British Peer shone forth. Coronets disappeared and caps replaced them. A Duchess and a Viscountess, with robes and skirts to their knees, disappeared up Victoria Street under a

carriage umbrella, held over them by a footman, heading the Company of Beef Eaters. Peers from Chelsea went back on a penny steamboat they had chartered. Cinderella, after the ball, was nothing to it, and there was no end of it, either. Hardly a person, save Sullivan and myself—we stuck together—was not in costume. When we had had enough of it and left, the Abbey was still disgorging Dukes, Ambassadors, Princesses and Envoys; the streets were solid with soldiers, only a little space clear in the center. You bumped into a gorgeous thing: "Look out, old man, you'll tear me." It was a friend. The streets were carpeted with newspapers and

sandwich bags—this day like New York every day—over which the carriages rustled. It was such a motley crowd, as you see after a Quatz Arts ball—only these costumes were real—we struggled up Parliament Street through it, and so home. A few hours later the drawing was finished, and mine and Sullivan's appeared next day in *THE DAILY CHRONICLE*. To-day there is no one capable of doing drawings like them save us. And Sullivan makes advertisements, and I, well, I go on, but Illustration like ours has gone to the dogs—or photography. The world "do move" backwards in all that made it decent to live in, but nobody knows, nobody cares.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE, TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1911

Whitehall Prepared for the Coronation Procession.



An engraving by Mr. Joseph Pennell of the scene as it appears in Whitehall, looking towards the Tower of London. In the foreground are the massive columns, surmounted by statues, which form a striking feature of the Coronation Procession. They being the famous monuments to the Royal Navy, built and consecrated in 1800, and serving for many years, it looks well naturally as a dramatic picture of the scene.

[1911]

CHAPTER XXXIV: GETTING ARRESTED · IN AVIGNON TARASCON · ON THE MARNE · ESCAPING ARREST IN NEW YORK AND IN LONDON · AN ADVENTURE AT BETHLEHEM

I WHO am the most inoffensive and in-
defensive of mortals, am always being
arrested—that is, since I have come
to years of discretion and the world
has gone mad about spies. I have never

fired a gun, and I run
from a fight, and I faint at the sight of
blood. Yet, over and
over, governments
have regarded me as a
dangerous character,
spied upon me, and,
after due precautions
and persecutions, ar-
rested me and then
apologized or made
laws for my benefit
or my hindrance. I
have from these ar-
rests had so much ex-
perience that I would
make an admirable
spy. One thing in my
favor is my innocent
face and my unmili-
tary figure. But if I
really wanted to spy,
I could do it and
would be a valuable
asset to governments.

The thing would be
perfectly simple. If I
wished to obtain de-
tailed and accurate

information concerning a fort or a harbor,
I would merely stroll slowly and aimlessly
into the place and sit down for half an
hour and look at it, while I pretended to
sleep, and I could, an hour later, in my
own room, draw an accurate picture of it.
I know I could do so, for I have trained

myself to do it. I have done it. Memory
would be of the greatest use to spies. I
have heard of their committing documents
to memory, but never of a spy artist, if
there ever was one—save political spies,

and they always get
caught. I was in Essen
after Germany de-
clared war on France
in 1914. I was there
officially, and though
I had a lot of govern-
ment papers with me
—but not on me—I
was perfectly certain
I would not be al-
lowed to see the gun
fitting shops. I was
warned away by sen-
tries from the testing
grounds and entrances
to works by helmeted
axe-bearing guards.
But I know Essen, or
did before the War,
and it was only nec-
essary to follow—or
rather go with—the
clerks after lunch in-
to the shops and get
busy looking about
with my eyes wide
open and remember
what I saw, and then
walk out, though I

felt it ticklish. Yet even in Essen, at the
end of July, 1914, there were illustrated
post cards for sale of the gun-fitting shop
and turret shop I wanted to see. I exhibited
the drawings of them in London in 1916.

HERE, what a mystery was made of
Ford's Eagles. I knew nothing about



CARICATURE OF JOSEPH PENNELL BY WYN-
CIE KING · OWNED BY F. S. BIGELOW · THE MOST
INOFFENSIVE OF MORTALS IN THE WORLD

[1890-1918]

them when the War or Navy—I think it was the War—Department sent me to Detroit in 1918 to draw Ford's place; but as I was taken around by a military man I was told I must not draw the first Eagle boat being built and almost finished; inside the motor works, no one but those at work in the bay where it was being built—and they were mostly working on it—was supposed to have seen it. The officer told me all this as we walked by. But luckily, while I looked, some one called my military guide away and I went on looking hard, and then, as soon as he came back, on some excuse I escaped and went straight to the hotel, as soon as I could get rid of the military man, and locked myself in my room, and before night the drawing was finished, and I had nothing but my memory to work from. But I could see the ship in the shop on the paper as I drew it. I can see it still, and the naval authorities who have seen the drawing will not believe a word of this, though I should think a real memory for a real Army or Navy officer might be of as much value as dancing or even tennis, both of which I understand they are taught. Do they exercise their memories? Is there a sailor or soldier with a trained memory? I doubt it. I had to draw a sidewise launch that summer, or later, at Detroit in a minute or less as the ship went off the ways, from memory, but I was arrested by a smart shipbuilder in the same town for openly drawing his yard, and he locked me in a room which looked out on my subject—oh fools and blind. In Panama, at Gatun Lock, I saw the workmen for a few seconds mount as I have drawn them, clinging to a chain—a most decorative design. The subject never could occur again, but I did it, and so well that the officials stopped the men coming up that way though they had never

noticed it till I drew them. You cannot imagine things like that; you must do them when you see them. Take rapidly running water. Anybody can draw it if they learn to look at it. Thaulow drew it from photographs, snapshots, and that killed him artistically. But the Greeks could do horses in motion. As for crowds, they can best be drawn by memory and observation. They are really very simple, for people and animals are only machines and do the same things over and over again, and one has only to look for and remember their repeated motions. As for nocturnes, Whistler showed the way. The Japanese had taught him how; but I believe great observers among them, like Hokusai and Hiroshige, are no more common than with us, only they are better trained. The Japanese artists I have seen at work have no observation; they repeat the same subject again and again in the same way; it is a mere trick. Still, they work from memory. I had a remarkable Japanese student, however, in my class at the League who did see things and do them. The big Greeks and the great Japs learned to look at things, remember them, put them down. We crib from lying snapshots. Photography has nearly killed observation and memory, the assets of Dürer and Turner and of Le Coq de Boisbaudran who taught it all to Fantin and Legros. As to drawing a fort, I know an hour's looking at it would give me all the details, because I would memorize them and never use a pencil or write a note. The spy is stupid, and so are the people who employ him, especially if they are warlike. I am usually stopped when carrying a brief case, a camp stool, a fifteen-inch sketch block and a two-foot T square. Why an artist going to work openly is a spy, only the ignorant and the official can tell. But the whole world is ignorant of art, which accounts for cub-

[1890-1918]

ism and expressionism and collectors and other commercial do good to the poor artist authorities who have bought their way into art.

THE first time I was arrested, as I have told, was in France with Hamerton; and so was the second. But the third—after that they are so numerous I cannot keep track of them in order—was the most amusing of all. It was in Avignon. I was drawing the broken bridge across the Rhone. I had sat all the morning on the Isle de la Barthelasse and drawn the old bridge jutting out from the opposite shore towards the island, behind the half demolished walls of the city, and beyond them the Rocher des Doms, the tower of the Cathedral and the Palais des Papes. I noticed a seedy individual loafing about and when I packed up my numerous traps—sketch book, camp stool and water-color box—he gruffly invited me to come with him. I asked where and why, and he said to the Commissaire de Police and that he would show me why. I, of course, refused till he pulled a package from within his blouse, wrapped in a dirty handkerchief, and from that a dirty card—Agent de Police. I then produced a brand-new permit from the Ministère des Beaux Arts, which he quietly consulted upside down before he announced that it was no good. It is useless to argue with such people, so I went to the Hôtel de Ville with him, refusing to walk by his side, however, and going at such a pace that he almost had to run to keep up with me. At the Hôtel de Ville I was shown into, not a cell, but a sort of official tomb, and waited and waited. By and by an official came and I was asked to follow him to the Commissaire, from whose room I saw the Agent departing by another door, for one is never confronted in France by one's accusers. "Had I been

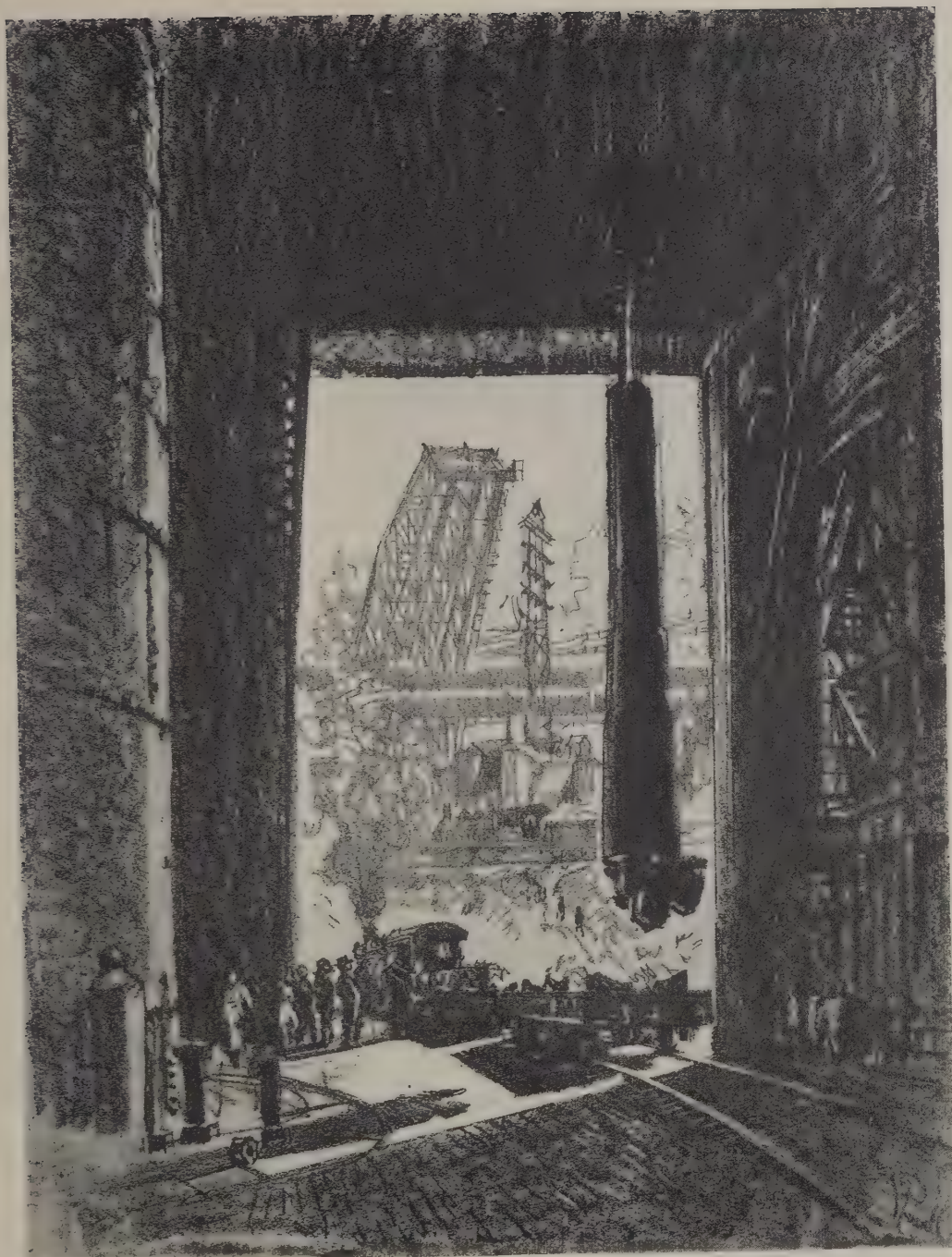
drawing in Avignon?" "Yes, for a week." "Had I a permit for Avignon?" "No." "Then, it was serious." "But I had for the whole of France." And I showed it to him. He had never seen anything of the sort—how did he know I had not stolen it? Well, here was a letter from M. Jusserand of the Foreign Office, vouching for me. Of course, he had never heard of M. Jusserand. They had already found out where I lived—a very easy matter, as on arrival at a hotel one has to sign one's name in the police book, as well as state one's nationality, family, birthplace and profession. If I were a spy I should sign that of my favorite enemy. They had also brought my things from the hotel and they were most incriminating—full of drawings of machines and places. I must be examined and meantime be confined until they heard from Paris, or I could prove my innocence; for one is guilty in France till one can—and here too, nowadays. "Well," said I, "you say I have stolen the papers and you never heard of M. Jusserand. Unless you telegraph instantly to him and the Minister, I will telegraph to the American Ambassador." And I produced my battered passport. "If they deny me, do what you like. Only, till they do deny me, I refuse to leave this office, unless you apologize and give me a paper saying I am innocent." In ten minutes I had the paper. Yet within a few miles of this town, that same summer, Carnot was killed after he had passed through it and the wise Commissaire never spotted the assassin, who doubtless was also in Avignon for weeks before. Only the other day M. Jusserand reminded me of the incident, which is why I have recalled it. The one use of the paper was—as I meant it should be—when I was arrested again, as I was a few days later, for drawing, this time the Castle of Beau-

caire from Tarascon, and I showed it to the Mayor of that immortal city. His delight at the discomfiture of the hated Avignonnais resulted in my instant release and an adjournment to a café on the shady Cours, where the stupidity of *ces gens là haut* was roared over. It was not so long after TARTARIN had come out and the people of Tarascon were pretty savage at foreign Frenchmen, they being of Provence. The articles I was illustrating were written by Miss Preston. She did not go to Provence with me. She had been long before it became correct and had translated MIREIO, which I wanted to illustrate, but never did.

THE last time I got in a scrape in France was when I was cycling down the tow-path of the Marne. The lock-keepers' houses, covered with flowers, got prettier and prettier and at one I believed must be the prettiest, I commenced to make a drawing. That part of France, it is true, is almost in sight of Germany. I had not been at work long when the lock-keeper came round behind me and seeing what I was doing, seized hold of the drawing, yelling to some men unloading a barge, near by, "L'espion! l'espion! Au secours!" They dropped their work and seized me and my bicycle. It was useless to explain; they had caught me in the act of making maps. "Voici qu'il tire des plans!" I mildly protested, but a garde champêtre coming up at the moment, I was marched to the Mairie, and the Maire rolled out of bed. Yes, there were the plans. They were charming delicate pen drawings, afterwards printed in *THE CENTURY*—"A Trip Down the Marne." And I must be locked up in the Mairie until the Gendarmes could be sent for and they would take me to Châlons-sur-Marne, back to the scene of the old Saône scrape with Hamerton,

and I would there be tried, imprisoned and shot. And how long would this take? Châlons being some ten or twelve miles off, I had ridden from there that morning. Oh, two or three days, because one must write, and there were always formalities with those gentlemen. I suggested, as an alternative—it was about 5.30 A.M.—that if there was a train we might all take it to Châlons, at my expense, and so expedite justice and have a little excursion. There was a train. My bicycle was left in the Mairie; the Maire and the garde champêtre and I started, accompanied by a crowd of eminent citizens and citizenesses. I bought three single third-class tickets to Châlons. I treated them to coffee at the station, for they said the officials would not be up. I was taken to the Commissaire de Police. He said it was the concern of the Gendarmes, and they said it was the affair of the Préfet. To him we went. He was just up. They went in first, carrying the drawing, and then I was called in as they went out. He asked pleasantly, could I prove that this excellent work was mine? I did in about five minutes; and then he rang a bell and said to an attendant, "Faites entrer ces gens là!" And they heard something before they got out and I went up considerably in my own estimation. It so happened I had won an award at the International Exhibition in Paris that year—it was in 1900—two gold medals. "But why discuss things with such people?" said the Préfet. I explained it was not discussion but what might be called force majeure. Then I went back to the station and there were the Maire and the garde. I returned first-class to the town at my expense, and the Maire and garde third-class at theirs. Crowds filled the station when we arrived. The Maire, good patriot, would be reëlected and doubtless I was in prison already.

[1890-1918]



GUN DIPPING SHOP BETHLEHEM · WITH THE BIG DUMP AND GREAT CRANES IN THE DISTANCE
FOR DRAWING WHICH I WAS ARRESTED SOME YEARS BEFORE I MADE THE LITHOGRAPH 1917

The scene in the station when we each got out was indescribable; but all the same, I thought it best to get the bicycle and leave; and I did not even wait to hear the Maire's explanation of the conduct of the sale cochon d'un Préfet, but left for the next country as fast as possible, and I saw them no more. I hope the Mayor did get reëlected. I found a monkey-wrench gone when I opened the tool bag. That was before the American advertising men were given a reception at the Elysée in Paris with their ladies, and afterwards forty-seven official gold spoons were missing, though I believe they were found later.

THERE have been lots more arrests, some like the Hamerton and Russian and War experiences described in other chapters. One was in Italy, on arriving in Mestre, on a motor tricycle. The piazza was crowded after Mass and I was just moving. I knocked down a fisherman whom I dodged right and dodged left, and then hit fair and knocked ten feet. He was picked up bleeding, and I promptly fainted. Luckily, the Syndic was there and he saw I did all I could to dodge the man, and as I paid the doctor's bill for the fisherman's broken head, stood a lunch for the Syndic, a journalist of the *GAZZETTINA DI VENEZIA*, and the doctor, I was allowed to go to Venice, leaving the machine as security; besides, tricycles are of little use in Venice. I notified the authorities when I was coming back, and the first person I met on the pier at Mestre was the fisherman, who said he had had a delightful holiday and would be willing to be knocked down on the same terms again. There have been endless other arrests. One of the last I remember was in New York, or rather on Governor's Island. General Grant, the Viennese Minister of the Russian episode, had given me a permit to draw there, so I had had

no trouble. I was scarce asked to show it. I was only reasoned with by a sergeant—I am sure from the Middle West—who, when he read it and saw I was doing *The Statue*, said that that was not New York which the permit said I was to draw. As he was an American and I was too, and this was my country, I am afraid I made fun of him in the presence of his men, who, if he did not, seemed to appreciate my remarks. But a few days later, an American citizen with a brogue, who seemed to be employed to pull down flags at sunset, a trick he would do, I know, if the British ever got near New York, spotted me and told me to stop. I think I told him to mind his own business and let me alone. "Oh, Oi'le let yer alone, you an' yer permits. I fotch der liveteenent," and he vanished. Time passed and nothing happened; the effect also passed, and I took the General Hancock back to New York. As she pulled out of the dock, I saw the Irish-American patriot and a corporal making a flank movement behind some lumber piles to surprise me. Which was the most surprised when they did not find me, or what they did, I do not know; only I hope they sent the independent Irishman back to his native bog. It is a pity there are not enough Americans to make an American army, if we have to have one to ape other countries.

THESE drawings of New York I did for myself at that time, with no authors to bother me, and they were issued without text in *THE CENTURY*, and in this I set the fashion to art editors. When I was doing *THE NEW NEW YORK* with John Van Dyke, a delightful person—I should be afraid to have anything to do with the other one—I had a police pass for the city, though I was told never to show it till I had to. One day I was working on the end of the

elevated platform at Brooklyn Bridge—it was then open—and as I worked I noticed a policeman watching me while he fanned himself with his club, walking up and down, up and down. When people got in front of me, I stood at the top of the stairs on one side and they could not see over my shoulder, and when they got behind me, I backed over to the stairs on the other side, and they fell down them; but I went on moving from side to side, keeping the crowd off, and soon the policeman came over and said, “Well, Govner, when I seen yer fust I thought I’d have to ask yer to re-tire; but when I seen the way yer got on to them rubber-necks, youse is all right!” And after that he fanned the populace. Later I found him in the Broadway squad, and when he saw me he used to say, “Well, General, w’at’ll we do to-day?” I got on all right with “the finest”, and always do—only fools and officials make me tired.

IN London once, when I was making the illustrations for CHARING CROSS TO ST. PAUL’S, I was standing on a corner at Ludgate Hill and the people crowded in front and blocked the pavement. I could see over them, but a Bobby told me I was obstructing the traffic. I said I was not; I did not bring the people, did not want them; and he moved them on. Back they came again. He told me to go. I refused and he went away and returned with a sergeant. And then the sergeant went away and brought back two privates and they kept the crowd moving; but that sergeant had a sense of things. After that, I was given a government permit with the name of every public building in London on it. It was issued to builders usually, but to me specially, and all I had to do, when a policeman stopped me, was to be drawing a public edifice, even if miles away, and tell him he would see

I had permission to sketch it, and if he would look at the paper he would find it; as the paper was several pages long, I was often near done before he did. Another time I was drawing the House of Parliament or Westminster by night, and a Bobby tried to stop me. I refused to stop or be arrested, so he went away, but soon reappeared and said it was all a mistake—the regulation was only intended for Americans and spies. I told him I was the first and was frequently taken for the second. But the funniest arrest was at Bethlehem, not of Judea, but of my native State, though I imagine there are more Jews in Philadelphia than in Jerusalem; there are more superior idiots, anyway. I believe it was in 1912 that I thought I would like to do the Bethlehem Steel Works; so after writing and asking permission to draw them and getting no answer, not an uncommon experience in dealing with American business men, some of whom have proved since the War that they are as ignorant of business as they are of manners, I started, and in the afternoon I reached the works, which curiously, as I have said, I had drawn years before. I eventually got on the bridge which runs through the middle of the mills and drew them in a glory of smoke and sunset. The Government has the drawing. I saw on the other side of the bridge great cranes and great dumps of ore, and came back the next morning and started at them. It was too dark to draw that night. “Git out of that,” said a cop, a long way off. I never pay any attention to such remarks from such people, and finally he came up and said if I did not leave at once, he would run me out. I told him that physically he was able to do so but if he tried he would lose his job. When he sufficiently calmed down under a little good—if rather new—advice I gave him

on the subject of being a slave to a corporation, I asked him where I should go for permission to draw this precious dump, and having under further good advice become quite friendly, he told me to ask for some one I never heard of, at the main office. I went, sent in my pompiér card, which would impress any intelligent person, but the mighty man merely sent word back, or his clerk did, that no one was allowed to draw in the works. I expected it, and so crossed the street to a Hungarian cigar store—Schwab has told me since that sixty per cent. of his men are foreigners. It was not Schwab who was such a cad, but an intellectual, university educated person—and I bought a series of photographs of the very cranes I wanted to draw, made from the very bridge; and

then I left. I reported these facts to the Philadelphia papers, and even they saw the joke. The first time I came out of the Bethlehem Steel Works by the big gate, when I went there to draw them during the War, the head guard came up and said, "I want to thank you, Sir, for getting me this job." "How?" said I. "Why, you got it for me when I turned you off the bridge that day—because I did my duty. I ain't no 'slave' no longer, as you called me; I'm the chief cop." Nice Sunday-school story, but true.

THIS was the sort of thing, amusing now but irritating at the time, that I ran up against in my War Work, and it is directors like this Bethlehem person who want America thrown open to imported labor. It pays them—so its good for the country.



CAMBRIA STEEL WORKS JOHNSTOWN · CHALK DRAWING · I WAS ARRESTED FOR MAKING THIS DRAWING ON A PUBLIC ROAD BY AN AMERICAN OFFICIAL PROBABLY BORN IN RUSSIA · 1917

[1890-1918]

CHAPTER XXXV: WORK IN THE YEARS 1912 AND 1913

THE year 1912, the busiest of my life, I passed between Rome, Panama, San Francisco and New York. I went to Panama to draw the Canal, for I felt that the greatest work of modern time should give me my greatest chance. As all these illustrations and lithographs have been exhibited, published, sold, I only refer to them and to the first of my picture books in which they appeared, JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF THE PANAMA CANAL, and though these books have not the popularity of Mutt and Jeff, they will not altogether die. My adventures are described in the Panama book. There were many others coming up the Pacific with a boat load of trippers and a very fresh water captain, but it was not till I got to San Francisco that I had a big adventure, designing and drawing the Exhibition, a design that was never used, save as propaganda in Europe—though the Exhibition was a credit to the architects who built it, my design for the Central Court was far finer than theirs. Coming East I stopped at the Grand Canyon, saw the Big Trees and the Yosemite. In New York I tried to have my lithographs transferred to stone but was told by the American overlords of that craft that to do so I must join the Union. I said I was willing, I was told it would cost me thirty dollars. I answered I would try to beg, borrow or steal it, and I was informed I was not eligible—this is the way with American craftsmen of whose craft I have forgotten more than they, or their Union will ever learn—though at last, I hear, the American engraver has come to the conclusion he must “stress art”—poor art. The drawings were most successfully transferred and printed by Mr. Gregor at the Ketterlinus Lithographic Shop in Philadelphia, the first time decent lithographs had been done in this country. The idea of

going to Panama and making lithographs of the Canal was mine—I asked certain editors if they would take my drawings if I made them—no one asked me to go and do them. They were printed first by THE CENTURY and THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS and then published all over the world. The Canal proved to me that to understand the wonder of work in the present I should know the wonderful work of the past—and so, in 1913, I went to Greece. The biggest adventure there was traveling with, or being carted about by a courier, because I did not know a word of the language. There was no need for him, for the country was overrun by one hundred per cent. shoe blacking, peanut selling Americans, who, the minute their late country offered them a drachma and a drink and their clothes and feed, dropped ours, they said to fight for their remote fatherland but I could discover mighty little fighting. I was kept from seeing what there was at Salonica—though not from seeing that Athens was jammed full of these bums drawing their pay. They must have encountered the Turks somewhere, for I saw more Turkish prisoners than Greek soldiers, and I vastly preferred them to their captors. My Greek drawings, when I got back to London, were printed by the Ways—or rather by their printer and me—the Ways knew little about printing, but a lot about posing—and were published in my IN THE LAND OF TEMPLES. They are as good as any I ever made, but no one has cared for them. I stupidly supposed every archæologist and all art students and art colleges would want them, but I found they really wanted photographs, and the archæologists—the Americans from the Middle West Reserve—had ruined Corinth and now are, with the aid of the artless Greeks, to destroy what is left of beauty and history in Athens.

[1912-1913]



STORM IN THE GRAND CANYON ARIZONA • LITHOGRAPH MADE ON MY RETURN EAST 1912



NIGHT IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY · LITHOGRAPH 1912 THE FALLS DRAWN FROM THE HOTEL



TEMPLE OF JUPITER EVENING · LITHOGRAPH 1913 · FROM THE LAND OF TEMPLES · W. HEINEMANN



GOING HOME TO THE BAA LAAM • THE MONASTERIES AT METEORA • LITHOGRAPH 1913

Gratis!

3. Extra-Blatt.

Gratis!

Bossische Zeitung



Königlich privilegierte Berlinische Zeitung von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen.

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Der österreichische Thronfolger und seine Gattin ermordet.

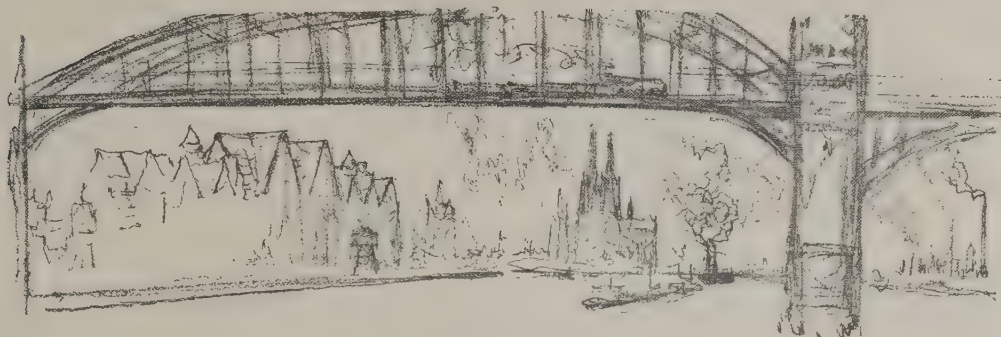
Einer grauenvollen Mordtat sind der Erzherzog-Thronfolger Franz Ferdinand von Oesterreich-Ungarn und seine Gattin, die Herzogin von Hohenberg, zum Opfer gefallen. Durch Schüsse serbischer Fanatiker wurden sie ermordet, nachdem sie einem Bombenattentat, durch das einige Offiziere aus ihrem Gefolge und einige Personen aus dem Publikum verwundet wurden, entgangen waren. Ueber das furchtbare Ereignis wird uns telegraphiert:

Sarajewo, 28. Juni. (Telegramm unseres Korrespondenten.) Als der Erzherzog-Thronfolger Franz Ferdinand und seine Gattin, die Herzogin von Hohenberg, sich heute Vormittag zum Empfange in das hiesige Rathaus begaben, wurde gegen das erzherzogliche Automobil eine Bombe geschleudert, die jedoch explodirte, als das Automobil des Thronfolgers die Stelle bereits passiert hatte. In dem darauffolgenden Wagen wurde der Major Graf Bros-Waldeck von der Militärkanzlei des Thronfolgers und Oberstleutnant Merizzi, der Personaladjutant des Landeshauptmanns von Bosnien, erheblich verwundet. Sechs Personen aus dem Publikum wurden schwer verletzt. Die Bombe war von einem Typographen namens Gabrinowitsch geschleudert worden. Der Täter wurde sofort verhaftet. Nach dem feierlichen Empfang im Rathause setzte das Thronfolgerpaar die Rundfahrt durch die Straßen der Stadt fort. Unweit des Regierungsgebäudes schoß ein Gymnasiast der achten Klasse (Primaner) namens Prinzip aus Grabow aus einem Browning mehrere Schüsse gegen das Thronfolgerpaar ab. Der Erzherzog wurde im Gesicht, die Herzogin im Unterleib getroffen. Beide verschieden, kurz nachdem sie in dem Regierungslokal gebracht worden waren, an den erlittenen Wunden. Auch der zweite Attentäter wurde verhaftet, die erbitterte Menge hat die beiden Attentäter nahezu gelyncht.

Weitere Nachrichten am Abend!

THE MURDERS AT SERAJEVO 28TH OF JUNE · THE EXTRA GIVEN AWAY IN THE BERLIN STREETS

CHAPTER XXXVI: THE OUTBREAK OF WAR · IN GERMAN · THE NEWS IN BERLIN OF THE MURDERS AT SERAJEVO · VISIT KIEL · GO TO THE RUHR · THEN RETURN TO LONDON



THE NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE AND BIG MILLS COLOGNE · PENCIL SKETCH MADE JULY 30 1914

I WAS in Berlin on June 28, 1914, when the murders at Serajevo were committed, on my way from Leipzig where I had been serving on the British Commission for the Leipzig Exhibition. I had been asked to act as American Commissioner, but there was no American exhibit. It was noon when I left the hotel, and the clean streets—so clean that Morley Fletcher, the other British representative who had just left me, said he would sooner eat off them than the table cloth of many a British hotel, but he did not know what is still called America then—were covered with slips of paper and newsboys were handing out piles of the same slips, and before the cigar stores and post offices and public buildings men on chairs were reading aloud the despatch which, instead of being sold as an extra, was given away. There seemed to be no excitement, but the soldiers had disappeared and I never saw a uniform after that hour, save in trains, or when one or two regiments in marching order arrived at the railroad stations or started from them in the night. I did not regard things as serious and no one else seemed to. I met, called on and dined with Germans, and with Americans on

the Fourth of July in Berlin, to see what an American Fourth was like in Germany.

AFTER a week or so, I went to Hamburg, then to Kiel, with some German friends. Everything was as usual, except that the harbor was full of warships with steam up, and I was not allowed to see the new ship lock I had come to draw. But I did see from the launch of the Royal Yacht Club we went about in, a ship-yard and made up my mind to come back the next day alone and draw it. Some friends had driven me to Kiel in their car. That evening, as I was leaving their house, the father, a man of means, said to me: "I hope you wont go back to Kiel to-morrow." "I think I shall," said I. "Well, I wish you would not; you must have seen that wherever we went you were watched." "But that is nothing. I have my official papers from the American Ambassador. I am all right." "You are all right," said he, "but I was with you all day and it may not be all right for me." "Of course I wont go," said I. And then back again at Berlin, one night I dined with another German friend and I happened to say something not too flattering about the Kaiser. The German dropped his knife and

fork. "Never," said he, "let me hear you say anything against my King and my Emperor in my house." The dinner, served by his old nurse, ended solemnly. And then he said, "I'll take you back to the hotel in the car." We started and he drove like mad a little way through the park, and then he stopped. "I suppose you thought it quaint what I said." "Yes," said I, "as we were all alone save your nurse." "How do you know we were alone and what do you know of my nurse? I happened to find out, however, that it was known you were dining with me." And another day at a café I tried to sit at an empty table. "For God's sake dont; thats the officers' table," I was told. That was Germany before the war. I stayed on; I drew, I printed lithographs at the Pan Press by day and I dined by night on the Wannsee and the Spree.

THE day before I left Berlin I went to Cook's office to get my ticket and some money changed. It was jammed with scared things, cowardly oafs and weeping schoolma'ams. I got what I wanted, because I travel with credentials instead of American tourist cheques, and a suit case instead of half a dozen trunks. I stopped in Westphalia for ten days and again extras were given away when the ultimatum was sent by Austria and a demonstration was held in Oberhausen when war was

declared with Russia. Once in Oberhausen a policeman questioned me as I was drawing, but the people laughed at him, and once at Ruhrort, I was told not to draw or even to stop on the Rhine bridge where

I had worked the year before; but I saw no signs of war; nor any soldiers. They had gone. And it was not till that August morning when I left Cologne on the last passenger train that ran through, in a compartment by myself—the carriage had come from Basel and they threw a drunken Englishman out of it—that I saw the ticketless tourists shuddering outside the station and their mountains of trunks inside. At some stop a priest got in my compartment but he would not talk. No one would talk. At

the Dutch frontier, I think it was Breda, the station was filled with Dutch troops, but they paid no attention to me and it was not till we reached Flushing that the first Englishman I saw said "War is declared."

WE crossed the Channel, we came up the Thames crowded with warships, and we steered not to Port Victoria but to "somewhere" on the Medway, and finally reached London. That was the last train and the last boat for four years from Berlin to London and from Switzerland via Cologne to England. I got my drawings and prints out—the Germans let them go. The



JOSEPH PENNELL PRINTING AT THE PAN PRESS BERLIN JULY 1914 · FROM A DRY POINT BY PROFESSOR PAUL VON HERMANN



GRAIN ELEVATOR HAMBURG HARBOR • LITHOGRAPH • DRAWN FOR THE PAN PRESS JULY 1914

British destroyed them later. That is war that we knew and know nothing of here, though we talked more about it than all the people of Europe put together.

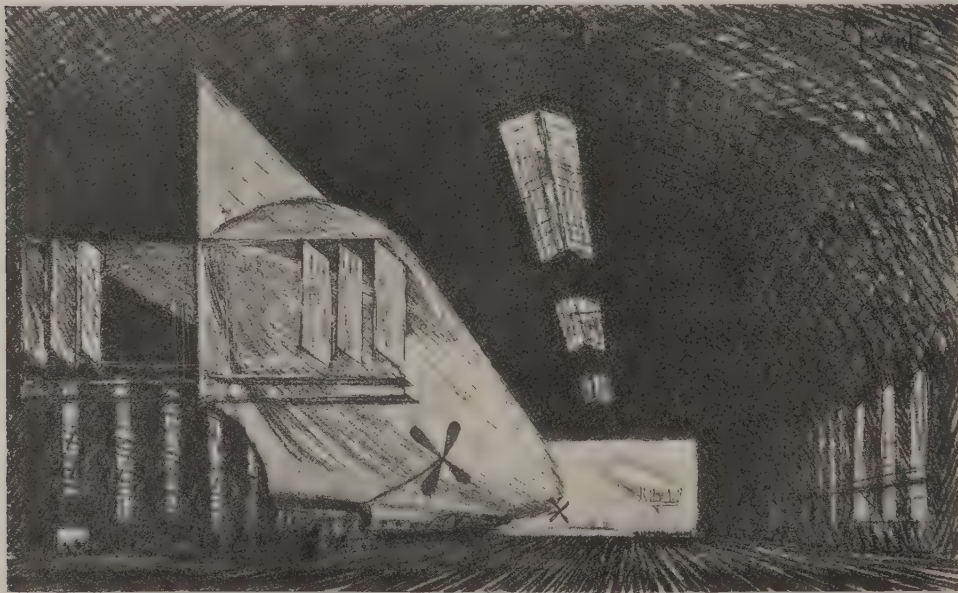
LONDON was filled with half-crazed, utterly scared Americans. "All Philadelphia," relations and friends, huddled and shuddered together at the Savoy. Mountains of trunks, checked to London and consigned to the American Express Company, filled St. Martin's Churchyard.

The basement of the Savoy or Cecil, I forget which, was turned into a refuge for the stranded. A Committee was formed; I was put on it and forced to contribute to aid people who, each and all of them, could have bought me out—all scared to death because they could not cash their cheques, could not get back with their friends on the steamers they wanted, and had momentarily got separated from their baggage, and they had no passports. But

[1914]

there were many serious and pathetic cases—they were not the ones who shouted for help—they looked after themselves silently. The others howled, yelled, wailed, chewed, and one day Page, the Ambassador, came into the Committee Room and they fell on him and over him and each other till finally, to get a hearing, he climbed on a table, and then they wept and cheered and grinned and the whole room screamed together "I want to go home!" And Page replied—or tried to, for he could not be heard for a time, and when he could all he could say was, "Be calm! Be calm!" and as they would not, he yelled "BE CAAM!" and jumped from the table. Finally, somehow, they did get home, millionaires in the steerage, bums sent by the American Society in first class cabins. All the Philadelphians huddled together, and all the German spies got American passports, and the schoolma'ams and the tourists were shipped somehow, and more came over in

that exodus from London of gallant and fearless Americans, or of people who so described themselves, than in all the War. And these were the people who shouted, "We won the War," when they were back. And at a lunch to Cardinal Mercier in New York, they one after the other, yelled and howled, "I won the War," and when they had all finished the Cardinal arose and spoke and, as he ended, he said, "And me, too—they say—I won the War," just as quietly as when I sat beside him at the Royal Belgian Academy's one hundred and fiftieth anniversary meeting in Brussels in 1922—we are both members—and I thought the long speeches in British French and Japanese French and Czecho-Slovakian French, and especially Middle-West American French, had put him to sleep, but at one glorious burst of mispronunciation he slowly raised one eyelid and gave me such a wink—he is a great man, the Cardinal. A great man in and out of useless War.



IN THE ZEPPELIN SHED LEIPZIG · LITHOGRAPH · DRAWN FOR THE PAN PRESS JUNE 1914

[1914]

CHAPTER XXXVII. WAR WORK IN ENGLAND · GIVEN
PERMISSION TO WORK IN MUNITION FACTORIES · ARRESTED
AS A SPY · DRAWINGS EXHIBITED IN THE GUILD HALL · GIVEN
A LUNCH BY THE LORD MAYOR · H. G. WELLS WRITES OF
THEM AND THEY ARE SHOWN ALL OVER GREAT BRITAIN



SEARCHLIGHTS BEHIND ST. PAUL'S · LITHOGRAPH 1914 · IN THE WAR MUSEUM LONDON

IN a year and a half I saw War Work in three countries, in each with the sanction, permission and at the invitation of the Government of that country. No one else had such an opportunity. In England, I suggested to Mr. Lloyd George, through Mr. Page, the American Ambassador, that I should make munition drawings, and, when I had shown them publicly, M. Albert Thomas, through M. Henry Davray, invited me to France to draw

there. In France I failed and I came home, where I wanted to come, and before I had been in the country a week, I was asked to Washington. Many people saw much more of the Front in many more countries than I; but no one in any country was allowed to wander alone and do his own work in his own way as I was, when and where I wished. I did not go and come to draw the War, but the War was the reason for my coming and going. I made my draw-

[1914]

16

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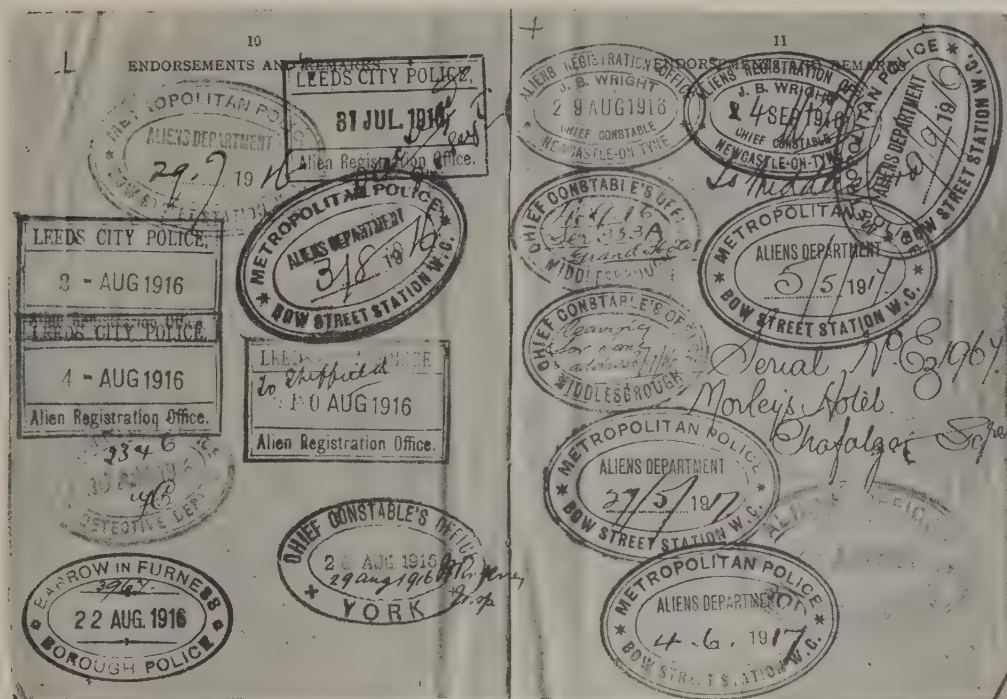
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BRITISH IDENTITY BOOK ISSUED TO JOSEPH PENNELL ON HIS RETURN FROM AMERICA IN 1916 AT BOW STREET LONDON AND COUNTERSIGNED BY LOCAL OFFICIALS WHEN HE VISITED

ings and prints of War Work not to help to win the War or to try to stop the War, but because the War gave me the chance to make them—to continue the work I had been doing for years. I do not believe in war. I abominate it. It wrecked my life; it ruined my plans; it smashed my ideals and beliefs. But it was the cause of my seeing, in their greatest activity, those phases in the Wonder of Work which for years I had been trying to draw, for there never was such industrial energy in the world as during the War. "The War was unnecessary, not inevitable, and," as John Burns said to me, "could easily have been avoided." But as it came, there was no reason—much as I loathed it—why I should not record its picturesqueness, and this was what, under the most extraordinary con-

ditions, I tried to do. In the piping times of peace I would not have been allowed in many of these, then peaceful workshops. When all their energy was devoted to producing machines to kill, I was asked into closed and barred and guarded shops and mills and yards to watch them do it. I did not go to learn how many thousand shells could be made in a day, but how wonderful they were in the making. I can say nothing of the protective power of armor plate, though I have seen how easily it could be pierced on a testing ground, how incredibly dramatic is the rolling of it, and when once in a while a fool business coward tried to keep me out, an order from the Government admitted me to his usually unimportant shop. I understand nothing of engineering, but I know that

[1915]



DIFFERENT PLACES · TRAVELING IN ENGLAND WAS IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT THIS BOOK AND DIFFICULT WITH IT DURING THE WAR · IT WAS STAMPED IN EACH TOWN BY THE POLICE

engineers are the greatest architects and the most pictorial builders since the Greeks, and this is why they are carrying on tradition. While other artists were prevented from drawing a church or a tree, I was encouraged to draw death-dealing guns, the building of battleships, the home coming of dirigibles which not only other artists, but the public, the combatants even, were not allowed to see. I had all of the Front I wanted, all the horrors I wanted, all the misery and pain I wanted, but I could not have enough of the teeming, seething energy that the War brought forth. When, at what other time, could I have found mills for making plough-shares turned into gun factories? Chemical works for making paints producing poison gas? Shipyards for building yachts fabricating submarines?

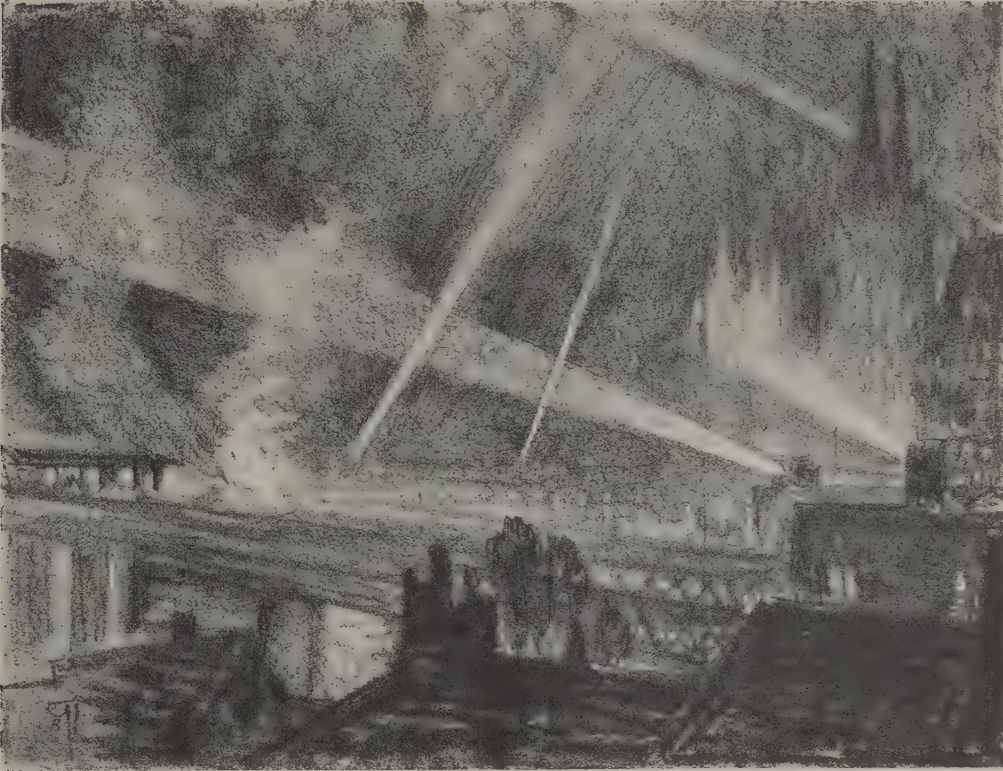
I N the early summer of 1916, after months of unraveling red tape, I went to the aeroplane factory at Farnham. Here I was given every facility to work, and I did work, and everything was done for me by the Commanding Officer, whom I happened to know, but before he became an officer. Planes were posed on the plain, and shops were thrown open and machines were flown, and I learned then how beautiful, how graceful, how fine in line they are. But just outside the factory was a big balloon shed that I wanted to draw and this shed was under another department of War Work, and I was told I must get another permit to draw it. So away I went, across the forbidden plain, to the Commander's quarters, with a letter to him. In his office I found several officers

[1916]

in uniform, and I went up to the one with the most gold braid and red bands on his cap, and the largest number of marks on his shoulder straps and tabs on his collar, and the most ribbons on his breast, and asked him if he was Major—I forget his name. He glared, he started, he was dumb; he could only point to a little person in shirt sleeves in a corner. And then it began to dawn upon me that I did not know the difference between a Major General and a Major in the British Army. The Major said he could grant no permission; it must come from the Minister of War. Still, I was there, and so long as I did not draw I was not bothered. I walked about the plain. I might just as well have drawn; nothing would have happened; the amateur officers would not have known what to do; I was not in the Manual. I wandered into the great balloon shed, and no notice was taken of me; the mighty, mysterious interior was like the Zeppelin shed I had drawn in Leipzig just before the war; but the great downs were unlike anything I had seen. Into a great grass-covered, gently sloping crater the planes swept, and all about all sorts of aircraft lay, all shapes and sizes and colors—mostly experimental machines—for nothing had been standardized. Each lay or sat or crouched upon the ground in its own fashion; each had a separate form, a different color, and over all hummed and whirled and roared flocks of others, up and down, and round and round, ascending and descending. How beautiful they were. But I knew so little of them I could not draw them; and how I wanted to. And so I came away, never to return, for permission was never given, and it was not till I had tried to do what I could from memory, though I had not studied them enough to remember them, and so bought illustrated post cards sold at the railroad stations, and printed what

I had done, that I received the official refusal, the official notice that I would not be allowed to draw what I had drawn. As I came out of the factory that day, I was stopped and my papers and drawings examined before I was allowed to go to the station. On the way I was overtaken by boxed planes marked "Mesopotamia"; and while I waited there a Red Cross train passed, carrying back junk, made by war machines at the Front, some of which I had seen—heroes—fools—who had allowed themselves to be ruined to make money for munition makers; that is war. Cowards' work. Brave men would not fight, and if they did not, there would be no more war. But the world is full of standardized cowards who do as they are told by their overlords, the "Captains of Industry."

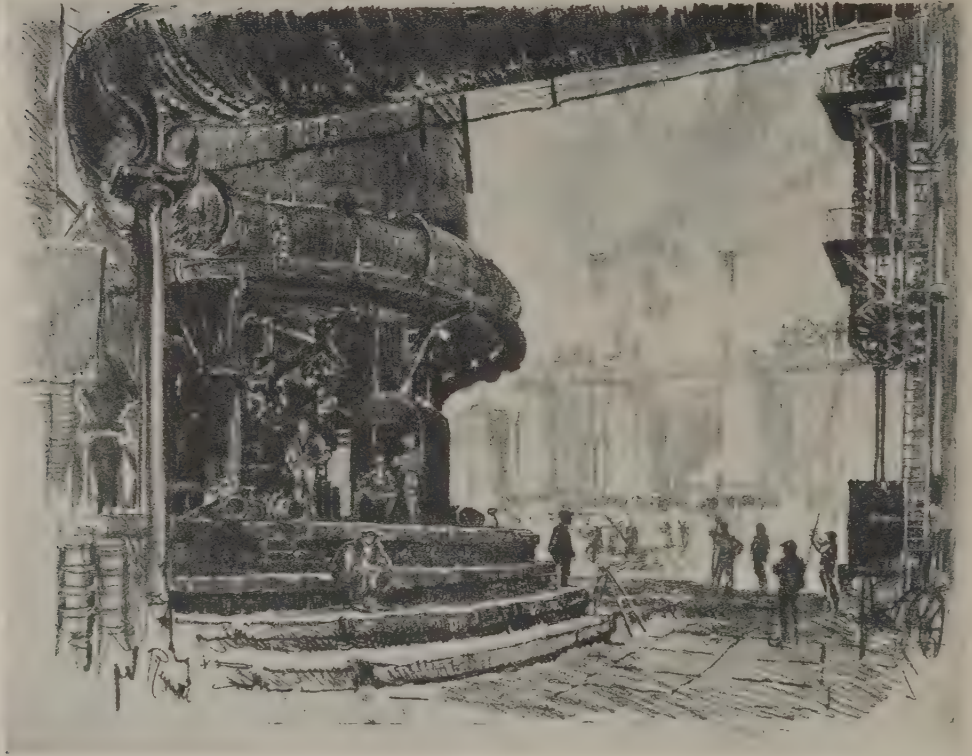
A FEW days later I went to a great industrial town in the Midlands, Leeds—now I can give the name—and here I was officially received by the Commanding Officer and granted motor cars and permits and passes and badges. One day, as I worked, a crowd gathered in the distance and I knew there would be trouble. Then a policeman appeared, and I showed him my pass signed by his Chief. It meant nothing to him, and so he said I must go along with him to his Inspector. There is no use objecting in peace time, and it would have been mad in war, as he had a growing crowd at his back. Off we went. The crowd grew, for work was over and the pubs were full. He suggested that we get on a car, though he said the police station was only a few hundred yards away. I replied we would walk. The crowd grew, mostly behind us, and so I asked him to get behind me, for we were in that part of England where the natives "'eave 'arf a brick at the furiner", and the foreigner is any one they do not know. No bricks came, but the crowd grew, mostly women. They



SEARCHLIGHTS OVER CHARING CROSS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR 1914 : SEEN FROM OUR WINDOWS ON ADELPHI TERRACE · THE LIGHTS WERE TRIED EACH EVENING IN LONDON

drew closer, they shouted louder, and then some one yelled, "German spy!" and the rest took it up, and if the station had not been near, I do not think I should have reached it, for the street was solid with women, every one shrieking, and the Bobby quite unarmed. I certainly did not like it. We went into the police office and the door was locked; but the crowd blocked the iron-barred windows to see the spy. When I showed my papers, they were found in order. But the crowd was not. There were three policemen inside and at least three hundred people in front of the station. The Inspector offered to get a cab and send me to the hotel—a horse cab.

I thanked him and said I had no intention of forming the head of a procession which might drag me where they wanted or hang me by the traces to a lamp-post. But the Inspector was a man of brains. A trolley line passed the station and he stopped a car and held it up for five minutes till the track was clear. Then he and the three officers found truncheons and sallied out with me in their midst. What a yell went up. What a rush was made. But we jumped on the car and, when the crowd tried to get aboard, they had their fingers rapped and fell off. The car started full speed, leaving the crowd in a minute, and it kept on for a mile, despite the protests of the

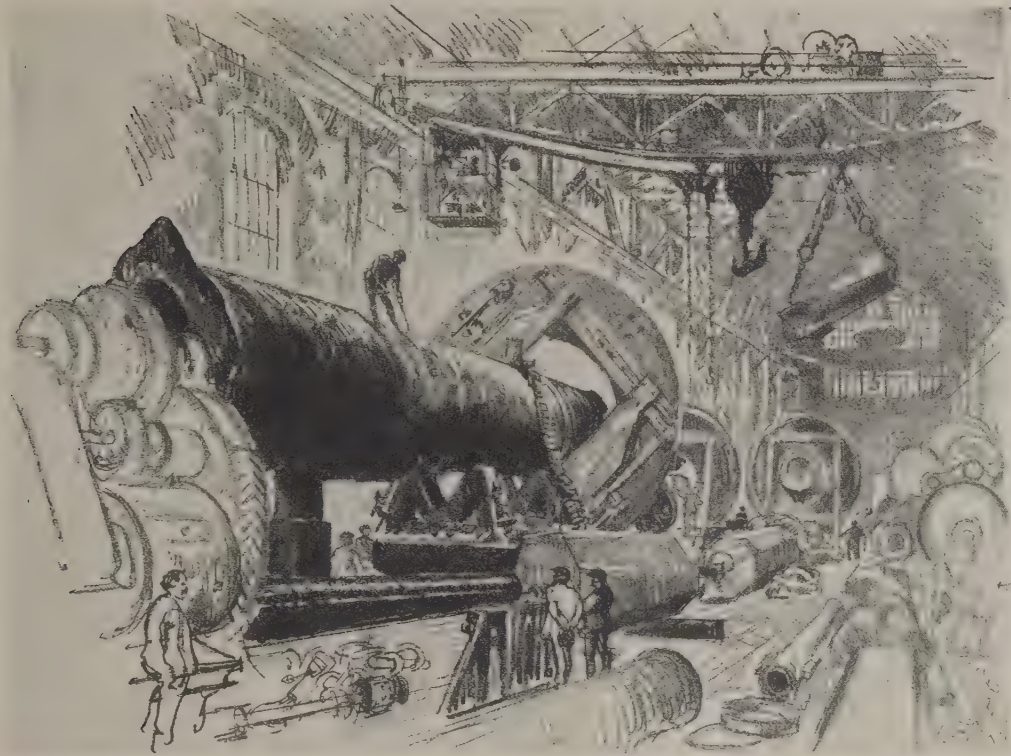


AT THE FOOT OF THE FURNACES MIDDLESBOROUGH · MAKING PIG IRON · LITHOGRAPH 1916

passengers who were shot past their stopping places. Then we slowed down, stopped, the passengers got off, the police got off, and I returned quietly to the hotel by which the car passed. In that half-hour I learned how it must feel to be a condemned murderer or a captured spy. The mere fact that a spy would never carry a big sketch block, a big bag of chalks and tools, and a sketching stool only convinced the people that I was a spy. Why does war make people so idiotic? Why do people fear an artist more than the enemy? Art is powerful and the people hate it. They feel it is above them and they hate it all the worse.

THE next day I went back in a Government car, and tried to draw the wonderful things I saw: the great steel plants with their towering furnaces, their cavern depths, their huge cranes, their solemn presses, and here and there the little men who run them. And then too, I saw for the first time the great shell factories at Sheffield filled with women, saw for the first time women at men's work—endless women, thousands and thousands of them—and for the first time, too, the changing of shifts; saw the workers pour out in a solid mass that would sweep one away. And I learned what War Work was. At the dinner hour, I saw the other side

[1916]



TURNING THE BIG GUN VICKERS-MAXIM SHEFFIELD · LITHOGRAPH 1916 · THIS AND THE OTHERS ARE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM PRINT ROOM · PUBLISHED IN WAR WORK IN ENGLAND

of War Work in these towns. I was asked to an oak-paneled room and sat at lunch with the directors, the managers, the chief engineers, and the guests, who were sometimes people of world-wide fame, sometimes visiting missions, and sometimes royalties. And the directors recommended their sherry and praised the salmon and the mutton, and offered champagne, and there came, with the dessert, coffee and big cigars and old port, and souvenirs, pocket knives they made before the War. We stole no spoons—America was not then in the War. Though the whistles blew outside and the workers swarmed back, we sat on. But I found that after such a lunch, drawing was a burden. How these men could work again was a

mystery. But I am not a director, and I decided that their luncheon table was no place for me, though at times I had to go. A cake of chocolate, or hunger, is better to work on, and one looks forward to dinner with delight. Besides, at the back of my head was the fact that these people were making fortunes killing other people. And said one of them, "The Kaiser aint so bad. Why, he was here just before the War and we showed him and his people the whole outfit!" And he will sit at their table again, or his kind will. Probably they have already, for the promotion of war is a part of their business. Another time I passed a day locked up in Newcastle-on-Tyne because the Police Inspector was

{ 1916 }

so frightened of me that he forgot to read my pass and carried it off to headquarters, leaving me in his station right on the river where I could see everything I should not have seen; and I drew it all. Another day I was not allowed to work in some of the Tyne ship yards; but the trams from Newcastle to North and South Shields went right by the yards on one side the river, and so did the trains on the other, and all I had to do was to look out of the window as they passed, and the drawings were made from memory as soon as I got back to the hotel. The English system of permits was ridiculous. I could go, and did go, to Woolwich Arsenal, though it was so important a post that the Germans tried to bomb it several times, and pretty near succeeded. The subjects I found there and drew there so impressed some of the British R.A.'s that they cribbed and imitated them as well as they could, and very badly they did it. At Vickers-Maxim's at Barrow I was not allowed to go near the hangar where they were copying a Zeppelin that had been brought down, though, as there was a train that ran past the open end of the hangar, I had only to look out of the carriage window and remember what I saw on the trips I made up and down the line. There was endless red tape, endless arrests, and the censor, the authorities, the formalities. Permits were given me only to be withdrawn; passes were issued only to be dishonored. Still I went to Munition Works all over England and Wales, from Woolwich to Whitworth's, from Barrow to Birmingham; and the farther I went, the more horrible I found it. Besides, the more I suggested and accomplished, the less the artists of England, though they never said so, wanted me to do, and the more work was put into their hands and taken from me. I started at the same time that Muirhead Bone was told, so I heard,

that he could join the Army and go to the Front or go to prison; luckily for England, he chose to draw. He was sent to France, to the Front, and he proved to the authorities—how different they were from ours—that it was impossible to do anything there, for nothing could be seen in the trenches, and if you stuck your head up to see it, you probably lost it. If the feeling of the British against me was growing, so was the whole English feeling towards the United States, which was put into words by an eminent Englishman shortly before I left the country: "Nobody asked you to come into the War; nobody wanted you in the War; but, as you have come in, why did you not come two years ago?" Altogether, I decided it was time to stop. I published the work I had finished, *WAR WORK IN ENGLAND*, and the British Government took over the book and issued that—and the originals are in the British Museum Print Room and the National War Museum.

MY lithographs were shown all over the country and in other countries. The first exhibition was at the Guildhall in London—and here I ought to say something about the author of the Introduction to the Catalogue of my exhibited War drawings, and introducer of my English War Work. While I was doing it, I used to run across H. G. Wells from time to time. I knew he was the only man in the world who can make literature out of machinery, the only man who does not have to plaster his work of this sort with sentiment and uplift and drivel to hide his want of knowledge, as every other author does when he tries to prove his knowledge, and only proves he uses photographs. I would meet Wells at the Reform Club and Broadway Chambers, then the mysterious headquarters of the British War Information Office, and I would



H. G. WELLS WHO WROTE THE INTRODUCTION TO THE CATALOGUE OF MY EXHIBITIONS OF
ENGLISH WAR WORK • CHALK DRAWING BY PROF. W. ROTHENSTEIN • LOANED BY THE ARTIST

tell him what permits I was getting and he would make me jealous by showing me what he had got. When the Tanks appeared, every one tried to see them, I more than any, impressed as I was with the mystery of them. I was told they were not to be drawn, and as soon as I asked permission to draw them I was refused. Bone was told to make a drawing of them at the Front. But Wells went with Arnold Bennett to Coventry, or wherever they were made—the place was a profound secret—and he saw all he wanted, for he was shut up in one and driven furiously round a ploughed field, and had his hat smashed and his ribs near broken by its jumps; and then the censor would not let him print what he wrote—that censor who was everywhere and nowhere. But Wells having seen my drawings, I persuaded him to come to my studio one day, and I locked him up with them until he wrote the Introduction to the Catalogue of the British Exhibitions and of the book, *WAR WORK IN ENGLAND*. The Guildhall Exhibition made me feel all the more that I was not particularly wanted. Even the critics commented on the fact that I a foreigner was drawing what Britons were not allowed to see. A lunch at the Mansion House was given to me by the Lord Mayor of London on the opening of my Exhibition, and Wells sat on one side of me and the Lord of Sunlight Soap on the other, I was only an accident; at the function that followed in the Guildhall, I did not figure among the Jews and city gents who came with the Lord Mayor; and Mr. Montagu, the Minister of Munitions, never mentioned me in his speech; even the sign across the street announcing the Exhibition did not have my name on it. But the British treat all foreign artists just the same. No mention of Paul Bartlett's name was made in

THE TIMES when his Statue of Blackstone was given the country—we foreigners "were taking bread from British mouths," and when Wells recently wrote of War illustrations and illustrators he forgot all but the British. In the Provinces, in Scotland, Wales and Ireland, the Lord Mayors and Provosts and Principals took possession of my Exhibition, and at not one of the numerous openings was I even asked to assist. I turned over the drawings and lithographs to the British Museum Print Room and the National War Museum, and to this day I have never heard a word about them. Altogether, I decided that I had had enough of drawing War Work in England.

WAR Work ruined workmen all over the world. I learned this fact for myself in England first and after in America. I was not long enough in the French factories to judge; but all that I have heard proves that the French workmen did not escape. Men and women raised in a day, in an hour, from the poverty of thirty shillings a week to thirty pounds, could not stand it. In Middlesborough, England, I saw a man come into a hotel before nine o'clock in the evening, when the bars shut, order two or three magnums of champagne, call in his pals and borrow beer mugs, pay in five pound notes, drink the champagne, go out and ask to see a "pianner", and end by buying a grand, taking a roll of notes out of his pocket to pay for it, and sending it home in a donkey cart; and still having enough left to get drunk on. That was living the life in Christian, God-fearing England; and the bosses were doing the same. I have seen both at it. Here, in America, workmen came to the shipyards in bigger cars than the presidents of the companies they were working for, and ate their dry lunches like hogs at a trough. And,

though the riveters worked in the shipyards, most of the rest bummed. That was "patriotism—the last resort of a scoundrel"—and it paid. Paid the slave drivers and the patriotic dollar a year men who fooled the stupid workers by high wages into the belief that these would always last and that they would not have to fight. They did not fight but now they are fighting, fighting the bosses who fooled them—who, for their own gain, ruined the world. But so long as the business man

can fill his pockets all is well, he has filled them, made the world dry to make more money, money is his only god, and he has made us the richest and the most hated race in the world. The businessman always was a fool, but he never was taken seriously before. Now that he takes himself as a prophet and savior, the end of all has come and the shopkeeper has brought it about, aided by fighting men whose trade goes without war, and cowards who fear war which they bring on by preparedness.



PRESSING SHELLS IN A MUNITION FACTORY AT LEEDS • PENCIL SKETCH OF FIGURES 1916

[1916]

CHAPTER XXXVIII. IN FRANCE IN WAR · INVITED TO
DRAW WAR WORK IN FRANCE · GO TO PARIS · RECEIVE PER
MIT TO VISIT VERDUN · REFUSE TO GO · RETURN TO LONDON



THE IRON GATE CHARLEROI · LITHOGRAPH · PROBABLY DESTROYED AT THE BEGINNING OF
THE WAR · THIS GATE WAS A PROTECTION AGAINST STRIKERS BUT SCARCE AGAINST GUNS

WHEN I had finished my War Work in England and it had been shown by the British Government all over Great Britain, the French Government invited me to France to work there. Who was to write up my French drawings, which were never made, I never knew, though the invitation to visit France was for Mrs. Pennell and myself. So she might have done it. I did not want to see horrors, though every one from Mrs. Humphry Ward to the French Government thought I should.

I asked Mrs. Ward to write about my drawings after she had praised them. That paragon of dreariness never replied to my letter. I was so crushed by the War that I thought I should never work again. All my life was over, I was sure. What did I care? What did any one care? What good was it? One day Davray got me to the French Consulate and, after hours of arguing, all was arranged, and also at the United States Consulate, and Bow Street, and some British office, and I had permission to start for France. It was only

at the last minute I knew when and where the train was leaving from in London, and when and where I should get a taxi, and there were more formalities at the station. Finally I was locked in a compartment by myself, in a diplomatic carriage, with the sign "Do not talk. You do not know who is listening," in it. Though I was the guest of France, I was told, I had to pay all my own expenses on the way over. So sick of it was I when the train got to Southampton that, could I have got out, I would have come back to London; but I was locked in. On the pier, too, there were endless formalities and cross-questionings, endless visés, and I did not care a cent whether I went or whether I was not allowed to go; but I was finally sent on board the steamer for Havre. I found I had to stay, could not come off, for there was a sentry at the foot of the gangplank to keep us on board. There was nothing to do but eat a British supper of whisky and beef, then drink more whisky, and devour old railroad guides in the smoking room—the only literature on British Channel boats—and go to bed. We were not allowed to stay on deck, and we could not look out of the portholes, for they were boarded up. What of it? What of anything? I went to bed and to sleep. What if we were right in the midst of submarines and mines? What could I do? What could any one do? It was hopeless. I fell asleep and did not know when the steamer left. I must have had lots of whisky, for I slept till I was wakened in the morning outside the port of Havre by the steward. When I went on deck I found we were right alongside a torpedoed ship. What did it matter? That was the feeling. You could do nothing—there was nothing to do. It was the same in London, in Paris, coming home, till I got home and found the people did not

know anything about the War. Not even those who went—who were made to go—abroad. No one talked over there about the horror that, day and night, hung over them; here every one cackled about things they knew nothing about, that is, when they dared to talk at all. In Havre, always a horrid hole, there were the same formalities and I could not find that my official letters were of the least use; and by the time I got through with the rows of inspectors and examiners and inquisitors—how I hoped they would turn me back—the British officials who came on the boat had grabbed the buses and the trams which were supposed to take us from the dock to the railroad. We were told there would be a train, but there was none, and I finally took a trolley car and eventually arrived at the station. I hoped that the train had gone, but it had not; and then that I would not be allowed to pass the further line of officials, to whom now gendarmes had been added, before I could get to the ticket window. But no one seemed to want to stop me, and I found a place in a carriage with an English woman—the wife of an officer, she told me—and, so far as I remember, not only the only woman, but the only civilian passenger on board except myself. But she, as she would say, "was in the army."

It was like this during four years—the traffic between two great countries stopped that Army and Navy officers and munition makers, not one of whom is worth a cent to the world, should make fortunes and win decorations, degrees and notoriety, by ruining the world. That is war. And the end is not in sight. I saw no difference on the way save that the train was hours longer in getting to Paris, and the stations were jammed with females—stars and crosses on them—and generals—stars and crosses on them—and

that each bridge had a worthless old man with a worthless old gun guarding it, and that in some of the fields women and children were working, and with them, here and there, a man in uniform back on leave. There was nothing of this sort in England. At last, about noon, there was Paris. No formalities; porters to be had, but no taxis. So I hired a man and he hunted around the neighborhood till he found a taxi. I was lucky and only had to wait an hour. I went to my old hotel where I had been always received with joy. The office was empty, the dining room had unmade beds in it, and not till I thought of it did I realize that the hag who paid no attention to me was the landlady of three years ago. Across the street it was the same, but I stayed there. Then the formalities began, but I paid no attention to them, though I was told to. I left that to the French Government, whose guest I was, though they had not met me with a salute or a motor car. I had no tabs on my collar or crosses on my breast. I never wore a uniform, or a tin hat, at the Front. I was starved. I went to the Duval around the corner. Sad and dreary, not a foreigner, where before it had been full of them; but the *anciens en retraite* were all there, and with them families welcoming back their sons from the Front on a few days' leave, and there and everywhere families in black. There was little variety, little that was good to eat at the Duval's. Yet without a murmur the *anciens* and the families were paying seven francs fifty for what they had paid two francs twenty-five three years before, and the franc had not depreciated then. This was what I had come for. I went to the *Maison de la Presse* and found with my papers the officials I was to see, passing room after room full of the young men who, on the Boulevards or Piccadilly

or Fifth Avenue, or Washington, used to exhibit themselves in the latest fashions. Now they were in the War, in Paris, in London, in Washington, mostly in uniform—captains and majors here—but just as far from the Front and as well paid as possible. I can never forget Amy Lowell's poem—or did she write it? "Oh Majors, Oh Washington, Oh Hot," and the Majors and the heat were still in Washington in uniform, till after the end of the fighting. The officials were awaiting me in the *Maison de la Presse*. Everything was arranged. A liaison officer was to accompany me. I was to go to Verdun, I was to see everything. Could I go to Rheims? They did not know, that depended on the Germans. I pointed out that I did not want to go into danger. Could I not see it from a distance? They did not know. I went back with my pocketbook stuffed with permits. I walked by the river to the corner of the *Grand Palais* and started up toward the *Champs-Élysées*. Out of the corner door came a train of objects which in his maddest moments Jean Veber never drew, or even imagined: bits of men—a thing in a baby carriage without arms or legs; another thing without a face; another thing without bowels. That was War, that was Paris, in May, 1917. They were coming from the building where the Salon was held, turned into a school for junk—heroes for the moment, junk for the rest of their lives. That was War. A distant crash; away up in the sky a German taube, dropping bombs among the chestnut blossoms, and then more crashes. These were what my permits would let me see close at hand. And in the distance explosions, and in the night more explosions, and I sat up in bed. Why should I see it? Why should I go to the Front? Why should I go to see things I had always avoided? And again the win-



THE LAKE OF FIRE CHARLEROI • LITHOGRAPH 1907 • IRON WORKS • PROBABLY DESTROYED

dows rattled. I would not. Why should I? I did not bring the War on. I had no interest in it. Why should I be sickened and deafened and disgusted by sights and sounds and smells that I did not want to encounter? I would not. And I went to sleep. No, nothing disturbed one. What could you do, what was the use of being disturbed? But I would not go to Verdun. I went to sleep again. Instead, in the morning, I went to the American Ambassador, Mr. Sharp. I had letters from Mr. Page in London to lots of people. I asked him to send me back. "What, not go to Verdun, you, the first civilian to be allowed to go and stay there? Id like to go myself and I know any number of Americans who would give anything for

your chance." I said I would give anything to get out of it. And he said I had better think it over and if I really did not want to go—I was not to start for two or three days—I had better go and tell them at the *Maison de la Presse*. To think it over, I took Germaine for a walk and to a café. I wanted to take her to Roullier's but it was smashed and boarded up. Why did I want to see that? And half the shops in the *Avenue de l'Opéra* were shut too, and all the *Quartier* closed, deserted.—Boom. And for dinner I could find nothing but the *Brasserie Universelle* open. And, just as I was getting comfortable, they shut that too—Boom. And home. I went to sleep. It was near enough to walk, for traffic stopped at 8.30—



SOISSONS IN 1922 · WATER COLOR OWNED BY THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ART

[1917]

Boom. The next day I told them at the Maison de la Presse that I was going back to England. They were astonished. "You, the guest of France, not go to the Front?" They had my passport viséed to return, they were disgusted, but they gave me my permit to go back. They could not understand. All they said was, "What will Davray say?" Even the next day an immaculate infantile Count came to tell me I could go to Soissons—it was so beautifully destroyed—and see that; and I ran into Amand-Dayot, the Inspector General of Fine Arts, and he said he had been out there and it was a fact. Why should I go to the ruins of the lovely place I had lived in and worked in and

face agony and horror where I had known peace and beauty?—Boom again. Never, though I knew at the moment if I went and did the work, drew the horrors, honors and decorations were waiting for me. They were not worth it. Early the next day, after I had seen the British officials with another Count, and got my papers in order, back I went to England, spending all the afternoon in Havre, given over to tabbed and khakied British. More formalities; you were even not allowed to take any gold out of France. Then across to England—booms and gothas—formalities at Southampton—the slowest sort of journey up to London—and I made ready then to come home to this country.

MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÈRES

PARIS, 3 RUE FRANÇOIS I^{er}Service de l'Information
à l'Étranger

LE 22 — 6 — 1917

TELEPHONES :
PASSY 16-32
PASSY 16-85
PASSY 16-87
PASSY 16-89
PASSY 39-15

Dear Mr. Pennell

The things are arranged
with the Grand Quartier Général.
You are to go to Verdun
from Monday next June 25th
to Friday 29th.

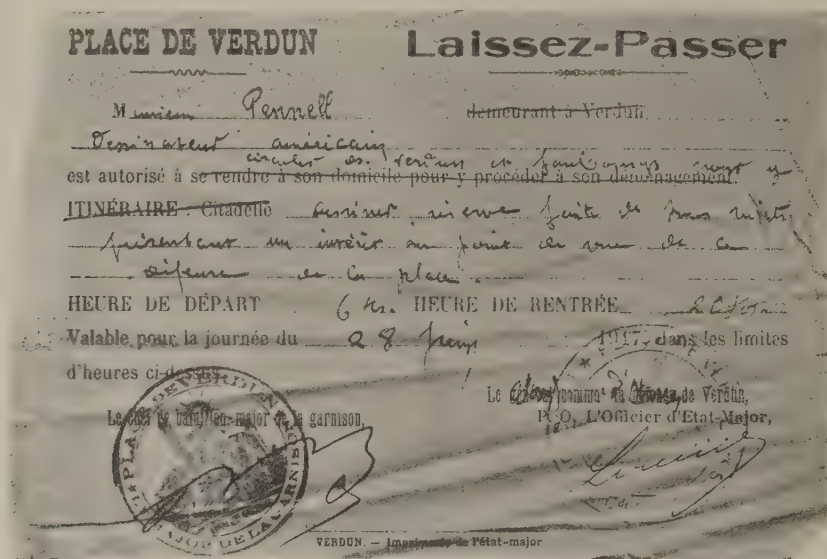
M^r Paisot will send you every
pass and card needed. You will
go by train to Bar-le-Duc
where they will take you by motor
car. You will leave Paris at
the East Station by 8 A.M.
train

Yours sincerely
André Moreau

FRENCH GOVERNMENT PERMIT TO VISIT VERDUN

[1917]

CHAPTER XXXIX: AT THE FRONT IN FRANCE · I RETURN AND GO TO VERDUN · SLEEP IN THE CITADEL AND JOIN THE MESS · ADVENTURES IN THE DESERTED CITY · A SECOND VISIT TO THE FRONT · UNDER FIRE · ARRIVAL OF THE AMERICAN ARMY IN PARIS · I STAY A WEEK IN PARIS



FACSIMILE OF THE DAILY PERMIT ISSUED AT VERDUN · GOOD FOR JUNE 28 1917

THE night before I was to leave London for New York, an Englishman came in and told me I ought to go back to France; and I did, though the British Government warned me that, as one was supposed to stay in France six months at a time, I could not return to London for a year. I had crossed twice already. I got to Paris after the same formalities as when I went first. It would have been better for me if I had been turned back. Though I was far from cordially received at the Maison de la Presse, I was again given a pass for Verdun. There was nothing to see of fighting on the way there till I reached Barle-Duc, where I went alone. But from the train I saw Meaux, half destroyed, the

wonderful bridge later burnt, the dam so filled with dead men they had to dynamite them to clear the river. It was near there that a chasseur-à-cheval had been blown against Meunier's Chocolate Works, all his guts and those of his horse in a heap below him. His silhouette stuck on the wall. These things were told me by Jules Stewart who saw them—little happenings of the War that do not get into the papers. They are not good for drafted men to hear till the wretches are part of them. The memory of them killed Stewart. There were only the passing trains, with their "32 hommes, 8 chevaux", increased to I do not know how many jammed in and on each van, not grinning like Americans or singing like Britons

[1917]

with nothing to lose, but solemn, serious Frenchmen, knowing that all was at stake; and on the road which runs parallel with the railway for miles long trains of artillery and munitions, and once in a while some smoke over the hill or a sausage balloon bobbing about. Bar-le-Duc came at last and, as I got out of the train in the station without a roof, I saw, through the broken beams, planes and planes and planes, and round them little black and white puffs of smoke. In London the puffs in an air raid were always white and I wanted to see this different color scheme. But as I looked up, alone in the station yard, I was grabbed by the back of the neck and yanked under cover by, I found, my liaison officer. Sometimes it is a good thing to be ignorant of danger. He explained to me that the Germans were dropping bombs like lead pencils, which went right into you and then exploded. So I stayed under cover. Some hundred people who did not, he told me, were killed the Sunday before. A car was produced and off we started; but we had punctures and blowouts and other things, and by the time we arrived at some village, after passing guard after guard—I do not know the name of it; all signboards were destroyed—the machine was completely panned. Then we piled into a passing camion, without a spring, and with a cover without a window; then in the hot dust outside and the stinking sweat of the soldiers inside, forty or fifty kilometers on to Verdun. Nothing to see but Africans and Orientals repairing the roads, as they had been sweeping the streets of Paris, a destroyed narrow-gauge railroad, and dumps and dumps of munitions. As we left Bar-le-Duc the road had been full of marching troops and munition trains, but as we approached Verdun, they disappeared, they vanished, and we came in

quite alone. Through the broken city gate we bumped. There was no bother about passes with my officer. If you came with the soldiers you were all right. Up the few yards to the Citadel, and we stopped before its open iron doors, leading to a tunnel lit with twinkling lights. There were branching tunnels, but I was shown to a stairway in the rock and climbed and climbed and climbed and climbed, till, panting, I got to rooms and offices cut in the rock, and there my permit was stamped, and I was given others, and greeted effusively by Colonels and Majors, and told I was to meet the General. Then I went down the winding stairs, and in one of the tunnels I was shown my bed-chamber, about seven feet by five. There was a bed in it and a washstand, a box, a chair and a light, and there were about one hundred cubicles like it down the tunnel, separated by curtains. I went further and saw a café chantant, or a theater in another tunnel, and then came to the dining room in a third, and there were still more that I did not explore.

I was not introduced, after all, to the General, who sometimes dined apart and sometimes with the Colonels and Captains and me. The dinners were excellent and so was the wine, and the charge for the daily mess was three francs thirty centimes. It included coffee, bread and butter, honey and ham, for breakfast; a good lunch, with wine; and a good dinner, with wine and coffee. You could not have lived like this for this price before the War. I was told to eat well, as it might be my last meal. I do not see why an Army officer should be called a hero for doing the work he is mighty well paid to do, and being treated also far better than the people whom he ruins by his useless profession. But war is necessary

and warriors are heroes to the people, and the people are fools or they would not fight—if they did not fight there would be no more war. I went to dinner. But what surprised me more than the dinner was the officers. I sat by a Major of Artillery, silent and grim under one of the printed signs, "They shall not pass." He told me he had been there for the three years and would not leave till it was over. Another told me we were perfectly safe, as the top of the citadel down to the solid rock was shot away and no further damage could be done it. Another told me that I was the first foreign civilian allowed to stay over a day. And they all told me the horror of it was that you must always be on the alert. For days and weeks nothing happened, and then, in a moment, everything happened. But what struck me most was that the minute dinner was finished, the diners, instead of lingering over their coffee left without a word. After dinner, in the twilight, I walked down the street I have often cycled over. No one questioned me. The fact that I was openly there and not in uniform showed that I was all right. It got so dark I could only see that half the houses were destroyed and that there were holes in the pavement. I went to the far town gate. All was black beyond, up the hillsides, though there were flashes beyond the hills and endless booming far away. As I came back I heard American, and in a ruined house by the gate were some boys from Philadelphia, a hospital unit. They had come before the draft and had seen only one German—he was dead—"we found him by his smell, for he was very dead." That he was quite as good as themselves, probably much better, and had been compelled to fight while they had come for the fun of it, never occurred to them. "Shooting Germans is better fun than shooting reed

birds," another Philadelphia hero wrote his parents, and the heroic letter was read to me by his father. Back I came the same way in the dark; I did not dare to wander. Some one might not like my looks and take a shot at me before asking for my pass. And then to bed. The door of the tunnel was shut, but a knock opened a little wicket and then the door. I got undressed, lay down, fell asleep. How long after I woke up, I do not know, suffocating, dying. Solid were the smells, as solid as the snores of the hundred men packed in the tunnel, with only canvas walls between them, really only a sewer with a gutter in it, and an electric-light wire fusing and melting the rubber round it. I do not believe a sewer is as bad. I gasped, I panted. I was afraid to lie down to die, or to cry out lest I should disturb the others. Finally I became insensible, I suppose with sleep, but I thought it the end. Early I woke and came out, and when I told them of my night, "Oh, you wont die," said the Major, "but you will think you will as long as you stay here." And I did. They were paid for it. I was the guest of France, but I did not pay for this horror.

AFTER a solitary breakfast, I went out. Has it not all been described? No, not at all. It has been written up endlessly; but no one can describe that abomination of desolation made in twenty-four hours a year before, when the Commanding Officer ordered all the inhabitants to leave Verdun and take nothing with them, saying, on the printed orders still on the walls, "Any one found looting will be shot at once." The silence added to the horror. Everything told its tale. On the walls were what I first thought mud splashes, but I found they were shell spatters made by the shells exploding down the streets, tearing shallow gashes



SCHNEIDER'S GUN FACTORY AT CREUSOT • IT WAS HERE THAT THE MOST IMPORTANT FRENCH MUNITION FACTORY WAS LOCATED • I MADE THIS PRINT AND OTHERS IN MY WONDER OF WORK SERIES WITH NO IDEA OF THE COMING WAR BUT TO SHOW THE WONDER OF MODERN WORK THOUGH LIKE KRUPPS THIS WAS ALWAYS A GUN FACTORY • ETCHING MADE IN 1911

all across the fronts of houses. It was as silent as Pompeii and just like it, only reality, not history. Here was a broken pile of brick and iron, you could not tell what it had been; next, a house not touched at all, in the living room chairs about, books on the tables, a stereoscope, wax flowers, photographs on the walls, the windows wide open; next a café, its front shot away, inside the little tables with match boxes, and the zinc with bottles and glasses and the account book on it, and the liquors on shelves behind the empty chair, at the high desk the pen and ink, and proclamations of 1916 on the wall. There was a hat factory, the front and roof gone, all the floors fallen forward at an angle, and from the garret to the cellar an avalanche of hats. And by the river, the lovely mass of balconied old houses was a mess of formless rubbish filling the river, and just below, the fortified gate with the poplars by it, stood untouched, reflected in the quiet water. And not a soul about—but from beyond the hills came the endless boom and roar. I tried to draw, but as I sat there a pillar of mud dragged itself, a rifle clattering behind, toward me through the gate, and said, "O God, where can I get a place to sleep?"—a man back after three weeks in the trenches, and they came in, sent back, done for, all the time. That ended that drawing and as later I tried to do a ruined Renaissance house, ping came a bit of shrapnel beside me from a bursting shell before I heard it. But it did delight the poilus, safe in a cellar, to see me drop my traps and fall into their midst. How they roared. Had I been killed, I suppose they would have laughed louder. I wandered on to the ruined cathedral, the tower shattered, the Bishop's palace a wreck, near by a great crater as big as a house. Inside, amid overturned chairs and con-

fessionals on their faces in the transept, the end of it shot away, was the thing you always heard of: the Christ hanging by one arm to the cross against a glittering white wall on which the sun fell through the ruined roof. I started drawing—boom—the drawing did not look well—boom—I tore it up and started another—boom—I stopped—boom—I tore that up—boom—draw—boom—no one with any nerves could draw—boom—and if you had not any nerves and did draw—boom—you could not render the horror, the tragedy—boom. I did not visit hospitals or first-aid stations; I saw too much without. No one who was out there, who was at the Front anywhere, did anything that gave any idea of the War. You had to see it, hear it, smell it, and half those who were in it did not—boom. I came back to the Citadel—boom—and was told that one of the booms was a shell which had fallen near the swimming pool and the regiment in it did not wait for their clothes.

THE next morning, for I did not die in the night, I was not allowed to go out, for, from seven to eight, there was a polite interchange of 75's and German equivalents over the town. And while this was on, something might happen, something might hit you. But you would never know. The shell that is for you, you will never hear; the one you do hear went by long ago. That was what the officers of Artillery told me. A few days later, in Paris, I heard that my Major of Artillery who had never left and said he would not leave till it was over, did not leave, for one day he was walking down the street and his shell hit him. "We found a big hole," they told me, "but not even one of his buttons." Paul Renouard was there too, had been there for weeks; he was going to do great things,

but I never have seen or heard of them to this day. He did give me a perfect description of the ground around Mort Homme—"a lunar landscape." I told a brainy American descriptive writer to use it, but he could not understand. Why should he? Yet he had been to the Front, though he could not get to Verdun. They would not let me go to Mort Homme; it was being shelled all the time. A week was all I wanted. I could have stayed, but I did not want to. I did not do a stroke of work that was worth a cent. I could not. Down again in the rain in an artillery wagon, five hours to go fifty kilometers; held up by troops and supplies and mud to Bar-le-Duc. And then back to Paris in a Pullman with girl waitresses so bad they must have waited in America, but the lunch was all right when you got it; passing fresh regiments of misery up to their knees in mud or walking on the ties or loaded in box cars, their officers in comfort. Why do the men stand it? Why does the world stand war? At Paris, in the Gare-de-l'Est, the floors, cold and wet, were covered with men back on leave, in their first sleep for months, when they knew they could sleep in safety. But soon the Big Bertha stopped that. As I came out of the station that June day, the first American officer came into it on his way to Verdun, a proof that we were now in the War, and as over the poor lousy wretches inside and outside this spick-and-span tailor's advertisement picked his way so as not to dirty his boots that would not stand it, or strain his pockets that would not hold anything, the French soldiers woke up and stood up, one by one, or they were shaken up; and those who lived in the provinces shot into trains, those who lived in Paris dragged themselves to their homes, the officers went to the nearest café and I went to the hotel.

A DAY or two after, I was invited to go on what was known as a Cook's tour. There was a spick-and-span French Intelligence Officer; there was THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, THE LONDON GRAPHIC, an American Syndicate, a Dutch bore, and me. And we all met at the Gare-de-l'Est and were given tickets to Compiègne. What a lot of information we got from the intelligence officer on the way out. And after a good lunch as good as ever at the little hotel in the town which had not been harmed by the Germans, we started in two big cars to the Front—it was there, we found it. We went through Ham in ruins, the bridge destroyed, to Noyon, which then had not been touched scarcely though later, in the last advance, it was knocked to pieces, and to Chauny, with the front off the Hôtel de Ville, the town half destroyed and half perfect. It was round here that I saw house roofs unharmed, sitting flat on the ground, the houses completely shot away from under them; and villages wrecked by shell fire which left ruins; and villages wiped out by dynamite which left rubbish, and barbed wire, and stinking craters, and smashed shrines, and the stumps of trees, and burnt mills, and poppies, poppies, poppies, and not a soul, not a living thing, where three years before had been the gayest of French gayety; and gaping cemeteries with unearthed skeletons and open graves; and German murals on school-houses done by really good Boche artists; and stinks and horrors. The General at Noyon—I have heard it was Foch—who invited me to stay with him, when I asked if I could go to and draw the villages, said, "Certainly, but they are ten or more kilometers out in the desert. It will give me the greatest pleasure to send you in a car in the morning, and, if possible and I remember, to send for you in the evening."

"But, my General," said I, "if you forget and if some of your patrols do not know I am the guest of France, is it not possible they might take a shot at me?" "My dear Sir, it is extremely possible." "My dear General, then I do not think it will be possible for me to accept your flattering invitation." "Sir," said the General, "I perceive you are a man of intelligence." Then leaving here, we ran into a caravan of French Academicians out on a tour of inspection. All useless mouths were taken to the Front. We steered by map, for all the signboards were gone and the people were gone, toward St. Quentin, by the road to Péronne, when we could find it; and the way was marked by sausage balloons, French over us, German beyond. On we went through the stink and mud, toward the Front trenches, cyclists tearing back and cars with orderlies, I suppose, though that may not be their name; and then sentries or pickets demanded our passes, and finally, behind a big bank, we stopped. Now, we were at the Front. There were trenches and dug-outs, five or six men in a hole not big enough for one—and I had complained of my cubicle at Verdun—and a Captain, more like Don Quixote than Cervantes ever imagined him, and a drugstore underground. We walked up the unharmed road toward a waving paper screen, and when we got to the edge of the field where it was, we were told to be quiet and get down on our tummies and crawl. We did, more or less, and we looked through a hole in the paper camouflage of grape leaves, and saw the spire of the Cathedral at St. Quentin, and at the same time the Germans saw us and sent a shell a hundred yards or so away, and there was a mass of earth in the air, and then black smoke, and last a bang. "Get out," said the officer; and he started.

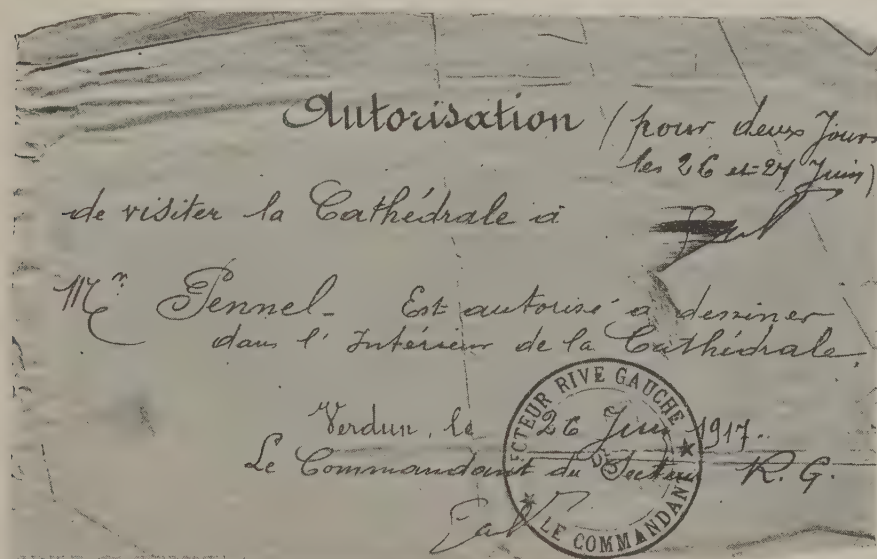
"Hurry," said he, as another came, running ahead of us. "Run like hell," he yelled, as one went over our heads. An ambulance man picked up and brought us a bit of shrapnel which was hot, gave it to us, and we piled in the cars and they piled back. I suppose it was all part of the tour, for a week or so later I saw a photograph of Pershing who had just arrived, looking through the same hole at St. Quentin. It was so labeled and I do not doubt three shells were fired near him. And all the while the French and German sausages swayed about and did nothing. By more destroyed villages, through a wood which had been a camp, and then a battle ground, and near here an unmoved peasant, just as before the War, working in his field. We got back to a good dinner in the good hotel and there were the Academicians and hotel pensionnaires just as before the War too; they do arrange these things well in France. And yet it was War; a few kilometers away men were dying for their country, while we dined luxuriously, only there was no milk or butter. But it was all arranged; we were spectators at the show; and we "guests of France" paid our hotel bills and went back to Paris, stuffed by the officer with piles of information as to what we had seen. How I hated it all, hated the War. All War.

I WAS in time for the glorious Fourth and the Parade of the glorious American Army sent up to Paris to show itself. First, down the Rue de Rivoli on the hot bright morning, came from the Invalides Station a regiment of poilus in heavy marching order, overcoats and knapsacks and long guns with long bayonets fixed; next, I believe, Pershing—but I could not see him—surrounded with a herd of bucking bronchos going sidewise and backward, and followed by a jazz band. The

French had played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Then the Doughboys, coatless, knapsackless, bayonetless, protected by a noisy plane low down. "Ils sont des bons gars mais ils ne sont pas des soldats," was one comment I heard. Later, in Judea—I mean New York—I found that this comment had reached home, and when the first American film was shown, the "slogan" on the screen said: "American marines descending the Champs-Élysées on the Fourth of July on their way to Lafayette's tomb," and they had coats on and knapsacks, and carried bayonets, and the Champs-Élysées had car tracks on it, and no Arc de Triomphe at the end. And it was characteristic of some other American and Allied films.

I STAYED on in Paris for a week, after taking a ticket for New York by the French line, wandering aimlessly about. I looked up one or two people, but they were as despairing as I, fearing any moment they must leave their homes. I dined with them once or twice and had to rush to catch my last bus at nine. They took me to the cin-

ema to see the film of the Italian Front, but at the most exciting episode they had to run to catch their last bus. And everything was like this. I was told I should offer my services to Pershing, no American artists had then been appointed to work at the Front. I went to the Hotel Crillon with some such idea, I met him coming out, did not speak to him, and he drove off through a cheering crowd followed by his staff. I had seen all I could stand of War—his business, my abomination. He was full of the lust for fighting, I loathed it. I saw him again when, with Joffre, he was given a lunch at the military club and came out on the balcony waving his hand to another cheering crowd. I shuddered as he smiled, and I walked over to the Louvre—half the things removed or covered with sand bags, and only part of the building open—the Luxembourg shut. At length the week, the endless week, passed, I hardly know how. The day for leaving came. I went to the station hours before the train left, carried my traps to the carriage, and at last it started.



FACSIMILE OF THE PERMIT GIVEN TO SKETCH IN THE CATHEDRAL AT VERDUN

CHAPTER XL: THE RETURN IN WAR TIMES · ON THE STEAMER · WHAT I DID AND THOUGHT AS I CAME HOME



THE SINEWS OF WAR · LITHOGRAPH USED AS A LIBERTY LOAN POSTER BY THE GOVERNMENT 1917

I HAD had enough. I put my papers in order, left my drawings at the Maison de la Presse, and have never seen them since. I do not think they were published. I took the train to Bordeaux—eighteen hours of foodless, sweltering misery, locked up in a waterless compartment jammed full of invalided soldiers, escaping Parisians and expatriated Americans, and Swiss, as the German spies called themselves—and the steamer to New York. Even that was quaint. We were locked on board the ship for another eighteen hours, while Boche prisoners walked freely about loading and unloading vessels in the harbor, steamed down

the river, dropped anchor, and, when we started, fired off guns. We lost in an hour our torpedo destroyers which started with us, and then we had a drill and were told when the whistle blew three times we were to put on our life preservers, come on deck, and get in our numbered lifeboat. We came on deck all right, but not a passenger that I saw had a life preserver on, because we did not know how to put them on; and we never got in a boat and we never had another drill. And again we were told that when the whistle blew three times, we were to do the same. That happened at dinner some days later, and no one, from the Captain down, waited

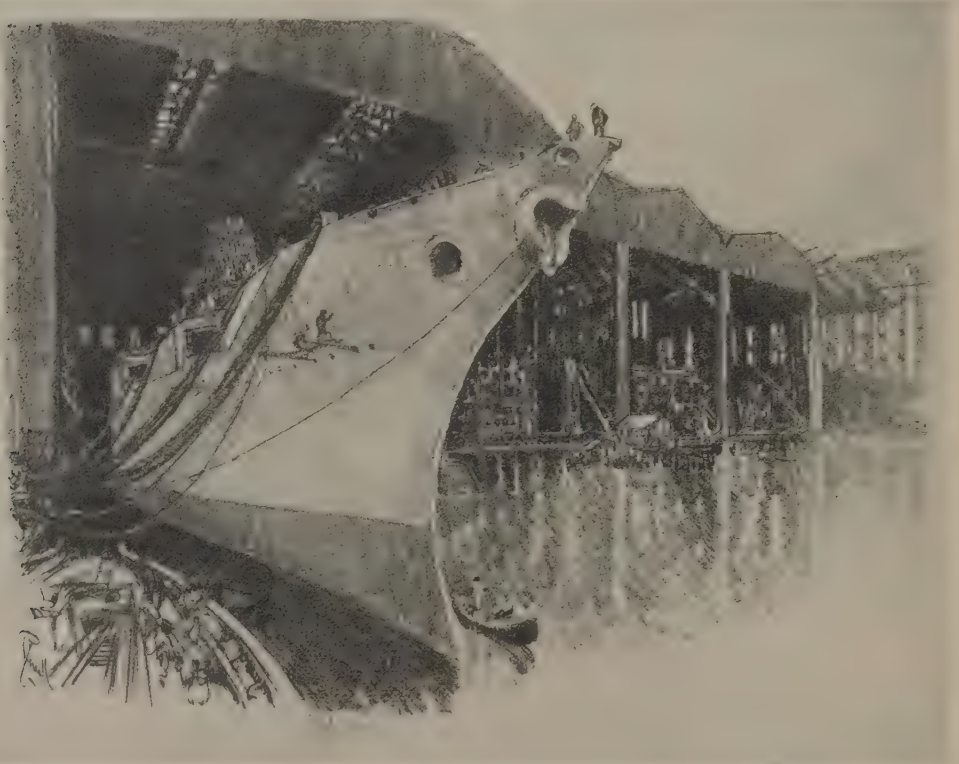
[1917]



JOSEPH PENNELL 1917 • FROM THE PAINTING BY WAYMAN ADAMS SHORTLY AFTER I RETURNED

for their life preservers. All rushed to see what was up, and at last it leaked out that they were blowing the whistle to see if it would blow. It did. Another time the whistle blew. Out of the sunset came clouds of smoke; then there rose up over the horizon ships upon ships—the American fleet?—No, Germans?—and the ships covered the waters; but they were transports, many, many of them, and the face of the deep was lined with them, and around and about them were British warships. We steamed right through them in the night silently and they sank out of sight behind us—the sinews of war. Another day a man burst into the smoking room—"The German fleet is right on us!"

Out we piled. The sea was gray and the sky was gray, and nothing to be seen. Then the clouds opened, and the sun, low down, lit the waters, and there were more ships black against the fiery sunset. Such is the value of camouflage. I did not make a sketch, or read a book, or make a note. I could do nothing but think—and my thoughts were sad thoughts—my life, I was sure was ended. And all was varied by champagne dinners and the invariable concert. That was War, the way War is carried on, but the way some of the warriors carried on was worse. As for me, I sat about half dazed—I had had my sight of War and felt and knew the wreck and ruin of War, the wreck of my life and my



THE PROW · LITHOGRAPH MADE ON MY RETURN AT THE NEW YORK SHIP BUILDING YARD 1917

[1917]

home—and that has never left me since, nor millions of others over there who went through it and will never recover from it, for the memory of it is always with them.

THE War was a show for all the Allies except the Belgians, the French and the Italians. But the world is ruined; for those who were in it, though scarce any here know it, it was the beginning of the end of all. Remember Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Rome. We do not remember, we do not think, we do not know. But there are those now living who will see. What drawings I made I left, as I said, with the French Government in Paris. I thought little of them. I suppose they thought less.

I admit I am a failure as a war artist—a recorder of War at the Front, for I loathed what I saw so much that I could do nothing, and I say again, after seeing the war drawings and reading some of the war writings of all nations, no one gave in art or literature any idea of the War. No one could—no one will. It would stop war. And had any one really drawn it, the censor would have suppressed the artist and seized his work. No author described the War; he would not have been allowed to while it was on, and he could not have done so, anyway. No one did, no one will. But I can never forget what I saw and suffered, and I suffer still when I see the old world jazzing through its ruins.



THE WORLD I LOVED FAR FROM WAR · THE GARDEN OF THE GENERAL LIFE · RUINED TOO BY WAR

CHAPTER XLI: THE END OF MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR AND THE END OF AMERICAN ILLUSTRATION

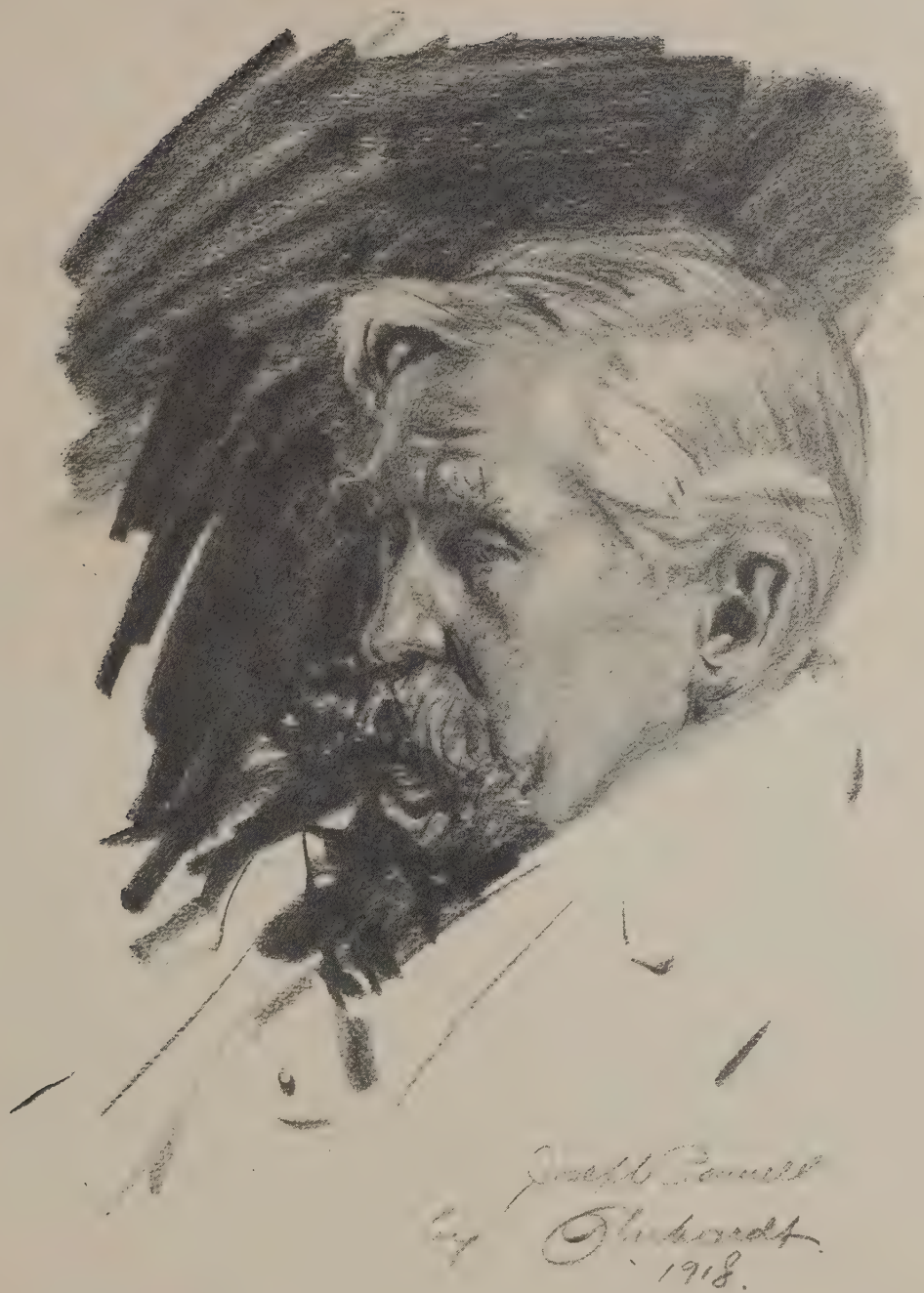


HAIL AMERICA · MEZZOTINT 1908 · MADE WHEN WE LIVED IN LIBERTY AND ENJOYED FREEDOM

THESE are some of my adventures but by no means all—adventures till we came home during the War and my life in Europe ended. But there are many other sides to my life which I have not, or scarcely, touched on—my art work outside illustration, my life with artists and literary people, our life in London, my sporting life, when I thought I could make sport a power in art, through motoring, cycling—using cycling and motoring as a means of getting to the places I was to illustrate, and then getting about in them. But I failed in this, because I am not a mechanical genius. I have no taste for mechanics, and to manage without that one must have a mechanic and a driver, and I prefer the lonesomeness of a pullman to the company of a chauffeur. I have said little of my art criticism, which had something to do with changing British criticism; nor of my official connec-

tion with International Exhibitions, which extended from 1900 in Paris to 1915 in San Francisco, and covered all of them during that period; nor of my teaching, trying to make art teaching practical; nor of running exhibitions and art societies and helping artists; nor of my etchings and lithographs; nor of my correspondence or other peoples' letters to me—what are left of them. There are many other subjects I might have gone into and if the world, or that tiny part of it which is interested in me and my work, or from this book has heard of us both, wishes to hear more of me and about us, I can tell them the tale. And, as I end this chapter, American illustration ends too. THE CENTURY ceased to print illustrations, that is the work of distinguished artists, reproduced by eminent engravers, and printed by master craftsmen, a short while ago. And with the issue for September this year

[1917-1925]

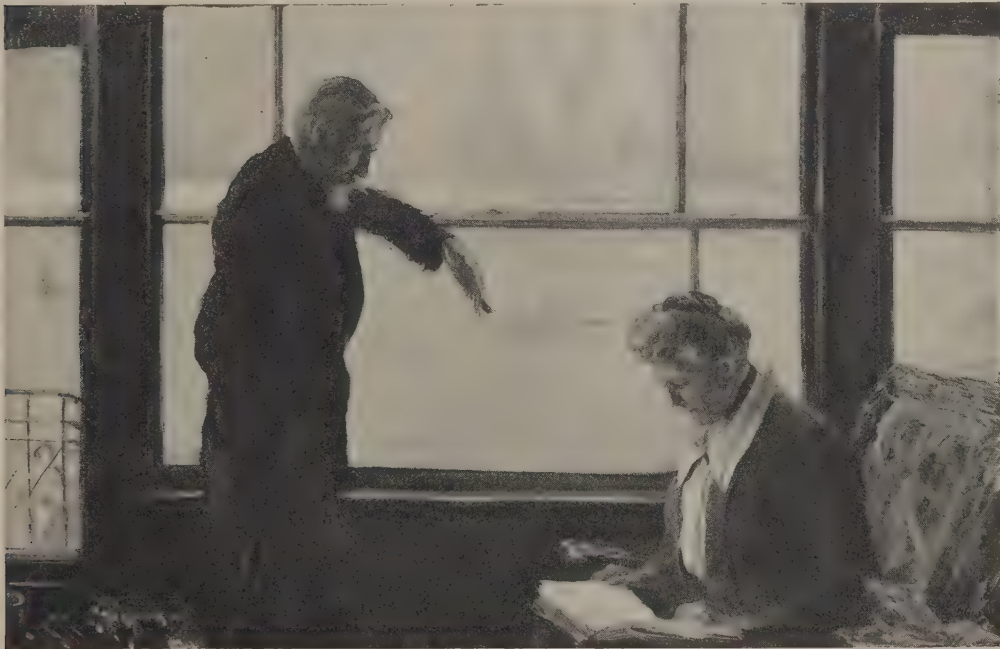


JOSEPH PENNELL • DRAWING BY W. OBERHARDT • MADE IN 1918 WHEN I WAS ASSOCIATE
CHAIRMAN OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

HARPER's gave up the task of putting pearls before Americans, and the triumph of the comics is complete, and so is the dry rot of this country, which once was my United States, in the art of illustration.

AND now I am home, but not in my own home, not in the land I left and knew and loved and dreamed of coming home to. I am still in it, though I am not allowed to do anything for it. I have been given everything the country gives. I am here and shall stay here till the end, which may come any day, any hour. I would not stay a minute if I could not sit with E. and look out of our windows on the most beautiful thing left in the world, and that is

going too, ruined by fools, business men to puff themselves and their shops, to make money, their god, their aim, their idol, which is no good to them when they have got it and so they give it away, most of them, to advertise themselves. We are of it, but not in it, the world. But we see it, see it passing, for in a little while it will be no more and we shall be no more, the world we loved and laid up treasures in—it is gone and they are gone. The view from our windows is the last of our world, for all else has gone—we have seen it go—and we are going and it is going. But it is good to have lived, to have adventured, to have known, and to remember.



I. AND E. R. PENNELL AT THEIR BROOKLYN WINDOW • PAINTED BY MR. WAYMAN ADAMS

THE END



12 noon at 14 Buckingham St. Stand 9:2:6: Finished!

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THE BRIDGE AT MOSTAR • PEN DRAWING FOR IN DALMATIA BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

Walt Whitman
 The Sylvan City
 The Creoles of Louisiana
 A Canterbury Pilgrimage
 Two Pilgrims' Progress
 Our Sentimental Journey
 Tuscan Cities
 Old Chelsea
 The Plantin Museum
 Cycling, the Badminton Library
 English Cathedrals
 The Saône, A Summer Voyage
 The Stream of Pleasure
 Our Journey to the Hebrides
 French Cathedrals
 Aquitaine
 The Jew at Home
 The Castle Line
 Play in Provence

To Gypsyland
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 and Devon, Norfolk and Essex, North
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 Gleanings from Venetian History
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Nights

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BOOKS WRITTEN BY JOSEPH PENNELL

Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen

The Illustration of Books

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Introduction to Pablo de Segovia by
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IN COLLABORATION WITH MRS. PENNELL

A Canterbury Pilgrimage

Our Sentimental Journey

Two Pilgrims' Progress

Stream of Pleasure

Journey to the Hebrides

Play in Provence

Lithographers and Lithography

Life of Whistler

The Whistler Journal



UNDER THE BRIDGES CHICAGO · THIS SUBJECT IS DESTROYED · CHARCOAL DRAWING 1908



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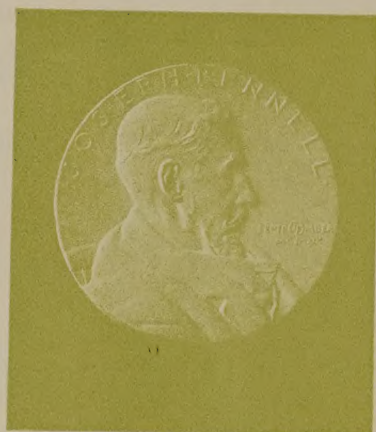
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